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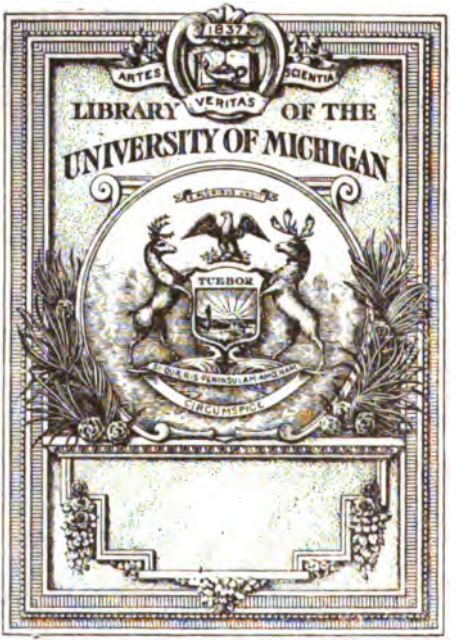
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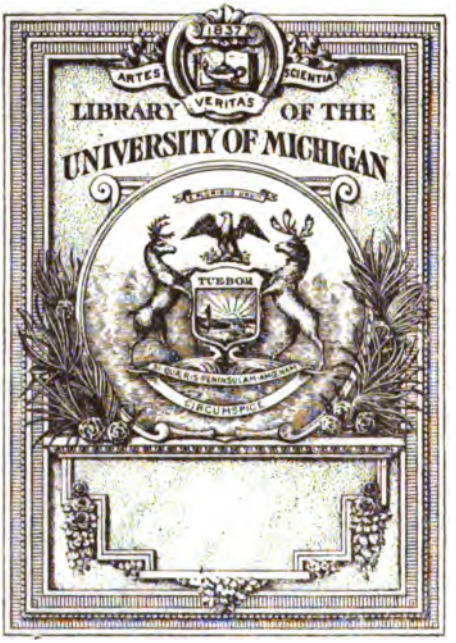
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Typogravure Boussod, Valadon & Co. Printed in Paris

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

(From a photograph by A. Bassano).

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME I.

PARTS I. TO VI. JAN.—JUNE, 1891.

LONDON:
A. D. INNES AND CO.,
LATE WALTER SMITH & INNES,
31 & 32, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.
1891.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

JANUARY, 1891.

THE GOLDEN GALLEY.

OH, the New Year is a gallant ship, as she glides from the dock to-day,
With her paint so bright, and her sails so white, and her bunting fluttering gay;
There's a cargo in her hold, be it stones or be it gold—
We shall know what it is—but not to-day.

O the Past that's our own lading, O hopes garnered, and dreams fading,
And the Future's folded scroll that she bears!
And oh, the wild, wild gales, bending spars, and rending sails,
And the storm-toss'd ocean that she dares!

Twelve revolving moons their session hold, while she is in commission,
Baffling winds and rolling waves to be fought;
But it's under orders seal'd, not yet to be reveal'd,
That the stately ship sails slowly out of port.

Will she touch on desert strand, will she reach a fruitful land,—
Will she roam to the islands most remote?
Will she carry her flag flying, till the ruder tempest dying
Leave her calmly on the azure main afloat?

All the angels of the old year, some accusing, others smiling,
Stand in ranks upon the planks of the deck;
While for us the solemn choosing of our captain—or refusing—
Who will steer us to our haven—or to wreck.

And we dare not lay our failing, with impotent bewailing,
On the building of the ship, or on the tide;
For though the storm may vex her, and darkling fog perplex her,
The right hand at the helm shall safely guide.

So each blessing that most dear is, every gift that good and fair is,
May she bring you with salute of gun and bell.—
Outward bound—God speed her going, where Time's mighty seas are flowing,
May a voice at noon and midnight cry, "All's well!"

She may anchor nevermore, off the old familiar shore,
Lost to sight in the track of former years;
But the stars of heaven guide her, and so whate'er betide her,
Be the golden galley launched 'mid ringing cheers!

MARY DEANE.

LILIAN AND LILI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' 'A CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE Bruces were an old North Country family, who for many generations had been prosperous and highly respected—one of those families with whom everything goes well, year after year. The whole parish of Rescar belonged to them, and desolate as was the wild stretch of moorland and cliff beside the sullen tumbling waters of the Northern Sea, it was very dear to its owners, who, though they had another property in Yorkshire, always chose to live in the ancient manor-house, built on a kind of plateau, levelled no doubt for the purpose, with low cliffs rising slightly on either side, and running out right and left into a point of rugged land, far enough to break the shore line, but not sufficiently so to form any shelter for vessels sailing along this inhospitable coast. Beyond the northern point nestled a little valley, visited in summer by a few tourists, seeking change of air; behind the southern one a town was growing up, black and hideous, upon ground leased by Squire Thomas, as every one called him, to a company which found iron there, and riches for themselves and the owners of Rescar, far beyond anything that the Bruces desired, or indeed knew what to do with, for they were people of simple country tastes and habits, and by no means anxious for luxury or increased responsibilities.

But with this good luck, if good luck it were, the fortunes of the Bruces culminated, and evil days followed. Squire Thomas had two sons, the elder of whom got through school with as little credit and as much popularity as a boy well could, and entered the army much against his father's wish. Showers of bills soon fluttered down to Rescar, enraging the honest Squire, who had never been in debt in his life. The last time he paid them, it

was on condition that his son should sell out and return home. He came, and a couple of days later went off for a year's yachting with a titled friend. On his return he came for a week to Rescar, and assured his father that he meant to settle down and marry. The Squire, delighted, filled his pockets, and pointed out the necessity of the step forcibly. 'Here are you, sir,' he said, slapping his hand on the table, 'a bachelor, while Will has married and has a girl—only a girl, sir, to carry on our family. It won't do, Algernon; upon my soul I can't sleep for thinking of it. You must marry at once.'

And Captain Bruce did marry at once—a young French governess. This was a crowning offence in the Squire's eyes. When he got the news, he narrowly escaped a stroke of apoplexy. He washed his hands of his heir, and left every shilling he possessed to his second son, under the express condition that he should give no help whatever to his unworthy brother.

These were hard words to come from a grave, and they moved Algernon Bruce when he came to his father's funeral; but not much, nor long. 'It is no fault of yours, old man,' he said to his brother, who looked infinitely more ashamed and distressed than himself when the will was read. 'You have always done your best for me. Cheer up; I am the last to blame you, though it is rough on me, I grant you.'

And he went back and drifted impecuniously about the Continent with a much better wife than he deserved and his two little girls, keeping fairly respectable until he became a widower, after which he sank lower and lower, until in the end he drank himself to death.

William Bruce knew that he made a far better squire than Algernon would have done, but he was not a happy man. In spite of himself he felt like a supplanter. The property never seemed to him really his own, and he grieved over the thought of Algernon, penniless and homeless, while he was wealthy. The very expression of his face changed; he looked almost elderly when that accident happened, long predicted by all who knew what fiery horses he drove, and he was carried a dead man to his home. His daughter was with him, and though she was not killed, she lay long between life and death, unconscious, and no one supposed that she would outlive the day when her father was laid in Rescar churchyard, amid such pouring rain and gusts of wind and deafening roar of waves crashing on the beach, as none of the mourners ever forgot.

Notwithstanding the tempest every one from far or near gathered about the grave, for William Bruce was exceedingly loved and respected, and the tragedy of his death awoke wide sympathy. Many eyes grew wet at the thought of the widow, sitting desolate beside her unconscious child, and many kind hearts wondered pitifully what would become of her, left without the husband on whom she had absolutely depended.

And, indeed, the poor woman was sitting more helplessly miserable than words can say, dazed with trouble, and overwhelmed as much by all that she had to hear and do as by grief. A gentle, peevish, incapable creature, she had all her life transferred her responsibilities to some one else; now she was expected to take them up herself; to give orders, decide on arrangements, sign cheques. She had never signed a cheque in her life; the very thought filled her with nervous terror. If any one had asked her to marry him in those first days of widowhood, she would probably have consented, though she had sincerely loved her husband, simply to have some one to take her perplexities off her hands. 'Benson will tell you'—Benson was the housekeeper. 'Sturt knows—ask Sturt'—who was the bailiff—'I know nothing about it,' was her cry, when questions were forced upon her.

Happily both Benson and Sturt were old and trustworthy servants, strongly attached to the family, and ready to put their shoulders to the wheel in this great crisis, and while Mrs. Bruce sat for weeks after the funeral in a darkened room, and regarded every word of hope or consolation as an insult, Benson saw to all household matters and to the comfort of the trained nurses summoned from London to attend on Miss Bruce; and the family lawyer consulted with Sturt, and got business matters into some kind of order, feeling, as every one else did, that it was a mockery to make any definite arrangements while Lilian, the heiress of all the wealth and property, lay upon what everybody expected to be her death-bed.

Contrary to all expectation, Lilian did not die; she rallied by slow degrees, and came back to life—such a changed life from that which had lain before the girl of twenty-two a few months earlier, full of hope and joy and all sweet possibilities. Extreme weakness mercifully dulled her perceptions; even when she began to understand that the father whom she had so dearly loved was gone from her, and that henceforth the only variety in her life would consist in being moved from a bed to a sofa, she

was long too feeble to comprehend all that this meant, and seemed to make little or no progress, and even after her mind had regained its strength, she remained so white and weak that no one expected her to live beyond a few months. Even when the months had become years, and she had won back some small measure of health, her mother always persisted in regarding her condition as hopeless. 'I shall lose her,' was always her reply to any suggestion that Miss Bruce looked less of an invalid. The poor lady had sunk into chronic dejection; she would go nowhere and see no one. She did indeed take a daily drive when the weather was fine, because her coachman expected it, and she was afraid of displeasing him; but she never entered any house but her own. People were full of sympathy at first, but they got tired of calling, only to be told, 'Not at home;' and the grief which had at first seemed so amply justified grew to be provoking to neighbours who had had the tragedy of her life gradually driven into the background by later troubles of their own; they felt that it was now her duty to 'get over' her sorrow, and that since they began to forget it, she ought to do the same.

But Mrs. Bruce did not see it thus, though as time went on, perhaps she did not grieve so acutely as at first, her trouble had crushed her. Never a very wise woman, all the small energy she ever had seemed gone. She only wanted to be let alone; to sit silent with her hands in her lap, and not be worried with questions, and yet, at the same time, she evinced a peevish jealousy of Lilian's assuming any authority, though in point of fact all the property now belonged absolutely to her, and she contrived to interpose so many difficulties in the way of her learning anything about her affairs or making any changes, that practically the young heiress was powerless. 'My dear, with your health,' she would remonstrate, when Lilian, grown stronger, though not less crippled, desired to see Sturt, or answer a letter from the agent who managed the Yorkshire estate. 'If you knew how unhappy you make me by overtiring yourself!' and the tears which sprang to the pale blue eyes, which had already shed so many, made it very difficult to a daughter to do anything but submit, although Lilian knew that occupation was the best thing in the world for herself, and earnestly desired to do her duty to her property and tenants.

Lilian must almost inevitably have sunk into the same morbid condition as her mother, had she not had another companion. Mrs. Bruce's own governess had also brought up her daughter,

and had had the whole care of her, this too being a responsibility which had been shifted to another's shoulders. In this time of tribulation Miss Miller returned unbidden, a little fat, comfortable figure, beaming with kindness and good humour, with authority dating from earlier days, good sense invaluable at such a moment, and cheerfulness which was not by any means want of feeling, yet so inveterate that even Mrs. Bruce could not depress her. No one could have been more welcome; she was that friend in need who is a friend indeed, and it never occurred either to her or any one else that she should leave Rescar again. She and only she could sometimes enliven Mrs. Bruce so far as to make her take a turn in the conservatory, or play a game of backgammon, or listen to a newspaper article, and to Lilian she was the only ray of sunshine which ever entered her room. She was not a clever woman, nor a highly educated one, but she knew what was good for her former pupil, and, as far as she could, in the face of Mrs. Bruce's opposition, encouraged her to be and do as much like other people as was in any way possible. She it was who succeeded in breaking Mrs. Bruce of her habit of drawing down the blinds in every room where she entered, who insisted that Lilian should hear something besides sermons and 'Thoughts for the Sick Room' read to her; she encouraged Sirrah, the colley, to come in and sit by Lilian's couch, looking at her with wistful amber eyes; she sent for her own cat and kitten; and her good heart rejoiced from its depths when Lilian's first laugh since her accident rang out at the sight of their gambols; she made the housekeeper bring every question she could before Lilian, and prompted Sturt to do the same, and, finally, she offered to give little Pearl Egerton, a neighbour's daughter, lessons in French and drawing, in order to have some young thing to whom sorrow was unknown to brighten up the sad and silent rooms of Rescar.

But notwithstanding all kind Miss Miller's efforts, the gloom of her life, and the suffering of her condition must have made Lilian at best a spiritless invalid but for that gaiety which is bestowed like a fairy gift on some few fortunate people, and which can exist under even the least happy circumstances. There were indeed hours of dark depression, of passionate rebellion, which the girl battled through, giving no sign of the struggle; days when she would long to die, and have done with this maimed life of hers, and when it amazed her with a cruel pain that every one but herself should get used to her state, and accept it as part of the recognised order of things.

Only she and God knew the story of those untold hours, but surely it was in order to help the young heart so sorely tried that her delightful gaiety had been bestowed on Lilian Bruce. It lightened her own life, and was like sunshine to those of others, and yet was so airy and sympathetic that even her mother could not feel it out of place.

'Dear Lilian is so young,' she would say, 'and so easily amused. One cannot expect her to feel as I do,' and she would put her handkerchief to her eyes.

In truth, however, Lilian felt a great deal more than her mother was capable of; but she could not be long dejected when a trifle so readily amused her, and when everything which came under her notice had some interest for her.

After six years of widowhood, Mrs. Bruce died. Her health had long been failing; she silently faded away. Her sad and self-occupied life, and the way in which she assumed that her own share of sorrow dwarfed Lilian's to nothing had often provoked Miss Miller heartily, and the loss could not be to Lilian what that of her father had been, but it left her very desolate. Life seemed a heavier load than she well knew how to bear. She was much more ill than usual for some months after her mother's death, and unfit for any exertion, but by degrees she took up her usual occupations, and showed that she meant to accept all her responsibilities as far as she was able. They were great, for she was a rich woman, and every one who wanted help in any way seemed to think he had a right to dip into her purse. Besides this, there was Rescar to be looked to, and the estate in Yorkshire. Sturt had been over to Yorkshire, and came back full of dissatisfaction at the way the property was being mismanaged. Mr. Bruce had left it far too much to an untrustworthy agent, and since his death nobody had looked to it at all. Even allowing for Sturt's natural disapproval of any management but his own, Lilian perceived that there must be serious cause for anxiety.

'If I were you, ma'am, I'd send Mr. Chris over to look to it,' suggested Sturt, as he saw her troubled face.

Mr. Chris was a second cousin of Lilian's, on her mother's side, and a promising young land agent. The advice was good; Chris Thorley was sent to investigate, and finally installed as agent over the Yorkshire property. Lilian could feel at ease on this point, but another remained which dwelt much on her mind—the question as to what her duty was to the orphan cousins whom

she had never seen, and of whom she only knew that they now lived with a relation who kept a small boarding-house in Dieppe, to whom they had gone after their mother's death. They were her nearest relations, the only ones left bearing her father's name. Lilian had a strong feeling as to the rights of kindred, but she had not been responsible for a large income and considerable property without realising that to hand lands and money down to an heir merely because he is a relation might be as often a wrong thing to do as a right one. There were her tenants to consider, and the use that her money would be put to in new hands. Lilian was not at all clear as to her duty. She discussed the matter anxiously both with herself and her old governess and friend.

'Mamma felt herself bound by my grandfather's will, and she always thought my uncle's French wife must be a low, designing woman,' she said, as they talked it over. Miss Miller had a reflecting, uneasy look on her plump little face as she sat by Lilian's couch. 'But she is dead, and now none of our family are left but myself and those two girls, since Edward Bruce died.'

'They are much nearer relations than he was, but then they are only girls,' said Miss Miller, answering Lilian's thoughts rather than her words.

'His death complicates everything. My father was powerless to do anything, but I know how deeply he regretted it and how it dwelt on his mind. The very day. . . .' Lilian paused. Even yet she could not trust herself to allude to the accident which had deprived her both of health and a father—'he did what was so unusual—spoke of my uncle and of my being able . . . . and then he stopped short. I have often thought of it since.'

'I did not know that! You told your mother?'

'I told her, but she cried and begged me never to speak of it again. You know how she shrank from any mention of the dead. But I am clear that papa would have wished me to befriend these girls.'

'Befriend them! certainly, but be cautious; advances can hardly be retracted; you know nothing of your cousins and from all one can guess——'

The pause was eloquent.

'If only one of them were a boy!' said Lilian, sighing. 'But the old name must die out, I suppose.'

It was a very bitter thought to Lilian Bruce.

'Yes, but even then I don't know——'

Miss Miller had a way of stopping short more expressive than words.

'Nor I. But I do think it cannot be right I should be so rich and my cousins so poor.'

'If I were only going to be here when this girl comes—— I must own that I think it a right step, though I do not like it at all, and I am not sure I ought to go away,' said Miss Miller, torn in two between her reluctance to leave Lilian even for a few weeks, and her longing to see her brother, just returned for a short time with his family to England, after many years' absence.

'I shall want her all the more that you are not here, Milly dear, and you will be the freer to leave me,' Lilian answered; she would not own how much she dreaded being left without the kind friend who had been her stay and solace during those six sad years.

'I would much rather you had Pearl Egerton. No, I suppose it would not do, but it really is too tiresome.'

'Chris must speak to Mr. Egerton. While I know what he feels and see what she feels, I must not throw them in each other's way.'

'Have neither her father nor mother any suspicion? The state of things is evident enough.'

'Chris is seldom at Moulton Hall, and Pearl does not count for much with Mr. Egerton, but I am afraid if any one with a good county position came forward he would find out her value.'

'Set him up! Chris Thorley is miles too good to be his son-in-law, though Pearl is a darling. She takes after her mother's family, while the sons are the image of their father—just the same light, prominent eyes and bull-dog look. How Mrs. Egerton ever brought herself to marry that man—— But her people are poor, and she was piqued by that wretched Sir James Archer drawing back after paying her such marked attentions. But how such a proud, well-bred woman must have suffered from such a husband.'

'She must!' said Lilian.

'I know Mrs. Egerton is not popular,' Miss Miller went on. 'People call her proud and haughty, and I suppose she is, though she is always pleasant to me, but what I cannot understand is her indifference to Pearl.'

'Do you think her indifferent? My own impression is that she and Pearl understand one another only too well, and that she

assumes that cold manner to her lest Mr. Egerton should fancy they made a party against him.'

'You think that is it? That never struck me, but I dare say you are right. He is horribly jealous of his wife's family, and ready to suppose they look down on him, as no doubt they do, though her father urged the match.'

'Yes, mamma often said so,' answered Lilian. Mrs. Bruce had been intimate with Pearl's mother from girlhood, and Mrs. Egerton was the only person whom she would consent to see after she became a widow.

'I suppose Pearl will have money,' said Miss Miller, returning to the subject which most interested her. She was very fond of Pearl.

'The daughter of such a wealthly man surely must eventually have money, and although he is a Radical——'

'He is!' interjected Miss Miller, with some acrimony, for the little woman was a keen politician, and highly disapproved of both the ironmaster's views and of his influence in the county. 'It makes me ill to think of him!'

'He may intend her to marry a title,' concluded Lilian, smiling.

'Naturally. He took care to marry into a good family himself, and has always encouraged her coming here, though your dear father was a thorough Conservative, and they were opposed on every point. Yes, he would like his children to marry county people, and found a family, and perhaps they will. The man is a nobody, in spite of his old sounding name, but he has a great deal of rough, practical power, and brains too—how I do detest that kind of person.'

'He is the stuff out of which new families are made.'

'That eldest Archer seems to be a great deal at the Hall now-a-days; I hope it is not Pearl who attracts him. I do hope all will go well for Pearl and that dear Chris. One never can tell what Mrs. Egerton likes or does not like, else one would not fancy it particularly agreeable to her to have one of the Archers about—unless she has forgotten that old story.'

'I do not think she knows how to forget, nor to forgive either, but she is a great deal too proud to show that she remembers.'

'Sir James Archer was a very fascinating man, I have heard, and broke more hearts than one. He and Captain Bruce were great allies. Well, my dear, what have you decided to do about these girls at Dieppe?'

'I think I shall write to-day, and propose that one of them should pay me a visit, and I shall enclose a cheque for expenses if she comes, or to be used as they like best. I only hope that I can put it so that they will not be offended—it is difficult to know just what to say, and after all these years of silence too!'

'They must be very ready indeed to take offence if anything that you say offends them, my dear child, and if they knew how many business letters you have to get through, and what a fatigue writing is to you, they ought to be very grateful to you for making the effort. I cannot bear to think of your having no one to help you with them while I am away. Make this girl useful if you possibly can, though after all, it is a great deal less trouble to do things oneself than to train somebody else to do them.'

'I wish I knew exactly what to say; I am in such utter ignorance about them. I cannot even remember the younger one's name. Perhaps they are married by this time; the eldest must be about twenty, I think. I know there are two girls, for papa once said so.'

'Yes, I recollect your uncle wrote to your father at the time the children were born, regretting they were girls, but saying he supposed it did not much matter,' said Miss Miller, who had continued to live with Mrs. Bruce after her marriage, first as companion, saving her all trouble, and acting as secretary and reader until Lilian was old enough to be her pupil, when she became nominally governess, though retaining also her former functions. 'She has your name. I do wish she had not!'

'It was she who wrote when my uncle died. It must have seemed cruel not to get a line in reply.'

'Your mother so objected to your knowing anything of your cousins,' said Miss Miller, hesitatingly.

'I know, and it seems as if I were acting against her wishes as soon as she is gone,' answered Miss Bruce, her eyes growing wet, 'but I think I ought to be just to these innocent girls.'

Lilian was so gentle in speech and manner that strangers might have thought she had no will, but Miss Miller knew that when she was clear as to duty, the old house would have been as easy to uproot as its young owner, and she greatly respected Lilian's decisions.

'Well, I am disposed to think so too,' she admitted, 'but make it clear that you only ask this girl for a visit—a long one, if you will, but still a visit.'

'Why, you do not suppose she will take root here? I am only afraid she will die of dullness in a week, Milly!'

'We shall see. I firmly believe all French women to be designing by nature.'

'Poor girl! And besides, she is half English, you prejudiced old thing.'

'Half, my dear, half. Recollect the mother.'

'Nonsense, Milly dear! No, it is the monotony of our life I fear for her. However, I can ask Pearl, and settle that poor Chris shall not come over that day, as he else infallibly would—he must have a mental divining-rod which tells him when Pearl is here! It will be very pleasant to see a young relation; I have so few, and papa would be glad. It is such joy to be able to do anything he would like. He said so little about my uncle because it hurt him so, but I know he thought continually of him. If he talked of him at all, it was to me, for mamma had such a bad opinion of him that papa could never speak to her about him.'

'Yes, I know,' said Miss Miller, who had often been the recipient of Mrs. Bruce's indignation against Algernon in the early days when her husband was always helping him out of his own purse, and consequently never had any spare money.

'Papa could not bear to hear him blamed, and it took all the pleasure out of his life to feel he had his brother's place; he never seemed to feel really master, and hated to give any orders about leases or anything.'

'Just so, but I own I never understood his feeling.'

'I do. That other Lilian——'

'Don't tell me you think of making it over to her!' exclaimed Miss Miller, in a panic.

'No. Grandpapa left it to me, and it seems my duty to keep the property, it is hard on the tenants to have only a crippled girl over them, but Chris is so trustworthy, and so is Sturt, only he is growing old.'

'And Lilian Bruce such a good business woman,' added Miss Miller, with perfect truth, for the young heiress had not only a clear head and a great deal of business faculty, but had taken extreme pains to master all the details which could enable her to manage her wealth conscientiously and well.

'It is such a pleasure that I can speak of my father and mother to you, Milly. You do not think it unfeeling?'

'Not I, my dear child. I do not hold to putting the dead out of mind, any more than I do letting them spoil the lives of the living. They would not like it, you may depend on that.'

'Poor mamma never could bear me to speak of papa, you

know, and it has been such a comfort all these years that you always encouraged me to do so to you.'

'I was very fond of your father, my dear; he was always a good friend to me; I recollect how glad I was that your mother got engaged to him, though he was only the second son, instead of to his handsome brother, though Captain Bruce was a very taking man and more popular than his brother. If your cousin takes after her father, she must be a pleasant creature, whatever else she may be.'

'That is something for you to admit,' laughed Lilian, as she drew towards her a desk made by Chris Thorley, who had a gift for carpentering. Thanks to this it was possible for her to write with comparative ease, lying on the couch where she spent her days.

Miss Miller looked at her lying there, so fair and frail, a little pink flush coming to her cheek as she considered what to say in this important letter, and—for she was a shrewd woman as well as a kind one—inwardly wondered whether, though Lilian would not admit it to herself, there was not an inevitable sensation of relief in being able to write in peace, undisturbed by the anxious questions and lamentations of poor Mrs. Bruce, convinced that Lilian was overtiring herself, or would make her back ache, and never perceiving that it was these incessant interruptions which really fatigued her. Although usually depressingly silent, the sight of any one taking up a book or pen seemed invariably to suggest to Mrs. Bruce to talk to them. Miss Miller on the contrary, though decidedly a chatterbox, could hold her tongue without difficulty if she chose, and she would as soon have thought of talking in church as of interrupting Lilian by unnecessary remarks. She sat quite silent while Lilian slowly wrote her letter, knitting mighty gloves for the deep sea-fishermen, in whom she took a kindly interest, and making a cheerful spot of colour in the room, for although in mourning for Mrs. Bruce, she nevertheless wore a bright blue shawl; Miss Miller without a blue or red shawl would hardly have been recognised by any one. She detested mourning and loved brilliant colours; Lilian of course could wear only black, but Miss Miller had thrown a bright Indian shawl over her as she lay on the couch, and Mitchell, the cat, had a red collar. There were flowers on the tables and in the windows too, but that was Lilian's doing; she loved flowers, and took great pleasure in arranging the beautiful hothouse blossoms which the head gardener sent daily to her sitting-room.

'If I could only see them growing,' she sometimes said, in

spite of the rule which she had early laid down of suppressing all words of complaint, but the attempts to carry her downstairs which had been made at the time when she began to recover had caused such increased pain and faintness as had greatly alarmed Mrs. Bruce, and the experiment had never been repeated. The only change of scene she ever got was when her couch was placed in one of the windows instead of near the fire, so that she could look out upon the dark and heaving sea, and the ships passing by in the offing. Even this was a pleasure to her, but weakness and years of enforced inactivity had much lessened the desire to move from her sofa and do as others did, and she accepted her lot with such sweet patience and full recognition of all its alleviations that not even Miss Miller guessed what a wave of passionate longing for lost youth and free motion and something new to see and hear at times swept over her with almost intolerable pain.

She never said anything about it, and nobody ever suspected except Pearl Egerton, who would not have betrayed it even to Chris.

'You have finished, my dear,' said Miss Miller at last, when Lilian closed her blotting-book, and leant back with a long breath upon her pillow. 'You are sadly tired.'

'Oh, not very; it was rather a difficult letter to write, that is all. That last alteration which Chris made in my desk has made such a difference for the better, and you cannot think what a relief it is his having made it possible for me to alter the slope of my couch myself without troubling any one. I wonder what I should have done without you, dear Milly, and my good Chris.'

Miss Miller smiled and sighed; there was something at once amusing and pathetic in hearing Lilian speak thus; nothing could have shown more plainly how entirely she felt herself set apart from life as it was to others of her age; she might have been Chris Thorley's grandmother by the way she spoke of him, and yet he was only a year her junior.

'Chris is a tower of strength to us,' said Miss Miller. 'Well, my dear, if that letter is really to go I will post it myself. I shall like the walk, and there are two or three of the old folks I want to see before I go away. Come, Sirrah'—to the colley which lay by the couch. 'As for you, Mitchell,' she added severely to the cat stretched in luxurious ease on Lilian, 'I might as well make you over to Lilian at once, for you will never so much as look at me when you can have her. I believe you consider me your paid

companion, here to open the door for you and give you your milk, and no thanks due, instead of your mistress.'

'Mitchell owns no mistress, Milly; he represents the male element in the house, and thinks we womenkind exist merely to make him comfortable, don't you, Mitchell? Here is the letter, Milly, dear.'

Miss Miller trotted off to put on her bonnet. She wondered what Lilian had said to her namesake, but she was not one of those people who think that intimacy gives them a right to know all their friends' concerns, and as Lilian did not offer to show her the letter, she was content to remain in ignorance, but she posted it with some reluctance.

'If only I were going to be here,' she thought to herself. 'Somehow I do not like the notion at all of this girl coming while I am away. Lilian is so generous-hearted that she will be constantly afraid of her feeling in a dependent position; she is certain to spoil her; that is past praying for. But if there is a spark of anything nice or good in her she must love Lilian.'

And she dropped the letter into the post-box.

CHAPTER II.

HAD it been possible for any one at Rescar to image the kind of shifty, drifting life which the daughters of Algernon Bruce had led—the spurts of luxury when their father had borrowed a five-pound note, or won a little money at cards, then sudden relapse into poverty, the flights from creditors, the struggle to appease irate tradesmen and indignant landladies, and the fourth-rate society in the comparative respectability of the Pension Lobineau, Lilian Bruce would probably never have sent that invitation which caused such a commotion when it arrived in Dieppe.

Letters came often enough to the pension, but they were for boarders, or for Madame Lobineau; her great-nieces never received any. Captain Bruce had made acquaintances wherever he might be, but there were generally good reasons for not keeping them up; when he left a town he seldom desired to give his new address; the girls knew no one but the men whom he sometimes brought home—rarely however; he did not care to admit in what wretched lodgings his family usually were. After his wife's death he continued to lead the same kind of life, but a touch of that gloom which showed itself in his brother, the

Squire, appeared in him, and he resented the loss of such comfort as her unwearied efforts kept up. 'Your mother worked herself to death for you and me,' he once said to the girls, and it was perfectly true. Either he found his daughters an encumbrance, or recollected her entreaty that he would give them a respectable education, for by-and-by he arranged that they should go to their great aunt at Dieppe, and attend a day-school, with an allowance which saved them from being a burden. Unfortunately after the first quarter it was only paid in driblets, or not at all. Madame Lobineau was very angry, and grumbled incessantly, but she kept them, for though ill-tempered, she was as little hard-hearted as a woman could be who made her living by getting money out of a set of lodgers whose aim was to pay as little as possible, and who too often had no means of paying at all. The company in the Pension Lobineau was of a shabby genteel stamp; it was a place where people with broken fortunes tried to live with more or less difficulty; but on the whole Lili and Abeille Bruce fared better than might have been expected. At their father's death they came in for all the money which he had not been able to make away with, and felt themselves well off with a hundred a year between them. The younger was still of an age to go to her school; the elder lived at home, and helped her aunt to keep house, sometimes for eight or ten boarders, sometimes for only two or three, who had been there for several years. When the house was empty Madame Lobineau's temper suffered, and her *bonne* declared that she was as ill humoured as a red ass, an animal which must have had a very bad temper indeed, to justify the comparison.

It was at one of these moments that the postman brought Miss Bruce's letter. At his knock Madame Lobineau looked round from the dish which she was stirring over glowing charcoal —she herself cooked for the boarders, not always to their satisfaction—and her younger niece ran to the door to see what he had brought. The elder girl was sitting in an inner room, her curly little black head bent over the hat she was trimming. Her dress was old, and her slippers down at heel, but she was unquestionably a pretty girl.

She came into the kitchen at her sister's call of 'Lilii! Lili! what can this mean?' answering pettishly, 'What can what mean?' for she was annoyed by a knot of ribbon which she could not twist to her mind.

'A letter—a letter, with an English stamp, for you.'

'A letter for me!' repeated Lili, and took it out of her sister's hand, turning it round and about, as people do when wondering who the sender of a letter can be, although the question would be settled at once by opening it.

'How! what do you say, Petite? a letter for Lili? Who writes to Lili?' demanded Madame Lobineau, sharply, turning round with her face very red from the heat of the furnace, and her black eyes full of suspicion. She regarded all girls as wicked by nature, and requiring incessant watchfulness. Since her nieces had come to live with her, they had atoned for any over liberty they might have known in earlier days by being kept in close custody. They were not allowed even to cross the street without Madame Lobineau or her *bonne* at their heels.

'It is from Rescar, where my cousin Lilian Bruce lives; she writes to me,' said Lili curtly, and she became so absorbed in the contents of her letter that she heard none of the exclamations of her aunt and sister, until she had come to the end, just as Madame Lobineau was saying, 'What did I always say? Did I not prophesy that your English relations would remember you, and it has come true at last.'

'Yes—at last,' Lili replied. A red flush had come to her cheeks, her lips curled, her foot tapped the ground impatiently. Evidently the letter which Miss Bruce had compiled with such tender consideration awoke feelings in her namesake the very opposite of what it was meant to do.

'But wherefore does she write? What does she say then?' exclaimed Madame Lobineau, forgetting her cookery.

'She asks me to visit her.'

'To visit her! In her château?' cried both listeners together.

'So it seems.'

'Good heavens! what news! You must certainly go, my child;—but the journey is long—you have no outfit—what is to be done? Heavens! what is to be done?' Madame Lobineau was highly excited; Lili looked cold and scornful.

'As for that, she knows our circumstances; she sends money—it is nothing to her.'

'Is this the money?' said Petite, lifting a cheque from the floor where it had fluttered. 'Oh!' opening her eyes wide as she saw the amount. Lili started too. The girls had never had a quarter so much to spend in their whole lives.

'But the cousin must be a millionaire. Child, if you please her, your fortune is made!' exclaimed Madame Lobineau. 'Now

all our friends will be forced to believe in your rich English relations, about whom they are incredulous. It is an immense advantage for both of you this invitation; it gives you a position at once.'

'I want to know why my cousin has invited me,' said Lili, still in the same suspicious and meditative tone as before. 'She has done very well without us till now.'

'Oh! perhaps she means you to be her heiress, or even to give up the estates to you, if she has a noble heart,' said Petite, who had a dash of romance in her composition, while her sister prided herself on practical common sense.

'Nonsense,' said Lili, but her eyes suddenly glowed. 'It would be only justice,' she added.

'But what does she say? Read me the letter,' commanded Madame Lobineau.

'In English?' asked Lili, with a touch of insolence. She and her great aunt were perpetually at war.

'Be so kind as to let me hear it at once,' said Madame Lobineau, the end of her nose twitching ominously. Petite gave her sister a push, and Lili rather sulkily obeyed. Her version of Miss Bruce's letter was very far from rendering the sweet tenderness of the original. Yet as she read, some perception of the affectionate kindness which had prompted every line came to her, and she did not contradict Madame Lobineau's emphatic, 'That is the letter of a grande dame and of a beautiful soul; she means well by you, and you must certainly go to her, you or Petite.'

'Petite!' exclaimed Lili, in indignant surprise. It was true that Miss Bruce had not expressly said which sister she invited, but Lili would no more have thought that Petite was to go than Petite herself would have expected it.

'If I understood rightly, your cousin writes "you or your sister, whose name I do not know."'

'Oh, very well, I do not care—you can write, my sister, and say your name is Abeille, if she cares to know, but that every one calls you Petite, and that you will come. I daresay you will suit her better than I shall,' said Lili, glancing at her sister with a contemptuous laugh.

Petite was one of those girls to whom such a name could never at any age have been appropriate. She was large, loose-limbed, with red wrists and thick ankles, but she had a good honest face above her high shoulders, and, notwithstanding her homeliness, more the look of a lady than had Lili, whose prettiness was that of a *demoiselle de magasin*.

'I should be frightened out of my senses to make such a journey, and go alone among strangers,' protested Petite, 'and Lili is the eldest and the pretty one of us, dear aunt; of course Lili must go. I shall be so much happier with you, and though I am not half as useful as she is——'

'You are a thousand times more useful, child, for though you are not as handy and clever as your sister, I can count on you to do a thing when it suits me, while she will only do it when it suits her. In any case it is wonderful news, and we will add a carbonade of haricots to our dinner in honour of it. But you cannot go alone, Lili; that is impossible.'

'My cousin says that her maid will meet me in London,' said Lili, who had discovered a postscript to her letter. 'She seems to take it for granted I shall go.'

'Because you will, my dear; you would be a little fool if you did not. As for making you her heir, that I do not say, but a cousin with a château, and who sends cheques like this, is a treasure. Mercy on me! my dinner is spoiling. Petite, go and help Marie to set the table at once. This news has made me beside myself, I think. But fly then, my girl—they will all be waiting.'

Lili went back to her work, while Madame Lobineau bustled about the kitchen, and Petite hurried into the next room with a pile of blue plates to set on the not too clean cloth which the maid was laying on a long table. A ceaseless smell of dinner hung about the dingy *salle à manger;* the chairs were old, the floor dirty. Not only such lodgers dined here as happened to be in the pension, but *habitués* from the town, who had not time to go home for a meal, or who found it more convenient to have their food cooked elsewhere, and now and then an acquaintance of Madame Lobineau's would appear, who had come into Dieppe from the country. Her nieces did not join the motley party; Petite helped the *bonne* to wait if the number were large, and Madame Lobineau sat at the head of the table, with the boarder of greatest consequence on her right, but Lili never appeared. She was only seen by such intimate visitors as were admitted to her aunt's private sitting-room; Madame Lobineau prided herself on the care she took of her pretty niece, who was not grateful for it, and ardently desired to be emancipated. She had her admirers, in spite of her slender dowry, and daily hoped for an eligible proposal; but Madame Lobineau had always hoped that the English relations would do something for the girls, and refused to

listen to such suitors as had hitherto presented themselves, and Lili herself had a certain fastidiousness which made her hesitate.

She sat and stitched while the dinner was going on, and meditated more than she had ever done in her life. By the time that her aunt and sister returned, she had made up her mind as to her course of action. Her first feeling of offence had given way to a clear perception of the advantages to be found in the advances of her cousin, the heiress of Rescar. Madame Lobineau came back full of the same subject. 'We must ripely consider the maker of your outfit,' she began, as soon as she saw Lili, 'since you are the one to go.'

'I would share the money with you and Petite, aunt,' said Lili, sweeping a glance over Madame Lobineau, and deciding that no expenditure could make her anything but a large, untidy, snuffy old woman, 'but of course we must consider what really is best to do with it.'

'It can only be spent in one way, my girl; you must use it for your expenses; you must not let these English think you without fortune.'

'They know; it would be foolish to try to hide it. No, I will have a few things, but good, and plenty of gloves and shoes, and Petite must have a new dress and bonnet, and a really good pair of gloves. You have large hands, sister, but they are well-shaped, and the nails are much better than mine,' said Lili, with regret.

'The money was not meant for that,' said Petite, colouring, and feeling as if a new frock would be bliss.

'Of course I can spend it as I like, and it is very much against our ever marrying well to go about so badly dressed. This will be for my advantage as well as yours. I wish you would take more care of your hands, Petite; nobody can afford to neglect their good points.'

Petite had never known before that she had any good points, and even this moderate praise made her blush with grateful delight.

'Yes, yes, Petite will be good-looking some day,' said her aunt, patting her on the shoulder. She liked her younger niece a great deal better than her elder one.

'I do not think that,' said Lili, surveying her sister calmly. 'If she were ever going to have a good figure, she would be fining down by now, but if she takes pains with herself, and is properly dressed——'

But Petite was too constantly busy in helping others to devote her time to taking pains with herself.

Lili rose and went to the slip of a room where she slept, followed by her sister, who evidently had something on her mind which she had not quite courage to say. While Lili, with a dictionary, wrote a rough copy of a letter to Miss Bruce, Petite obeyed her order to take out her clothes from the wardrobe and put them on the bed to be reviewed.

'You will go soon, Lili?' she asked hesitatingly.

'As soon as we can hear of an escort,' said Lili, hunting for a word as she spoke. The girls had talked so little English since they came to Pension Lobineau that the language had become unfamiliar. Lili found it very difficult to write with proper dignity, and yet to show she was willing to receive the advances which she felt were only her due. 'Would one say, "it is very amiable of you," or "how amiable you are to write thus?"'

'Could you not say, "I was enchanted to receive your good letter?"' suggested Petite.

'It does not sound quite right,' said Lili, 'and I must not seem too much gratified. That would lower me in her eyes, and I must be very careful to show I am not her dependant. After all, Rescar ought to be mine.'

'But it is not,' said Petite, a statement which Lili could not controvert. She returned to her dictionary, and Petite laid a dress smooth. There was something in the pocket—a little coloured picture of the Blessed Virgin and a bleeding heart. 'O fount of beauty, drown me,' was written around it. Petite smoothed out its crumples, and looked reproachfully at her sister. 'Poor M. Charles!' she said. Evidently the little picture had served the purpose of a valentine, chosen probably on account of the heart and the words below, without the least suspicion of profanity.

'M. Charles? Oh, to be sure; he gave it me as we passed him in the dusk last Sunday,' answered Lili indifferently, as she scratched out a word whose orthography had gone astray. 'I wonder if it is right to say, "I will do as you engage me?"'

'What will he say?' continued Petite. She was very sorry for M. Charles, the son of a neighbouring farmer, who came and dined at the pension whenever he could find an excuse for a visit to Dieppe. He adored Lili, but only ventured to show his affection by offerings of fruit and vegetables, ostensibly made to Madame Lobineau, to whom they were very welcome. Lili

rather liked this blushing admirer, but it was not clear to her whether she would not do better to accept a certain middle-aged widower, a notary, who evidently meant to declare himself ere long.

'How fortunate neither M. Charles nor M. Boulard have spoken yet,' she said presently. 'Petite, I do not believe my cousin means to give up her estates to me; but you may be certain she has a marriage in view for me, and will give me a large dowry.'

'M. Charles will be very sad when he hears the news,' said Petite, compassionately. She liked the young farmer very much.

'He should have declared himself sooner.'

'How could he, when of course his father expects a daughter-in-law with money!'

'Well, he had better find one then, but it will not be me. I would let you have that skirt, Petite, only you are so tall, and if I return, I may find it useful. But you may have those ribbons.'

Lili really enjoyed the novel power of making a present, and Petite's pleasure gratified her. There were many things which Lili found she could spare, with Miss Bruce's cheque in her pocket, and the two girls spent a very happy time looking over the little stock of clothes. Petite felt as rich with these additions to her slender wardrobe as did Lili with her purse filled as it had never been before. But still her heart ached for 'that good M. Charles,' and she asked herself vainly how the news was to be broken to him. Perhaps he would hear it in the town when next he came into Dieppe—everybody would be talking of it, of course, and how sorry he would be! He was so good, so nice. She could not imagine how Lili could hesitate between him and M. Boulard, the middle-aged notary. Marriage seemed as much the inevitable destiny of a girl who did not intend to be a nun to Abeille as to her sister, but she had a less prosaic view of it; she did not look forward merely to an establishment, but to a husband who would really be 'mon ami' to her, little children to bring up and 'adore,' as she would have said, a home to which she could invite the old aunt who had been good to her, although not very tender. Petite's castles in the air were quite different to Lili's, and she kept them to herself, whereas Lili was always ready to chatter about her's to her sister, her only confidante, and a very safe, though not always a sympathetic one. Petite had no ambition, as Lili would reproachfully tell her, and did not enter into Lili's more lofty aims. She knew however

very well what they were, and now she turned upon her sister and looked at her.

'And M. Carette?' she said. Lili blushed suddenly, a hot, crimson blush, which was a very unusual thing for her to do.

'But since his wife is still alive!' she answered.

'That is true; but the poor woman cannot live long, every one knows, and you have always said——'

'Never mind that now,' said Lili.

(*To be continued.*)

NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA.

1850-1890.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE century has reached its last decade and our 'MONTHLY PACKET' has become 'the Old Packet.' To look back on the earlier volumes carries us through a long course of reflections on the youthful mind, imperceptibly but surely changing in tone and colour. Indeed, it is probably a characteristic of the present era, that, what once took a lifetime or far more to bring about, now is done in about ten years. For instance, our public schools are said to have changed more within the last forty years than at any time since their foundation—or, at any rate, since the Reformation. The earlier days of the 'Packet' were before the Crimean war, which now sounds as historical to the present generation as does the Seven Years' War! In those days young ladies could not walk in London unattended, could not go in a hansom, did not travel alone by railway, nor, indeed, were third-class carriages used by anyone above the rank of a labourer. As to University training, hospital nursing, public speaking, these were all as much out of reach as commanding a ship.

The ideal girl lived at home, devoted to her family; religion, of course, her first duty, then attention to her parents, works of charity, so far as lay in her power, and self-improvement according to opportunity, inclination, or intellectual power, and the gaieties of society, in like manner, were according to circumstances.

There are many such maidens still, though all are more or less affected and, in many respects, improved by the new fields opened to them, for the achievements of one generation place a new one on a different level, sometimes higher, sometimes, perhaps, such as to lead to a toppling over.

To begin with external devotional habits. Forty or fifty years

ago a church with daily services, weekly Communions, and a choir, was a rare and much-prized thing, and every exertion was willingly made to attend it and promote its success. Now some of these things are a matter of course; there is a certain slur apt to be cast on our ordinary matins and evensong as 'Cranmer's prayers,' forgetting that these are almost entirely ancient, besides that the Psalms and Lessons are of inspired origin. And is not there too great a tendency, even on Sunday, to be content with the morning Celebration and forget that it is still 'the Lord's Day?' Does not this lead to much neglect of the spiritual side of life; to a lack of knowledge of Scripture and Church history, as well as of practical devotional reading, such as to deepen the character? Surely progress on this side has not been all in a safe direction. The assertions of 'higher criticism,' respecting Revelation, can only be dealt with by reverent, thoughtful minds, accustomed to real study of the Scripture books, and to a personal observation of their relation to one another, to practical life, and to Eastern research.

On these and their perils I will not enter; but though there is this questionable advance on the one hand, those who truly desire aids to their religious life can find them in the increased number of services, in the devotional books within reach, in opportunities of retreat and quiet days, and in those diocesan societies which direct and facilitate a thorough study of religious subjects. These things are not in themselves religion. The faith that inspires love of God and man, and the life that is hid with Christ in God—these alone are holiness, but the others are of great assistance in building up and strengthening faith.

The Sunday-school, clothing clubs, and cottage visiting were, in those past days, almost the only forms of dealing with the poor open to ladies, and everyone fought for her own hand, and had to form her own system, untested except by remote, often unknown, results. Now, everything is organised; great networks of associations cross one another, and the work in each department, although voluntary, is directed, stimulated, and tried by periodical inspection. There are societies binding efforts together, and guiding them, manuals for workers, reports required. Such support and direction is invaluable in its way; but it is always to be borne in mind that mechanism is not life, and that we must never lose sight of the soul and spirit while carrying out the outward rule. Our great societies are not to be machines, but trees, living in every branch and twig, and personal, individual

work must make them such. They can be grand realisations of the unity of the Church, carrying its benefits into all quarters; and it is in this spirit that we should enter them and work in them; but much should we beware of making them engines for fussiness, or a nuisance to our family and neighbours. Nothing can be done without enthusiasm; but enthusiasm needs to be ridden with a curb. Many further developments are now open to those whose first youth is past, for which they may well be thankful, and to which they can devote time and trained knowledge, in the official work of such societies, in nursing, inspection of refuges, night schools, and even public speaking in women's societies, besides choir-training and the like. All these are to be looked on as 'ministrations,' for which 'spiritual gifts' are bestowed according to need. We are adapted by the powers given to us of one kind or another, and their need to do our utmost in our stewardship. Intellectual powers and opportunities are in their way gifts. We have gone through a period of essay societies, and have come into one when the spirit of education has become much less discursive, and instruction aims at working up to examinations in specified subjects. Thoroughness is an excellent thing, and nothing can be done without accuracy; but concentration of effort has a tendency to narrow the field of observation, and success within prescribed bounds does not impart general cultivation. Every word in the 'Tempest' may be parsed, every allusion explained, but this is not enjoyment of Shakespeare in general, only preparation for it. There may be knowledge of all an examiner may be likely to ask about England under the Tudors, and utter ignorance as to the Plantagenets, and even as to Charles V. or Francis I. General knowledge will fare the better for the details thus acquired; but it is needful to remember that these form only the firm foundation, not the building.

It may be well also to suggest that the little handbooks designed for 'getting up' subjects for examination, with every difficult or idiomatic phrase translated, and glossaries saving the use of dictionaries, are apt to prevent the wholesome discipline of hard work by smoothing down the Hill Difficulty, so that the travellers are in danger of jibbing at the first ascent found in their way. No doubt much expense is saved by these little books, and they are very convenient to learners and teachers; but they do not give the real power that working out a paragraph with the grammar and dictionary does. Two

things have been said of the young people in this generation; one that they require to be fed with all knowledge in the shape of mince meat; the other that they heed no information that is not to be utilised in an examination.

When further education and a whole career in life depends on success in competition, this is no wonder; but it should be remembered that a first class is only one summit, and wide fields remain beyond, only to be surveyed through regular reading, going beyond the ephemeral literature of the day. Such study is a difficult matter amid the claims of external life, the organised good works on the one hand, the almost equally organised games on the other. Competition for prizes seems to have become the salt of life, whether in the tennis tournament, or in guessing acrostics in the newspapers. It has its benefits. People find their level, a different one from what they have accepted as family pets, or even as the stars of a neighbourhood.

Altogether, interests are more extended, life is not so entirely dependent on home, even with the quietest. The post becomes the opening into many worlds beyond our immediate surroundings, and there is a general expansion of life. Freedom of locomotion and rapidity of communication have made an enormous difference in all our lives; but it has come so insensibly that we hardly realise it. It has rendered our women and girls far more independent, and given openings for usefulness, and likewise for amusement, of which our ancestresses never dreamt, or would have looked on with horror as unfeminine.

Therewith comes much responsibility, and, likewise, temptation. When there was no alternative from home and moderate pleasures lying close around it, there was less difficulty in deciding where duty lay; and when the parents' dominion was comparatively absolute, there was much less of that state of things that is called 'not getting on at home.' Where there was impatience of control, it had to be suppressed, and public opinion marked the line of decorum.

Now, there is difficulty to some in remembering that the Fifth Commandment is as much God's law as ever, and that it begins with the word 'honour.' What is not enforced is too apt to be disregarded, and the charities of home are too often set aside for the more amusing and more showy charities abroad.

While again, health, activity, and high spirits, together with fashionable habits and relaxing public opinion, tend to make it harder for a woman's instinct to decide where modesty and

discretion should be a check in amusements and enterprises. Hard and fast rules can hardly be given. One girl may do a thing simply and innocently that in another is an outrage to her sense of propriety; and much depends on the surroundings. What can be done with brothers and the companions of childhood has a very different aspect when it partakes of a public exhibition, and is shared with mere acquaintances of the other sex.

And one thing, in these days of fusion and philanthropy, we would beg our maidens to bear in mind, namely, the effect of their example upon those of less guarded homes and less refined habits and education.

But it is not to sigh or warn that this paper is begun, but rather to trace the progress of change, which has brought much advance in opportunity and intelligence, for better or for worse. If it be for better, what infinite good may be done, and what blessings may be called down! To the alternative we dare not look!

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

I WOKE up a little before my usual hour.

It was a Saturday morning, the last day of the old year. The atmosphere was dull, the skies grey and cloudy, the naked trees standing out somewhat grimly in clusters of bare branches against the vague whiteness yet darkness of space—a true English winter day of the duller kind, not bright and crisp, with a lively sunshine and keen air, such as is our northern ideal of the beauty of winter, but grey, quiet, still, the earth lying in a chilled suspense, not tragical, scarcely even melancholy, aware that this was her worst moment, waiting for better to come. I have a fancy for light, even while I sleep, and there were no curtains drawn or shutters closed over my window, through which I liked, on waking, whether in the middle of the night, whether in the legitimate opening of the morning, to see the sky. The sky on this occasion was nothing more than a grey whiteness, without any lines of cloud or indications of the hidden blue. The trees stood up dark against it, without any break of leaf or bud, straight, yet in a confusion of mingled twigs and branches. In summer it was a delight to look into the heart of the big trees, each in itself a mimic forest, with profound depths of green and infinitudes of shade; but at present all was naked, denuded, nothing sweeter about them than a steady patience, biding their time.

The moment of waking is seldom delightful, save to the very young or very happy, which perhaps means the same thing. Those who have come to the manifold experiences of life seldom salute the new day without a consciousness of care behind the curtain, at the bedside, awake before they are awake. Few are the happy souls to whom that first opening of eyes to the new light is a cheerful moment. It is always more or less a new

imagination, realisation of the world around, which is a world full not of joy but trouble. After a little while one reconciles one's self, one rises up to the work, the bustles, the distractions of every day. It is only the first moment which is abstract, which brings one, as it were, freshly in contact with all that is abstract in one's fate, with that profound underlying failure, disappointment, disenchantment, which is life.

On this particular morning, however, I woke without any immediate realisation of care—with a curious new emotion in my mind exceedingly hard to describe as it was hard to realise. It was as if something sweet, delightful, had happened to me overnight, and yet I was sorry, full of tender compunction, ashamed and happy all at once. What a strange combination! Lying still there, looking at the wintry firmament, I tried after awhile to make out this curious, sweet confusion of ideas in which I found myself. The impression on my mind was such as sometimes comes after a quarrel with those whom we love best, when we have made it all up, and kissed, and been forgiven. There is the sweetness of knowing that it is all over; one understands for the first time how wrong one was, how unkind, how foolish, missing every simple explanation, determined to be miserable. Shame and repentance, and even remorse, spring up within us; but, above all, the sense that it is over—that such a stupid, miserable mistake can never occur again. 'The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.' And then comes a profound sense of the faithfulness of love behind all; that which many waters cannot quench, that which nothing indeed can alter, either in our own erring bosom or in that of the other who has forgiven, swells upward with a sweetness which is overwhelming, which carries every other confused and uneasy sentiment away. That we could ever have doubted that! ever been able to persuade ourselves into such disastrous folly! but never again would it be possible, never any more.

The peculiarity in my present feelings was that I had not quarrelled with anybody, or made it up, or in any way, so far as I was aware, brought myself within the reach of this so agitated yet so harmonious state. I was sorry for I knew not what, glad for I knew not what, full of compunctions and delightful surprises, and a low-toned exquisite happiness; though had you asked me I should have said that there were circumstances in my life that made it impossible for me to be happy—and yet I was so, and also miserable, not knowing why. I lay reluctant to disturb this

sweet, incomprehensible influx of feeling, enjoying it timidly, wondering what it was. Sometimes the influence of a lovely morning will produce something like it in an elastic mind—a lovely morning, a great deliverance, a piece of good fortune. But the morning was far from lovely, and nothing had happened to make me happy: but yet so I was.

I was roused out of my own personal sensations by a slight noise, and, looking round, I saw my maid standing near my bed, with a look on her face which she puts on when she has a statement to make. My maid was not, as the name suggests, a young woman, but middle-aged like myself; and she often had statements to make. When she came upon me thus, in the utterly defenceless position, not able to get up and move away, of a person in bed, I knew what their general purport was. They concerned in general the bad behaviour of other members of the household—of the cook, who made herself objectionable in many ways as a sort of rival power, and leader of the government downstairs, while Dawson represented the opposition; or the gardener, who was sometimes rude; or the indoor man, who accused her of telling everything that went on to her mistress. Dawson's countenance and the set of her lips made me quite clear as to her purpose, and I made a doleful instantaneous calculation, on the data of previous experiences, as to how long it might be before I should be permitted to get up—unless perhaps she meant to give me notice, which was a ceremony which took place from time to time without any particular result.

'I should like to speak a word, if it's quite convenient,' Dawson said.

'Oh yes,' I replied with a sigh, 'as convenient as any other time; but I hope nothing is very wrong.'

'I don't know as anything is wrong at all, ma'am,' replied Dawson, 'except me.'

This alarmed me more than any other beginning, for when Dawson began by assuring me that it seemed she was a person nobody could get on with, and, if all was true that was said of her, not fit to live, I knew I was going to have what the Americans call a bad time, and that the domestic storm would want more smoothing down than usual.

'I hope we shall get over that, I said, with what I fancy was rather a hypocritical smile; 'tell me, at any rate, what it is.'

'Madam,' said Dawson, 'I hope as you'll hear me all through, and not cry out and stop my mouth. Oh, I've been a bad

woman!—that's what I wanted to say. I have come day after day disturbing your rest, me that you've always been so kind to, though it was my business to keep you comfortable, and see that you wasn't bothered. I've been a wicked, insulting, selfish woman, never satisfied, always quarrelling and finding fault, and thinking as I was slighted, and moving high and low to take my part. Oh, don't say anything, ma'am, for I know as it's all true.'

'Dawson!' I cried, as soon as I could get out a word. Astonishment took away my breath. It was true, perhaps; but when a sinner thus discriminates, the judge before whom he or she brings the accusation is ready in most cases to take the culprit's part. 'Stop a moment; you are going too far. I am sure you never meant——'

'No, ma'am, begging your pardon, I'm not saying too much,' Dawson said, with a glimmer in her eyes that looked like tears. 'You don't think I've let myself be brought to this without being quite sure in my own mind. Oh, no—it's all true: I've made mischief in the house. I know I have. I've told you things as was never meant bad till I went and put a motive to them. I have been that cross and cankered myself that nobody could put up with me, and then I've said it was their blame. It's all come back upon me now.'

'But, Dawson,' I said, 'I don't allow quite all you say. But perhaps there is some truth in it, not without blame on my part, too; for I have been amused with your stories and encouraged you to talk. But what has made you think of all this now?'

'I don't know, ma'am,' said my maid, crying. 'I don't know a bit, any more than the babe unborn—unless it was the grace of God,' she added after an interval in a very low tone amid her sobs.

I held out my hands and drew her close to me. 'I think it must be so, my dear,' I said. 'We are both the same; we have done a great deal that is wrong.'

'Oh, ma'am, not you, not you!' she cried, falling down on her knees, grasping my hands, with the same impulse which I had felt to prevent her from blaming herself: but perhaps stronger because I was her mistress, and she had not the habit, in my own presence at least, of finding fault with me.

'But we will try,' I said, feeling the tears come into my eyes, and that sweet compunction, pain, pleasure, misery, happiness swelling up within me; 'we will try, like two sisters, to do so no more.'

That was the first incident of the morning, and it was a strange one—such as I never could have anticipated—for Dawson was by nature one of the women who are always certain, whatever happens, that they themselves are in the right.

I went downstairs, wondering a little that there had been no call for me, no impatience at my tardiness, for my husband was a very punctual man, and I was late. He was not in the dining-room, however, though breakfast was on the table. I went to look for him in his library, surprised at this departure from his usual habits. I found him at his writing-table with a mass of papers before him. There was a curve of anxiety which I knew very well on his forehead. He scarcely looked up as I came in, but answered me as if I had called him.

'Don't wait for me,' he said; 'I know I am very late. As soon as I have done this I will come in.'

'What is it, John. Nothing wrong, I hope?'

He looked up at me with a doubtful smile, 'Well, my dear, I don't know that I ever felt it wrong before. It occurred to me last night to look over our bills for that Moreton will case before sending them in——'

'Well, John?'

He began to shake his head with an abashed look, as if he had found himself out in something. 'I never thought of it before,' he said. 'We have always gone on the usual lines and done just as other people did. Letty, don't you know the common saying that lawyers are rogues all?'

'I stop it very easily by saying that my husband is a lawyer, John: for everybody knows that he is a just man.'

He shook his head again. 'I should be wretched indeed if you did not think so; but besides all my personal shortcomings—which I never before knew to be so many—Letty, Letty, here is this against me. I should have looked into this before.'

'But what is it?'

'We have been living upon plunder,' he said, with something between a laugh and a groan. 'If you saw what charges I have been making the hair would stand on end upon your honest head. Go and take your breakfast, dear. I don't deserve any till I have set my accounts right.'

'It is I who have spent those charges, so I must be in it, too. Let me help you to set them right,' I said. However, presently I persuaded him to breakfast first, since the good order of the house, and the maintenance of ordinary rules, demanded this.

He was, like myself, in a strangely subdued condition, very tender about the children, very kind—but he was always kind to me. I had intended to amuse him with my little story about Dawson, but somehow the joke faded out before I made it. I had a feeling that he would not see it. He was so much in earnest about his own business: I felt that he had no leisure of mind to be amused. He could not keep from talking of it while we were at table.

'There is one honest thing about us,' he said; 'we never advise anybody to go to law. I think I can say that for myself. But when they do, poor people, how they pay for it! According to the estimate of each little scrap of my time it ought to be like the drugs the apothecaries weigh out in drachms and penny-weights. Nobody's time could be worth so much a minute as mine is represented to be.'

'But it is not only time,' I said. 'You could not reckon it as we do the gardener's time, John, so much a day. In your case there is knowledge, there is education: and your cultivated judgment, and all your professional reading.'

He shook his head, his face had a smile on it, he was almost amused, as well as overwhelmed, by his discovery. Afterwards we went back and worked for an hour or two, going over the matter. I was not quite so much convinced on the subject as he was, but there was nothing that I could say.

Presently I was called away to my housekeeping work. The butcher had brought a little note when he came for his orders, which the cook brought me when I went down to the kitchen. I observed that there was a little stir and confusion downstairs, but as it was Saturday, and the end of the year, and myself also a little disorganised, I made no remark on the subject. We had our consultation over the dinner before I opened the greasy little note which she had put into my hands.

'I don't know what the butcher can be writing to me about,' I said, 'there have been no complaints to make, I think, this week.'

'The complaints don't lie with him, ma'am,' said cook, making a little curtsey and beginning to fold a hem upon her apron, with her head bent over it as if it were an affair of great importance. 'Nor complaints there wasn't none, not last week. I've been a-saying that to myself, and it's 'most made me hold my tongue—but I can't, I can't.'

'Oh, cook!' I said with alarm, 'I hope you are not going to bring me any more stories of Ellen or Mary Jane——'

'Ellen or Mary Jane!' she said in a tone of melancholy contempt, 'that's only playing like at finding fault. The likes of them, they're like children; I grumble at 'em, but I don't mean no harm. No, far more serious than that ma'am—it's me——'

'What is the matter with you? I thought we had settled everything quite comfortably. You are improving very much in your entrées. I always said your ideas were good: to take a little more trouble is all you want.'

She stopped to give me a little, a very slight glance, which would have been indignant had she been less near tears.

'If I was as good a Christian as I am a cook!' she cried, then broke off and fell to weeping. 'It ain't entrées that are on my mind. Oh! I wish as that was all—it's the perquisites and the Christmas-boxes, and the dripping, and all I've got to answer for. Oh, ma'am! you've always been a good mistress, and as little onreasonable as a lady knows how to be—but if you were to look into my book, and just see all as I've got there in them boxes. Lord bless you, I've kep' my sister's family all the winter through, and you never knowed it, out of the scraps.' She said this with a certain mixture of penitence and pride. 'I thought the Lord wouldn't look into it, seeing it was for them and not for me. And then there's the dripping!' she added after a moment with a burst of sobbing.

There was more of the comic than the tragic in cook's repentance. She held her little account book very tightly in one hand, while she wiped her tears with the other. On the table before her were a great array of tins, biscuit-boxes, and other receptacles of plunder, I suppose. Her nose was red, and her apron damp with tears. It was necessary that I should receive all these self-accusations with gravity; but it cost me an effort not to laugh.

'I have thought the bills were rather high,' I said, with assumed seriousness, 'for some weeks past.'

'Oh, bless you, weeks!' cried cook; there was contempt in her tone mingled with compunction, and with a certain professional superiority. 'You might say years: you might say since ever you took up housekeeping, and you wouldn't be far wrong. But something's come to me as I can't bear it no longer. I—can't—bear it! I'm bad here at my heart. It's—it's the dripping, ma'am!' she cried.

I tried my best to soothe her, for the woman was becoming

hysterical. 'We have all done a great many things we ought not to have done,' I said; 'and the only thing I can think of is that we should do better in the future; come, put your boxes away like a good soul.'

She cried out, protesting that she was not a good soul, that she couldn't put them away, that she would like to melt it all down, to throw it all out, to cut off her hand as took it, to cut out this pain (which was chiefly the dripping) which she thumped upon her breast. Doing better in future did not satisfy the sudden outburst of her compunction. She wanted to do something at once to mark her abhorrence of her evil doings, to destroy either the result or the cause. I don't know if she would have gone to the length of sacrificing to me her bank book with all her savings, but she was not indisposed to make over to me the gratifications she had received by way of Christmas-boxes.

'Come,' I said at length, 'have you no curiosity to know what the butcher has to say?'

I did it by way of distracting her attention from the enormities of her own conduct, and I was myself a little curious about the butcher. His letter was greasy, not because he was a greasy person or defective in any accomplishment. He was, on the contrary, quite a magnificent individual, looking like a guardsman, riding to hounds, on a hunter which would not have disgraced a duke. It was only the hand of the bearer which had soiled his epistle. This was what the butcher wrote:—

'MADAM,—

'I am sorry to find, upon making up my books and comparing the prices which for the last few years I have been charging you and others of my most esteemed customers with those which I have been paying to the farmers for meat, that a considerable overcharge has unfortunately been made. I do not attempt to excuse myself for this, though the custom of the trade might be pleaded, and the principle which has always been considered sound in business of selling in the dearest market and buying in the cheapest. I will only express my sorrow that it should have occurred. As it would be almost impossible to calculate the amount of this overcharge and return it to my several customers, I hope you will consider the necessities of the case to be met by the sum which I have placed in our excellent rector's hands, for the benefit of the poor of the parish. And for

the future I beg to enclose corrected price-list, and, by constant attention to orders and an unremitting desire to give satisfaction, to deserve in the future the same kind patronage which has been extended to my late father and myself in the past. With great respect, Madam,

'Your obedient servant,

'R. J. BLAYDS.'

'Cook,' said I, 'other people besides ourselves are finding out their faults. Listen to the price-list Mr. Blayds has sent over.' When I say that it began with 'Sirloins, *7d.*,' it will, to the knowledgable reader, be unnecessary to say more; my heart beat as I read.

'Is not that delightful?' I cried. 'The days of cheap dinners are coming back.'

'Goodness gracious me!' cried cook. Astonishment dried her tears as all my reasoning had not sufficed to do. But after a moment, she added, with great feeling, 'He'll be sorry now as he gave me that Christmas-box.'

I carried off the letter to my husband, whose brows were getting graver and graver over his papers. 'You are like the butcher, or the butcher is like you,' I said; 'you have both repented of your ill-gotten gains.'

'By Jove!' said John. He was tickled to find himself 'in the same box,' as he said, with Mr. Blayds. 'The fellow is an oracle,' he cried. 'I have just been thinking that to give back one's gains for years would be ruin, but in abstract justice it ought to be done. Do you think we can follow Mr. Blayds's example, and stop the mouths of indignant clients with an offering to the poor?'

I had to go out shortly after, leaving him very busy about this work. Our house is in a town so near London that something of the character of a suburb is in the place. It is situated on the bank of the river, with a background of woods which adds greatly to its picturesque aspect. As it happens, however, it is only the little streets that approach the river. We who inhabit the superior part of the town keep it at a distance. But there is much that is venerable and attractive in the appearance of the High Street, where there are old red houses and tiled roofs of every variety of pitch, as well as a town-hall which was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and many other good things. The shops are excellent. We think them, on the whole, superior to Bond

Street. To be sure there are great bargains to be had occasionally in town when you know exactly where to go for them. But one does not always do that; whereas at home there they are under your hand, and Carey is always to be relied upon. That is our opinion in a general way. The town was in an unusual commotion on this particular day. It was Saturday; it was the last day of the year; but I did not think this quite accounted for it. There were a great many people about the streets; a number of groups at the corners; people walking with each other whom you would not have expected to see walking together, as for instance, Mr. Wellman, the saddler, and Terridge, the oilman, who were known to have quarrelled so bitterly. At the door of Mr. Blayds' there was a great placard up with the new prices, and a statement in very large print, something to the same effect as the letter he had sent to me. The look of the place altogether was like that of a town in which something very strange had just taken place. There was an air of general excitement. The first person to whom I talked said that it was the change of the weather which restored everybody to good spirits; but there seemed to me more in it than that. I was joined as I went along by Mrs. Randall, a young woman who was a neighbour, and with whose family I had some communication, but whom I did not quite approve of. As she came up, a bright-eyed little woman, very neat and active, I asked myself why it was I did not approve of her? and I was obliged to acknowledge to myself that it was chiefly because she was very much less well off than the rest of us, and was supposed to have some difficulty in making her ends meet. Not that it had ever before occurred to me to state the matter in those words. What I had blamed her for was for having young, inexperienced servants who did not keep everything in such perfect order as my own expensive ones did; for living, as people say, from hand to mouth; having her things in small quantities; wearing dresses that were rather flimsy; making use of none of the expedients of economy. For instance, instead of filling her cellars with coal while they were comparatively cheap, as I did, she kept getting them a few tons at a time all through the worst of the winter, when they were at their dearest. These were 'ways' of which I disapproved. When I came to think of it as I did suddenly to-day, without any special reason for doing so, I perceived that this was what I disliked in her, and not anything in herself. Such a revelation (if it was a revelation) made me ashamed of myself, and this, perhaps, made me more cordial

than usual when she came up to me. She had some of her housekeeping books in her hands, and I said (meaning to be kind) that I saw she was, like myself, unwilling to let any little bills run over into the new year.

'Ah, not like you, I fear,' she said, 'I have to do it as I can; it would be too great happiness to be able to pay one's bills all at once. It would be like a little corner of heaven.' She was laughing, but there was little laughter in her mind, as any one could see.

'My dear,' said I, 'if you will let me say it, I am a much older woman than you are—paying bills is the very best use to make of your money. You never can have perfect ease of mind so long as you have bills to pay.'

She laughed again, with something that sounded like mockery.

'Dear Mrs. Bertram, you are older than I am; but do you really think you know half or a quarter so much of the misery of bills unpaid as I do? How should you? for you can pay your bills whenever you please.'

'My dear!' I said, for I was startled and did not know how to reply.

'Oh, no, not the quarter, nor the tenth part,' she said. 'Don't be vexed because I laugh. I laugh because of trouble, because of the hardness of it, and because at the bottom I suppose it must be a little my fault. I ought to be as stern as a Spartan, and do without things for the children, but even then—oh, it is not a nice thing to be unable to pay your bills! One would not choose it for pleasure. I am going to tell old Mr. Norton I will give him his money as soon as ever we can, but not to-day.'

I was much abashed by what she said, thinking of all my strictures upon her, and followed her meekly into Mr. Norton's shop, for I also had a little account to settle there. A little colour came to her face, but she walked up to the counter where the old gentleman stood, very bravely. 'I have come to tell you that I will pay you something—as much as I can—in about a fortnight, Mr. Norton. I hope it will not make any difference.'

'Oh, Mrs. Randall! oh, ladies!' said the apothecary. He was an amiable old man, with white hair. He pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and held up his hand to stop her. 'Just when you please, just when it is convenient,' he said. 'Oh, my dear young lady, you oughtn't to have so much to pay. That is the truth, though, perhaps I shouldn't say it. Those draughts and

things, the doctors oughtn't to order them. It doesn't become me to go against the doctors. I oughtn't to make them up. I wouldn't if I was the honest man I have always considered myself to be. Half what you pay is for water and ingredients that are no good. I've often wanted to tell you, but I never had courage till to-day.'

'It's distilled water,' said a voice from the other counter, 'and you have got to pay for that,' just as (it occurred to me) I have said to John about his education and his cultivated judgment; was it not all the same?

'Hold your tongue, Robert! hold your tongue, Robert! And what are you making that dust for, to put out customers' eyes?'

'It's all adulterated,' said Robert. 'I won't have it another moment in the shop.'

We did not stop to see what this was, for the dust was pungent. I pushed the money for my bill, which was not much, across the counter, and followed Mrs. Randall out. We had scarcely time to do more than say to each other that adulteration, though no doubt very bad, was less unpleasant so long as one didn't know of it, than to be choked by a too-zealous vendor of drugs in the act of pouring it away, when we reached the door of Saunders, the grocer, where we both had business too. Saunders and his man were very busy, almost too busy to notice us at first. They were carrying out what seemed to be all the butter in the shop, and loading with it a cart which stood before the door, surrounded by a group of gaping children glad of something to stare at. The grocer observed us at last, and, as I suppose I was a very good customer, stopped in his occupation to attend to me. 'But first,' I said, 'tell me what you are doing? You seem to me to be sending away all your butter out of the shop.'

Saunders was very hot and red with the exertions he had been making. He put up his apron and wiped his forehead. 'I'm ashamed to tell you, ma'am,' he said, 'not as I ever served you or any of my best customers with that there confounded stuff.'

'The butter, Mr. Saunders!'

'You have served me with it, I am sure,' said Mrs. Randall by my side.

Upon which Saunders grew redder and redder. 'I don't know, ma'am, what that assistant o' mine may have done. He's got no discrimination. It have long been a trouble to me. Butter! bless you, that ain't butter. It's all a made-up stuff. I don't say

as it's bad or good, but it ain't butter. I've done nothing but what all the trade does; but somehow I took a thought this morning, or more like it was the thought that took me, for I couldn't find no strength in myself to struggle against it. "Are you doing your duty?" I kep' asking myself; is that doing as you'd be done by? Selling a thing for butter as ain't butter no more nor I'm butter. I wouldn't eat it myself, not if you were to pay me,' said Saunders, with a look of disgust.

'But I have eaten it,' said Mrs. Randall with a little grimace. 'I thought it very bad butter, and so I told you. How dare you sell me things for my children that you would not eat yourself if you were paid?'

'It shan't happen no more,' said the penitent grocer. 'It have cost me a deal of money, and I'll never get a shilling out of it: but the peace of one's conscience is worth a deal of money. Sam, if you've got them all in, jump up and be off—I won't have anything like it in my shop. Though it pleased them well enough as knew no better, and I never heard as it was unwholesome,' he added, with a tinge of regret.

'What are you going to do with it, if it is not unwholesome, and the people that know no better like it? Why should not you tell them that it is not butter, and sell it for what it is worth?'

'Oh, ma'am, don't put temptation in my way! That's all in the Act of Parliament, that is. But oleo-margarine's a long word, and if you put up a name like that, nobody will buy it. But call it butter, and they takes it fast enough. It's too much of a temptation for a man in my trade. Drive away, Sam, and let the railway have it for greasing the wheels or something. Quick, quick, in case I should change my mind!'

We had scarcely left the shop, both of us in some agitation, but half amused all the same, when we were joined by the rector, who was marching along with considerable excitement, the two churchwardens after him. He is a large man, of the kind that was called muscular Christian in my day—a large, strong, man, once very athletic, but now in the course of nature becoming a little broad—broad, perhaps, in two senses—in person and belief, and with a little innocent pride, as such men will have, in his comprehension of human nature and power of sympathising with men of very different ways of thinking. He was a very communicative man, and, though he was evidently in a hurry, would not pass without a talk. 'Things are in the strangest state,' he said. 'I don't know what is coming over us, Mrs. Bertram; I

must have your help. Money is pouring in on me. I don't know what to do with it.

'That is an unusual difficulty indeed.'

'Isn't it? On ordinary occasions I might put it aside for the new organ, or to restore the chancel, or some such pious work; but not now. You must help me to think; it is to be for the good of the poor.'

'Oh, give them a little,' cried Mrs. Randall. 'To have something when you have nothing is the greatest treat. Coals are pleasant, and roast beef is delightful, but a little money all to yourself, to spend as you please, is the best of all.'

The rector looked at me and I at him. Of all things in this world to trust our poor people with money was the last. Our principle was that it did them harm. Coals and roast beef, and flannels and blankets where they were necessary, but money! 'I am afraid it would be said to be demoralising and pauperising, and I don't know what beside,' he said.

'But it would be happiness for once in a way; or as near happiness as the poor things could have.'

'My dear lady,' said the rector, 'happiness is not counted in any charity organisation. It isn't in our power. Fortunately for us, we have not the responsibility of giving or withholding that. Money can't buy it.'

My little friend turned away from us a moment with a far-away look in her pretty eyes. 'Oh, no,' she said, clasping her hands, 'but a little money will sometimes make all the difference.'

'Sir,' said one of the churchwardens, 'not to interrupt you, I think we must be moving on. Here's a man says destruction's going on wholesale. Perhaps if the ladies would step along with us they might be of use.'

'Yes, I think you might be of use,' said the rector, with an apologetic laugh; and we walked on with a little excitement, for what we had already seen gave us an idea as to what was meant. He led us away quickly through the little streets, where a great many poor people were out at their doors, and children running about, and a general air of confusion, to the meadow on the river-side, which is close to the ferry. Here we found a crowd of people, all in high excitement, with a kind of desperation of purpose about them tempered by hesitation and doubt, and the want of any leader or daring person who would take the first step. Carts laden with cans of milk, great barrels of beer,

Mr. Saunders' kegs of butter, and I don't how many things besides —eggs, stale fish which tainted the air, even meat. It was as if a great market had been opened by the river-side. But all the people were standing about with a curious, excited hesitation. Some had carried their milk cans to the very edge of the stream, and some had run down their beer barrels to the gravel at the ferry. But there was a pause, as if all these had been cannons, and the gunners were waiting the signal to fire.

As we came out upon the damp grass there suddenly arrived behind us, with a furious jolting and jarring, driven at full speed, and almost upset where the field rose a little from the level of the road, a light cart driven by a man standing up in it, and urging on his horse with shouts and all the fervour of that communicable excitement by which a generous animal can be quickened as well as a human creature. The horse was evidently fully conscious of the master's passion, and flew with a speed and vivacity, a sort of wild exaggeration of the man's purpose, which was impressive to behold. But yet it would have been difficult to exaggerate the almost fury of the man. He stood up shouting, shaking the bridle, swaying himself in his whole person, as if the impulse in him would accelerate the speed. His appearance and that of his excited horse was so startling that all the crowd paused, with a gasp of suspended energy, and that yielding of the timid to the bold which is nowhere so marked as in a crowd. The man was well enough known to all of them. He was one of the most noted characters in our town. He was the keeper of a low drinking-place in one of the worst quarters. He had in his cart several barrels of beer, along with kegs and other vessels, which rattled and jolted with a sound of liquid contents as he darted along. The man was clearly almost beyond himself with passionate feeling. 'Make way, make way!' he shouted as he went along, jolting over every obstruction, down to the river. Here he drew up his horse with a force that brought the animal on its haunches, and, vaulting out of the cart, seized one of the smaller kegs first, and with furious force pulled out its bung, and flung the open mouth outward to the stream. Another and another and another without a pause! Then there was a loud murmur among the throng. The impulse was given. The men who had been standing waiting, afraid to take the first step, flung themselves upon their cans and barrels, and in a moment there ensued the most wonderful scene. Shouting, shrieking in their excitement, both men and women rushed to the margin of the

river, and streams of milk, of beer, of more potent spirit, began to roll and tumble—white, brown, foaming, mingling together in a sort of carnival of waste and destruction—along the bosom of the stream.

For my part, I took little heed of the rest; but when the milk began to flow I rushed forward, imploring, 'Oh, why destroy the milk? Oh, stop, stop. Don't destroy it; what harm can there be in the milk?' I cried, hearing myself shriek in the impossibility of stopping the destruction. I ran from one to another in despair, while the poor women and the children followed close upon me, some trying to catch it as it poured out, in the empty cans that lay about. I had no time to see anything in my excitement, and yet I saw like a little picture, which has never disappeared from my eyes, two little children on the very edge of the river, one kneeling down catching the white flood as it streamed out from the can in its little joined hands, the other with its little face close trying to drink, the strangest little pathetic picture against the background of the strangely streaked river, and the dark trees and misty whiteness of the atmosphere beyond.

I had no time to see what my friends were doing. There was a harsh sound of voices in my ears, all talking together; but in the meanwhile I had got hold violently of one man.

'Why the milk? why the milk? why the milk?' I heard myself saying over and over, again and again.

'Because it isn't milk. It's half water; it's a cheat. Let me alone!' cried the man.

He was our own milkman, and always civil, but he shook off my hand on his arm, and when I seized the can to save it, turned round fiercely upon me.

'Do you want me to be a cheat? to sell what's a lie? Go along, lady, go along!' he cried, pushing me away.

I am neither young enough nor strong enough for personal struggles, but I kept my hold on the can. I heard myself giving shriek after shriek, of which I scarcely knew the sense, standing thus struggling. He could have pitched me into the river along with the the can, but he did not, he only tried to get it out of my hands.

'Look there,' I cried, 'look there; look at the children! it may be bad for you, but it's still some good for the children! Look at the children!'

Somehow with my cries I got him to stop, and then the others paused to see what it was. The two little things were still there,

one with his little face all splashed with the milk, which it tried to drink as from a fountain, the other making a little piteous vessel in which to catch it of its little chubby hands.

This stopped them somehow in the very act of pouring it away; they came round me to hear what I was saying; perhaps it went to their hearts to see all the milk running away.

'What's the lady saying? what is she saying? what is she pointing at?'

For my part, I lost all my modesty. I never remembered that a woman has no right to speak in public. I got up on a cart without knowing what I was doing, and made my first speech.

'Oh!' I said, 'good people, it was wicked to put the water in the milk. I understand why you want to pour it away. But though it is not so good as it ought to be, it is still good for something; don't destroy it while there are so many poor neighbours that would be glad of it. There is some good in it still. Let the children have it. Look at them yonder. Give it to the children, and promise that you will never more, so long as you live, spoil it with water again!'

I never stopped to think whether I had any right to speak to them, or how I was to do it. I just did it with the tears running down my face; and some of them cried too, in the strength of the feeling that had seized upon them, and ran and gave the milk away to whoever would bring a jug or a bowl to fetch it. And as soon as the poor people understood, they came from all sides with their bowls, some with a penny or a half-penny, understanding they were to have a bargain, yet honest still; some eager to take whatever they could get. But some of the milk people still stood doubtful, more ready to pour it away, which was a sacrifice they could understand, than to give it for little or nothing, so that others should be the better, though by-and-by they yielded to the general impulse; and by degrees the rector and the others who had come to help him began to get the upper hand. I stood on my cart like a revolutionary heroine (as I thought afterwards) and looked over the field. Further down the river at the ferry, where there was a dry track, stood a dark cloud of men looking on. They were men of the roughest sort, in their working dress, hanging together, eyeing with sombre faces the stream that foamed and bubbled with the strange contributions poured into it. They watched all the contents of those barrels running away with a moody silence which contrasted with the noise and commotion in the meadow. They

did not say a word. They did nothing to help the gentlemen who came forward remonstrating, trying to save what was good for use.

'Send it to the hospitals if you like—don't destroy it. There is plenty of use for it in the world without abusing it,' I heard some of my own friends cry, almost struggling, as I had done, about the milk. But the men only stood and looked on. If they had liked they were strong enough to have seized it all, to have made an orgie such as never had been seen. No one could have resisted them. There were so many of them that they might have taken everything into their own hands; but they only stood and stared, with a certain gloom upon their faces—a gloom of self-restraint and self-denial, not impassioned like the impulse of the others, yet giving passive consent to the destruction of so much that meant luxury and enjoyment to them.

After a while the people's excitement yielded to the influence which we could bring upon them. It was harder to get them to consent to allow us to dispose of that part of their goods which, though not quite genuine, was still fit for food, than to destroy it in a wild, unanimous rush of renunciation, which was what they wished. The lighting of a large bonfire, in which the stale food which was unfit for consumption should be burned, gave, however, a little diversion, and occupied them for a time, all throwing themselves into this work with grim enjoyment; and we managed to secure the grocer's false butter, the watered milk, the brandy and other adulterated liquors in a considerable quantity. The drugged beer, with all its deleterious ingredients, nobody attempted to save. The whole town was in a tumult, surging about the riverside, but there were no quarrels, no attempts to take anything, no pilfering or fighting. The two children who tried to secure a little milk as it ran away were the only offenders, and these so innocent. The poor people turned out from the most wretched dens of the town, where they lived from hand to mouth, glad if the day's work would secure a day's living—stood about and touched nothing. They could have seized all, but attempted nothing—not even the worst, those who had sunk far below improvidence, the reckless, the almost lost. They came to us after a while to buy, when we had explained to them how worthless our goods were. It was like a fair upon the river bank; the great bonfire blazed, consuming all that was useless; a great ring of people surrounding it, throwing in new contributions—a bonfire of something more than vanities. The

red flames leapt up into the astonished daylight, and glared in the river in fierce reflection, reddening that rolling turbid stream, all mixed with evil things. Beyond the circle of the dense mass which surrounded the fire we kept up our fair. The brandy was ordered to the hospitals; and by the time the bonfire began to burn low, all our wares were disposed of, and not ours alone. It was market day in the town, and gradually, as our sales went on, all sorts of vehicles came hurrying down to be in the midst of the tumult, in the midst of the opportunity. It went on, I believe, all the rest of the day, the most unusual sight. A band of people who were better off had collected along with the rector. I believe the most of them did, like me, what we all thought so imprudent, what Mrs. Randall had suggested. I know for my part that I emptied my purse with a kind of abandon, an impulse I could not resist, bidding the poor women do the best they could, lay in what store was possible. 'To-morrow will be New Year's Day,' we all said to each other; a new world, a new life was to begin with the New Year.

The rest of that day passed as in a wonderful dream. All sorts of people, some whom I had never known before, came to me to beg my pardon, to ask me to make peace between them and offended friends, to confide money to me for the poor, to ask me to arrange for them the education of children—every kind of good work. It was not one class, but all classes, to whom this impulse had come. The wife of the greatest man in the neighbourhood came running in with tears in her eyes to kiss me and tell me that she was going to town with her husband's consent—nay at his desire—to seek out a prodigal whom he had turned from his house, almost breaking the mother's heart. She had snatched a moment on her way to the railway to tell me this news. Everywhere there was a melting and softening, a turning of people's hearts.

CHAPTER II.

YOU will ask whether I was so happy as to have nothing in my own life to set right. Ah me! how little people know. I cannot for shame make the confession of my own sins here; but not because I was not bowed down by them like the rest. But the dark place in our lives was not our doing. Can I say that with a good conscience? Oh, who is there that can clear themselves when those they love go wrong? Who can tell by what un-

thought-of ways the tenderest parent, the kindest friends may help to do harm, to turn erring footsteps aside without knowing? We talked it over sometimes, his father and I, asking ourselves, If we had done this other thing? If we had not done that? If we had been suspicious when we were confident, and confident when we were suspicious? God knows! in our groping, human way, never seeing what a day or an hour might bring forth, we had done it all, as we said, for the best. And we had failed. It was known that we had failed by all our neighbours, by the whole community in which we lived; the fact, but no more. We were still his champions though he had broken our hearts, and little was known. I made no confidences on the subject, even to my dearest friends, and still less did my husband say a word. Even between ourselves we spoke of it little, though it was never out of our hearts. On the evening of this wonderful Saturday I sat by myself, in that hour between night and day, when one's thoughts are saddest when they are sad, and sweetest when they are happy. There was nothing but firelight in the room, and not very much of that—a red and warm glow full of the sentiment of comfort, and quiet, and peace. I sat by the fire, for trouble is always cold, and cried quietly to myself with nobody to see. The girls were still out, the little children not yet come downstairs; and I was tired. If any one had come in suddenly and found me thus, that is what I should have said: I had been doing a great deal, on foot almost the whole day, and I was a little tired and nervous—that is the explanation I should have made. The silence and the dusk were grateful in the midst of the busy life I led. To sit for a little, and cry, and wonder where he was, and what he might be doing, and remind God of him, as if God needed to be reminded! But who can fathom the mystery of that?—all the mysteries and all the aches of wonder over those mysteries which come when we stand helpless before our Heavenly Father, and do not know how to explain His ways, nor what to say to Him in the anguish of being, were in my heart. Oh, what prayers had gone up to Heaven for that boy! Oh, what thoughts, what appeals, what struggles! And now I, his mother, could do nothing but sit over the fire and cry, not able to do anything for him, for whom I would have gladly given my life.

I was sitting thus, glad to be alone and uninterrupted, when there came a little soft rustle into the room, and a little shadow—it seemed no more—dropped at my side, half visible in the glow of the fire. I could scarcely see who it was, and yet I knew,

though she had never done such a thing before, never put herself forward. Poor little girl! We had not even spoken of him together, and yet somehow I knew. She dropped upon her knees by my side, and touched me with a timid little hand.

'Oh!' she said, with a sighing breath, that to me needed no explanation, 'can nothing be done? can nothing be done? cannot we let him know?'

'My dear,' I said, without any pause, without hesitating or asking what right had she? 'my dear, what is there to let him know? It is not pardon that is wanting or welcome that is wanting. He knows all; he knows already all we could say.'

She drew close, kneeling by my side; the faint glow of the fire did not betray either of us to the other, but I knew what was in her heart, and she knew what was in mine.

'Oh!' she said, 'but send him a message. If he were here his heart would be touched too; though he knows, yet tell him again.'

'How shall I tell him?' I said. Her head was very near mine. I leant over her, putting my arms round her, and my full heart ran over. 'How shall I tell him? For we don't know; oh! Mary, we don't know——'

I had never told it before. His father and I alone knew the depth of the misery which we hid in our hearts. Our boy—our eldest who had been our pride, God forgive him—we did not even know where he was.

'Oh, Mrs. Bertram!' was all she said. Our cheeks touched, and both were wet. The sob that came out of her young bosom shook me, though I was too old for sobbing. She clung to me and kissed me, with her arms round me. 'God will take His own message,' she whispered in my ear.

It was Mary Bernard, Mrs. Randall's sister. I had known something, but never so much as this before. And that was only one moment in the full and busy day. Thus the old year came to an end.

In the morning we all woke up with a certain expectation, though I could not tell what it was we expected. Notwithstanding the secret trouble with which no one intermeddled, we were a cheerful pair among our children. To overshadow them would have been unjust, and to remain uninfluenced by their buoyant youth would have been unnatural. We were happy with the young ones, notwithstanding—and the happy bustle of

the Sunday morning and New Year's Day all in one, the getting ready for church, the tying of little sashes and buttoning of little gloves, was full of pleasantness. I had told my husband certain ideas I had formed which he regarded as very unlikely, shaking his head at my fancy.

'Going to church is not a thing that will occur to them,' he said.

'I think it is the first thing that will occur to them,' was my reply.

'It is not their habit,' said he.

'It is the first symbol of a desire to be good,' said I.

With this mild wrangle we set out in our patriarchal way with all our progeny, and I thought it was a pretty procession. The two girls, woman-grown, and then the schoolboys, and then what were called the little ones, the delight of us all, their little rosy faces showing out of their white furs and fleecy white coats like winter blossoms, so soft and downy, in all the bloom of childhood. But our minds were soon diverted from that admiration of our own, which parents, I hope, may be forgiven. When we came round the first corner I could not but look my husband in the face with a look of triumph. For there was a crowd such as had never been seen before in that very ordinary street. The habitual church-goers made a respectable stream enough along the pavements on ordinary occasions, but this was a storm of people, a crowd, a multitude, an army, occupying the whole breadth of the way. The first glance was enough. There they came—not the well-dressed, comfortable people, not even the shabby respectable, not the gentlefolks nor the tradesmen, but the masses, the common crowd, the people who had no Sunday clothes, who thought themselves not fit to be seen; the women with their dingy shawls and jackets, the men in their working garb. They came along with a little shyness, yet resolutely, most of them with an attempt at 'cleaning up,' here and there a new piece of apparel, all with faces shining, and a kind of shame-faced confidence. I had spoken to my girls beforehand, though they did not believe me, and now, at a sign from me, though they were reluctant to be out of what, I fear, they called 'the fun,' they turned and took the little ones home again.

A crowd of people surrounded the church. If the Queen had been going there, if any great ceremonial had been proceeding, there would not have been so great a crowd. Another flood of people streamed towards the Wesleyan Chapel, the Roman

Catholic—every place of worship that was near. The whole population, if it is ever possible to estimate that, had turned out. All the poor streets, the crowded houses had poured their contents forth. We could scarcely push our way through them, we who were the congregations. And here we came in face of a dilemma never perhaps fully considered before. We had spent our lives wishing that the poor people would come to church, lamenting their absence, persuading, imploring, seducing them to come. Oh, the arguments I had myself made use of for this purpose! 'No place? Oh, yes, there is plenty of room. No dress? What does dress matter, so long as we are clean, and as neat as we can be? No hymn-books? Oh, I shall see to that.' These little speeches were made when we hoped for a few, for a family here and there whom we were ready to pet and praise as if their coming was a favour to us. But all that was changed. The people had come out *en masse* to claim their own. Was it not for them those churches were built, those clergy provided? Was it not all theirs to take advantage of it when they would? That at least was the theory—not perhaps in the chapels of the Roman Catholics or of the Wesleyans, both of which, though so different, were built for the instruction and comfort of a detached and separate group. But the church which is called the Church of England was for the people. Who could doubt this? If it were not so it was deserting every theory of its being. When we came to the church doors and found them surrounded by that multitude, we had a rapid decision to make, no time to think or to consult. 'For my part I am a pew-opener to-day, and you had better be the same,' my husband said to me, without pausing as he ought to have done to acknowledge that I was in the right. Briefly outside we exchanged a few words with others who were in the same position as ourselves. The aspect of the people was wonderful. They did not push in as they might have done and take possession. They stood about, expecting, waiting for what was to be done for them; and what was extraordinary was that they did not seem to be on the outlook for slight or scorn as they so often are; there were no whisperings among them that church was thought too good for the likes of them, as I have heard so often. Neither had any of the ladies that look of angry repulsion with which I have seen many regard the intrusion of a roughly-dressed stranger into their pew, or to their near vicinity. There was nothing of the sort on either side. They seemed to understand the pause of consideration on our part, and we understood

the universal rush on theirs. A word or two between ourselves and all were of one mind. We made ourselves into pew-openers as my husband had suggested, and invited our visitors, our friends, our invaders in, putting them into the places which we were accustomed to occupy. Among them was a row of poor women huddling together in poor finery, with traces on their pale faces of the paint and powder that had once been there. Poor souls, they had a frightened look. Of all the strangers there they were the only group that looked at us with alarm, with something more than timidity, with a wistful wonder, as if we might turn our backs upon them or shut the doors against them. When they were brought in like the rest, most of them fell a-crying, hiding their faces in their hands. The others came with a mingled air of pleasure, surprise, and diffidence, with faint protests and looks at each other when they were put into the best places. They were very civil, and whispered, with a desire to be quiet and reverential which was half touching and half grotesque: 'Not there, ma'am, anywheres will do for the like of us,' they said. We who were the usual frequenters of the place felt like officials conducting a great strange ceremonial for which there was no precedent, in which every one had to invent his office for himself. The church filled in this manner quietly, swiftly, not in the prolonged interrupted way of an ordinary congregation coming in. In a minute or two it was crammed to the door, every seat filled, and the aisles and every available corner. We brought in what chairs and benches we could find, and they too were filled, and still the people crowded and crushed into the porches and in the doorways. For us there was no place. Most of the younger members of the families had, like mine, been sent home. The gentlemen stood where they could get standing-ground. The ladies kept mostly outside among those who could not get admission; and followed the service, giving a sort of timid lead to the groups who, like ourselves, could not find room within. After some time a little door was opened, and some one signalled to me cautiously. It was the organist, who, though perhaps not less touched than the rest of us, had locked the door which led up to the little organ loft so as to keep himself free of the unusual worshippers. He admitted as many of the ladies as he could find room for, and myself among the rest. It was a wonderful scene upon which we looked down. A crowd of kneeling forms, some with their heads bowed, some raised in a vague yet awe-stricken wonder, trying to understand. Then, when the prayers

came to an end, with a sudden gleam as of light coming over the vast area, a sea of faces all turned one way, all eager, intent, eyes wide open, lips apart, with a flicker of uncertainty and expectation, not knowing what was to come next. No doubt the greater part of them knew more or less what was to come next. But even those to whom the routine of the morning service was familiar were yet sure enough that this was not as every day, that something different, something answering to a vague and vast expectation, must be coming. I had already thought of this. All the wondering, uninstructed, unaccustomed masses, would the rector have anything to say to them that would be worthy this wonderful occasion; would he be able to free himself from the bonds of the conventional and speak to them in the only way that would affect that crowd? Would he be able to meet this strange emergency? I had been troubled by this thought; but as I stood in the organ loft and looked down upon them, I forgot it. I forgot everything but them—lines on lines of faces—the pale and the ruddy, the strong and the feeble, big men, perhaps the most simple in their half-awakened, half-stupid gaze, little sharp faces of children, women not so rapt in the wonder of the moment but that they had a glance of anxious attention to spare to mark how their husbands were affected. Was this the 'he for God only, she for God in him,' or was it the intense sense of all that depended upon the deepening of this impression, upon the securing of the man's heart, which disturbed the woman's individual consciousness? This thought flew through my mind with a hundred others. I did not dwell upon it. Everything was suggestive, except the gradually rising feeling, the longing and the sympathy which filled my eyes with tears and made my heart beat. I could have spoken to them myself, forgetting utterly who I was and where.

The rector came slowly into the pulpit. The sound he made disturbed my rapt attention a little. He was pale, and his countenance wore a tremulous look, highly excited, yet unassured, like a man who has come to the greatest effort, the most important moment of his life, and does not know whether he will be able for it. He stood for a moment looking, as I had done, at this strange overwhelming scene. All the faces which had been turned vaguely towards the altar were now definitely turned and fixed on him. Hundreds—nay, thousands—of eyes gazing at him, faces not dull with use, not respectfully indifferent, quiet in the repose of a habitual attention, which was the usual

aspect of his congregation; but all gazing, staring, expectant, waiting as if it were a voice from heaven for what he had to say.

He grew paler and paler; his lips moved without any sound, then he said, 'My brethren,' and took his eyes off them for a moment to settle his sermon upon the desk before him, then lifted them again, and said 'My brethren' once more. They were all intent, with their eyes fixed on him, silent, almost breathless, all that multitude. There was a group immediately below where I was standing which attracted my attention, a very big, strong man in fustian, with a red handkerchief round his neck, which seemed to blaze among all the sombre clothing. His face might have been brutal in other circumstances. It was half-stupid, yet full of wonder and attention; the big mouth open, the eyes raised. His wife beside him had a worn little face, which quivered all over with earnestness and eagerness. She had her hand upon his arm with a strange sort of anxious intercession in her look, as if asking something for him. She was breathless for the message that should be for him. The same kind of group was repeated almost in every line of all those endless rows of faces. I forgot in the interest of looking at them that we were waiting all of us for what should be said—the sermon, or the message, the something, they knew not what, I knew not what—nor, to see his face so pale, the quivering of his lips, the look of almost appalled anxiety—neither did he who was to speak. The sermon was placed on the little desk.

'My brethren.' Was that what it was—just as if it were *us* in our everyday use that were to listen, and not the crowd, the multitude, the people whom we had always been calling and calling to, and who, to confound all our ideas and shatter all our plans, had come at last?

'My brethren——.' This time was final; he would attempt it no more. He pushed aside the sermon, hurriedly, and leant over the edge of the pulpit, holding out his hands. 'Oh, people!' he cried, 'oh, friends! I have no words to tell you how glad I am, how thankful, how joyful to see you here. Thank you for coming; thank God for sending you. This is your house as well as God's. You have all a right to it—the best right. Here is home where we can all meet and talk, and understand each other. God bless you! God bless you every one, brothers and friends!'

He had struck the right note, thank God! He stopped, for his voice was choked, and there ran a little half-murmur, a thrill

of response through the place. They did not answer in words, though I thought I heard something like a 'God bless you too!' The woman underneath me gave one quick glance at the man and took her hand off his arm; for upon his big face there had come a faint light, a sort of vague suffusion of a smile, like the soul awakening in it, and she felt herself free to listen for herself —his attention was secured.

The rector stopped to recover himself. He tried once or twice before he could get his voice. Then he broke out suddenly—

'See how foolish I am—like a baby. I am so glad to see you that I should like to cry, or laugh, I don't know which, for joy and thankfulness. Church is no place to laugh, you will think. Ah, but it is for such a reason as this. For think! there is pleasure in heaven. For one who comes back, who comes out of the careless ways of the world, who leaves off what is wrong, and returns to his Father, there is pleasure in heaven. How much more so when many of you come—come freely, not because it is your custom, or because you have been asked, or for anything but your own free will, because you like to come.

'That,' he said, his voice growing stronger, 'is what gives pleasure in heaven—that is what God likes—to see a man, and the women, too, we must not leave out the women—coming freely of their own will to say, I am sorry, I will return to my Father. You have not any doubt about who your Father is, have you? Some of you are fathers yourselves. When the boy comes home that has been so foolish, that has been wild and wicked and given you so much trouble, when he comes home, and knocks, with his heart trembling, perhaps, not knowing how he is to be received, coming home to his father——'

I saw the sea of faces no more. I saw nothing but the mist in my eyes, and heard only the surging up through all my veins of the blood to my heart. Ah, if that might be! if that might be! Everything went away from me for a time. I sat down with but a murmur in my ear, and in my eyes a vague impression of those lines of listening forms, like the long level of waves upon the sea. Presently it came back again by degrees. The rector was a good man, but not eloquent. He preached usually just as other clergymen preach, telling us what we knew very well already, and not sorry any more than we were when the sermon was over. Perhaps the difference to-day was because it was not a sermon at all—that he wanted with all his heart to say something to them

—that it was all so real, the faces staring, intent, not used to what was going on. The man below with the red handkerchief was listening with all his heart. Once he drew the back of his arm across his eyes, two or three times he struck out with his big elbow against the little wife who had ceased watching him, to call her attention—she, in the fervour of her own interest, had forgotten him. She replied with her own elbow more vehemently than I could have thought possible, and breathed something shortly and quickly, no doubt a 'Be quiet, will you?' from her thin lips. She had forgotten even her most engrossing care, how he would take it, in the rising of heart and soul within herself.

I lost what he was saying in the great flood of personal feeling which I could not keep down; nor could I recover the thread of it save through the intent faces which were fixed upon him, moving and swaying with every change of his voice. I cannot put down what he said to them, only that they heard him and listened with all their souls, with every faculty alive. When my mind came to be quite clear again, he had sunk to a calmer tone.

'You know what day this is,' he was saying; 'it is New Year's Day; it is a new beginning; it is another life. We can never get hold again of what is past, but every moment of the present is ours. We have got to begin again from to-day. And to-morrow will be harder than to-day. Here in church it is easy, isn't it? We all feel God is here. You have come back to Him and sat down at the feet of Jesus, to hear what He's got to say to you. I am but a poor hand, but I know what He wants to be said to you. And it is this. It will be harder to-morrow. We can't be always sitting in church with the children before us, and all the kind neighbours round, and those whom you call the ladies and gentlemen waiting upon you. If it could be so, you wouldn't like it; you would get very tired of it; but to-morrow you will have to go to work again; you will have to go past the public-house as you go home, and in the evening you won't know what to do with yourselves. You men will not know what to do with yourselves. The women are better off, for their work is never done; but you men, what will you do? You can't keep lounging about the house in the women's way. What will you do? It will be very bad for you. It all will be hard, from the moment you get up in the morning till the moment you go to bed at night. And it is not as if it were a

thing that anybody could do for you. It's like a soldier fighting; his comrades can't do it for him; his officers can't do it for him. He has to stand himself, as if there was not another man in the world. And that is what you will all have to do the moment you leave this place—every man and every woman, and even the little things. We are all one here, sitting together, listening together shoulder to shoulder, and feeling safe. We may be tempted to think wrong, but we cannot do anything wrong if we were to try. But in half an hour it will be different; you will all be free to do whatever you please to do. That's the whole story, as I told you before. God won't force you to be good. He has too much respect for you. You are made in His image, and who could force Him? Nothing in this world can force you to be good. The laws punish those that steal and kill, but they cannot punish the man that drinks, or the woman that scolds and makes her home miserable. The thing is all in this. If you don't like to be good and wish to be good, you can't be forced, and this day, this delightful blessed New Year's Day, will have come to nothing. But I think better things of you all. We all mean to be good men and women from this day. We say so of our free will, with all our hearts, we wish it, we like it, we mean it, with all our hearts. Speak up, men! don't be afraid because you are in church. The church is God's house—the home of all that are in trouble, of all whose hearts are moved within them. Don't be afraid to speak; say it out like men. And the women too, say it out in the name of God. You wish it, you love that best, you mean to be good. So help you, God.'

There was a moment's silence, and then there was a great sound in the church, a sound like the roar of the wind or the sea—a harsh great vibration of human voices, with weeping and lower inarticulate cries, the cries of emotion beyond words. I think most of them said 'So help me, God,' the words being familiar to them; and then many of them looked at each other askance, as if ashamed of having spoken at all. And here and there all over the church heads were bowed down, and a great sound of crying went round and round, breaking out like the waves that break in irregular pieces, dividing every time. They kept on breaking, when the rector's voice resumed.

'And I can promise you one thing, my men, and the women too. God will help you. You will find at your side, like the three young men—don't you remember?—in the fire, one that is like the Son of Man—ah! more than that, one that is a man

like ourselves, Christ Jesus our Lord—who knows everything, so that there is no need to explain to Him. He is not ashamed to go anywhere, or afraid of anything. He will help you past the public-house. He will stand by you whatever happens. He knows all about it, everything, and how hard it is. Don't suppose He needs to be told that. He knows it is hard, but I promise you every man, I promise you in His name, He will help you past that public-house.

'And the women, too! He always understood the women. He was the kinder to them because you are not always so kind to them as you might be, you men. But we will do better in that too; we will do better in everything, so help us, God!'

There was another murmur again, not so strong, mingled with a great deal of crying; but he did not wait for any response as he had done before.

'And now we've said all we have to say to each other, I wish you all a happy new year, a happy new year to every one. It will be happy, being good. To the women, and to the children, and to you, men, who are the hardest to move, you know you are, a happy new year, a good new year! I hope you will have plenty of work, plenty of food, plenty of pleasure and entertainment and happiness; and if I can help you either to work or play, I will do it. And God bless you, every one. And NOW,' he drew nearly up to his full height, and raised his hands, 'I am going to give thanks to God. Stand up with me, let us all stand up, brothers and sisters, together, and you who know it say it with me, for you have good cause.'

The sound of their rising up was like the sound of the sea. The women were almost all crying. Here and there a man would burst out with a sob which was like a roar. They stumbled up, startled by the appeal, not knowing most of them what it was they had to say; but yet enough knew to make the words thunder forth as if with a great sweeping bass of accompaniment, 'To God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.' The strangeness of it all, the state of emotion and agitation they were in, the climax of this wonderful, unaccustomed act was overpowering. The voice of a multitude unanimous, saying the same thing, is wonderful, whatever it says, and how much more repeating with confusion and awe and self-astonishment that great Amen.

The streaming out of this great people from the church was no less wonderful to see. We stood in the little doorway that

led to the organ-loft watching them. They were excited, yet tranquillised. They came pouring out as if the stream would never cease, till we wondered how the church or any church could have held them, and streamed away to every side, but chiefly to the river-side, where the poorest streets were. My big man with the red handkerchief was still conspicuous among the rest, lumbering along with his heavy tread, his great half-awakened face mild with a sort of leonine gentleness, his little wife—for she was very small, by one of those freaks of fancy that makes so many incongruous unions—holding on by his elbow. She had the air of being his habitual guide, but an anxious one, always conscious that her huge vassal might turn upon her and crush all her precautions at any moment. I think I could even discern that sometimes she had felt the weight of that tremendous arm. She held him now with much watchfulness, intent on what he was going to do, following rather than leading. They all passed along, filling the centre of the road, while we habitual church-goers stood wondering on the pavement looking at them. They were very friendly, giving us nods and smiles, and now and then a 'Thank you' as they passed. And by-and-by they had streamed quite away, and left all the place, that had so throbbed and rustled with that sea of life, silent, quiet, in its usual decorum. But we could not go away. We stood about the doors, realising the wonder that had happened and all its consequences, and talked it over, and consulted. What was to be done? They had taken us at our word, but where was room to be found for them if—as God grant might be the case!—they were to come every day?

The rector came out to us with the nervous tremor of strong excitement upon him.

'What did I say to them? Was it incoherent? was it extravagant? I don't know what I said,' he cried, his hands shaking, his eyes like a woman's filling with tears. Some of the gentlemen walked home with him, doing their best to calm him down. And then there came again the tremendous question, What was to be done? To provide suddenly for the needs of government and the protection of a community is a great responsibility enough—to be the punishment of evildoers and the praise of those that do well—but when a whole population in a moment abandons all its habitual practices, the things that have occupied and amused it, and sets out tremulously, unanimously, on the other unaccustomed way! If anything were

done to discourage or repulse them, if anything were not done to help them and keep up this amazing universal impulse, which could be nothing but divine, how should we ever answer for it? It was what every missionary, every philanthropist, every lover of religion and charity, every man who cared for his fellows had been hoping and praying for, though it was so unexpected; and now that it had come, what were we to do?

These questions and consultations and discussions went with us all day. There was room to be provided for them for Sunday. We had, it was supposed, too many churches, too much room, but not in this emergency, which, though it was the object of all our strivings and hopes, had never once presented itself to the most sanguine as a thing to be realised. If a hundred more people had been persuaded to come to church, to make a new beginning of life, we should have been transported with joy; but when it came to be thousands—the entire population!—what were we to do? What for to-morrow, when, as the rector had said, it would be so much harder for them than in all the excitement of the first impulse on Sunday? There was no time to be lost if we were to do anything to keep them from falling back. All day long these anxious consultations went on. It was an emergency no one was prepared for. A whole city full, as Hood says; if it had been summer even! But it was winter, grim and dark, with long, endless evenings. Would the men be content to stay in their little rooms in the way of the women, disturbing the rest of the children? This was a part of the question which the gentlemen entered into more warmly than we did, the women of us. We thought it would be the best thing for them to stay at home.

But we had our difficulty too, a difficulty much more overwhelming which we knew not how to face. I had always been very earnest about the poor girls, and it was to me they came, a little band of them, to ask me how they were to live, where they were to find bread and a refuge for their poor dishonoured heads. This was not how we had met in times past. I and my friends had gone among them, imploring them by every argument we could think of, pleading with them almost on our knees, asking as the greatest boon that could be given us that they would let us help them. When one would consent, a single one, we were as joyful as if it had been a national event. But now when something happened which was really a great event, when they came of themselves asking what were they to do to be

saved, we stood blank before them like culprits, and did not know what to say. Never had such a blessed hopeful way opened to us before, never a movement of their own, an appeal of their own, and yet in face of this, which was so much more than we had ever hoped for, we were dumb, and knew not how to reply. If they would have consented to go into the imprisonment of our Homes and Refuges they would have filled them up over and over again. But this they would not do, nor could we suggest it to them. 'We want to live honest, but not to be shut up,' they said. 'Oh, ma'am, don't think as we're proud. We are not fit to speak to ladies like you. We want to earn our living and trouble nobody. We'll die rather than go back to that life——'

'Rather the river than that,' they all cried.

'But talking of dying is no use. We know as we've got to live. We've got to live honest and get back our characters if we can. You never would let us alone before; you were always asking us, begging us, promising to help us to be good. And here we are all willing——'

'All willing! All willing!' cried the rest, with eager faces coming round.

'And what are we to do? Tell us now what are we to do.'

What were we to say to them? That we had never expected this call upon us? That we knew no more than they did what they were to do? But that was no answer to make to those who had so great a claim upon us, to whom we had promised so much. We ladies were busy with that subject all the afternoon. We thought it more important than all the anxiety the gentlemen were giving themselves about the men.

And so the weary, happy, busy day began to come to an end, among cares overwhelming yet joyful.

I will not say what expedients we resorted to for immediate help, for it has yet to be seen how far they will answer to their great purpose, and we are still trembling and full of anxiety; but yet we did come to a practical conclusion. It was almost night when we went down to the Lane, the worst place in the town, to tell these poor creatures what we had settled upon. The night was brighter than the day had been; the moon was in the evening sky, cold but sweet, throwing a gleam upon the river that flowed along undisturbed, with no recollection of the tumult of yesterday, and along the street which on every Sunday night I had known had been full of noise, and disturbance, and quarrels,

and horrible laughter, and joking, which was the worst of all. To-night it was quiet; the voices subdued and friendly, the white calm light streaming down, lighting up the groups which, as usual, were standing about, and yet were so little like their usual. I saw my giant, with his red handkerchief, in the middle of the street. He was telling some other man, with a low cavernous laugh which seemed to come from depths unknown, 'The missus was afraid when she see me come out. She says, "Bill, you ain't a-going"—says she. "Lord bless you, wheer 'ud I go? There's nowheres to go if I wanted, and I don't."'

Then I noticed for the first time that the windows which were always alight on Sunday evenings were darkened like the rest to-night. The sight of this frightened me even while it made me glad, for it seemed to me too good to last. The man who had emptied his barrels into the river the day before was patrolling up and down in the soft, misty moonlight.

'No, there's nowheers to go to,' he said, 'nor there shan't be as long as I'm here. If you chaps knew the stuff as we give you to drink, burning up your insides! You stand by me, Bill, and there shan't be no more of that.'

'All right, governor,' said Bill.

But their talk made me tremble. Could it last? The quiet, and the soft moonlight lighting them up so kindly, as if to make up to them for the loss of their usual pleasures, and the mild freshness of the night, which was not cold, was more tranquillising to an anxious soul.

I was very tired when I got home, so tired and a little sick at heart. I had not let myself think, I had not let myself hope, and yet through everything, when I was so busy, my mind so harassed and anxious and full of perplexity, there had been all through at my heart a quiver of expectation. New Year's Day: could it be possible that it would pass without any sign? I had said to myself in the silence of the night when I woke and thought of him in the dark, and said my usual never-ending prayer—I had said to myself that little Mary might be right, that God might take him our message. There was no one else to take it. You will say why should the great God, amid all the great worlds, trouble Himself to carry a message from his mother to a wandering foolish boy? Ah, yes! you may say that; but if it ever comes to you to be like me, without news of your son, your firstborn, without any way of making him hear, you will not

doubt but that God will trouble Himself, if He thinks best. That is the dreadful thing, not that He should trouble Himself, but that perhaps it will not be His time for doing it, perhaps He may not think it best. Sometimes it is clear He does not. This is what stops one's mouth, but not the trouble; as if He minded the trouble! I went up to my room to rest a little. I was very tired and disappointed, deadly disappointed, though I had never allowed to myself that I had any hope. I did not light the candles; the fire was shining red and clear. I thought I would sit down a little and hide myself in the darkness and cry. I would not upbraid my Father. I would only cry to relieve my heart, not to blame Him; another time it might be His time, and the message would go. I was so tired: disappointment is more tiring than work; the one is cheerful, warming, the other dull and blank and goes to the heart.

Thus I sat down before the fire, and cried and said, 'Yet bless him, oh Lord! Never mind me if it must be so, if the time is not come; but send him a message, though not that message; bless him, oh bless him, good Lord!' I did not make any noise with my crying, I was so used to it; and I did not say much, for I had no secrets with God. He knew it all, everything that could be said.

New Year's Day. 'A Happy New Year.' That was what they were all saying. I had said it myself and smiled, all the day through, to one and another. A Happy New Year! And I did not know where he was; my boy, my boy!

There was a sofa by the fire, but drawn away a little out of the glow. The furniture takes strange fashions in the dark—human-like approaches and turnings away, just as if some one had risen up that moment or sat down. I got a fancy in my head that the sofa looked as if some one had pushed it into the shadow: and it came into my mind all at once how one time, years ago, when he was ill, I had brought him here, and laid him down just so, that the light might not be on his eyes. How anxious I had been then. Oh, blessed time when I was so unhappy! when I used to think if but he were grown up and strong how happy I should be! I put my hand out to the sofa, where his little head had lain. I could scarcely reach the place. I drew it towards me, as if that would do me any good to touch the place.

At last it was near enough. I stretched out my hand to where his little head had lain. What was this? A sleeping face, hair that curled as I knew how. Oh, my God! the message.

Did I not say He would not mind the trouble? My boy, my boy!

When your heart comes suddenly out of the roaring tempest into the peace of heaven; when the ache stills, and the quivering ceases, and the pain is gone, do you know how that feels? Then you will know what in a moment happened to me. I asked no questions. I got a light and looked at him where he lay, fast asleep. Oh, so fast asleep, pale as if he might have died; but breathing peacefully, trusting us utterly, come home to his father and his mother. I did not even stop to kiss him. I flew down through the lighted house for his father, and brought him back too breathless to say a word. There was no explanation. We came in and knelt down together where he lay in that deep sleep, as if God's angel had carried him and laid him there. Come home! whether it were to live, whether it were to die.

Did you say New Year's Day; yes, and God bless you! He is sleeping like a child. A happy New year—so happy; come in and look at him. Yes, Mary, yes, my darling. You see God took the message after all.

And so we had our share; if it will but last—if it will but last.

WORK AND WORKERS

BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

IT is no new thing for the 'Monthly Packet' to concern itself with the aims and interests of educated girlhood.

Long, long ago 'Eleanor' and 'Sophia' discussed their 'Minor Cares' in its pages, and considered the proportion that parish work should bear to home life. 'Grandmamma' advised her 'grown-up granddaughters,' and was persuaded by 'Jenny,' to think that a touch of fashion might be added to home-made frocks without *much* injury to character. Honoured names have since given advice on 'Spiritual Difficulties,' and guided young 'Womankind' through the mazes of life.

The world, for young women, has gradually widened since Eleanor and Sophia took the advanced view, and decided that a brown hat was not unfeminine in the country. The possibilities, the interests, and perhaps the difficulties, of women's lives, have increased tenfold. In the papers now to be published, we hope to hear how many of these difficulties can be conquered, and how these possibilities may be fulfilled.

No one without experience can really know the ins and outs of any kind of life. We are not setting forward what ought to be; we are letting those who know tell what is. We shall occasionally intersperse the papers by actual workers, with notes and comments by some who may be better described as 'Lookers On.' These do not see the most of the game, but they do sometimes see its effect on the players.

The workers are the heirs, if not of all the ages, of forty years, since this magazine began, of earnest effort on the part of young women to do right and to do good. They know the needs of their generation; they must supply them with the conscientious determination of that which is past.

C. R. COLERIDGE.

Music as a Profession for Girls.

On first entering a musical college one is struck by the fact that the students seem to know and care for nothing but music. It is their work, their pleasure, and their eternal subject of conversation. More than this, the singers seem interested in singing, the pianists in the pianoforte, and so on, to the exclusion of the other branches of the art. Perhaps this is inevitable, but it tends to make the musician rather a distressing person to live with. Fortunately, there are exceptions, and these exceptions often make the most satisfactory musicians in the end.

No one should enter the musical profession who is not prepared for hard work in her student days, and, in fact, through the whole of her professional career; but this work is much lightened by having a good education to start with. The enthusiastic beginner is apt to grudge every moment which is not spent in acquiring *technique*; but what suppleness of voice or hand can compensate for the larger views, the keener insight into the subtleties of music, possessed by the really cultivated person?

As a question of making money, doubtless those parents are wise who wish their children to perform in public before they can speak plain; but we go and hear them as we buy strawberries in February, wondering the while whether the hothouse fruit is worth the cost of its production.

I have taught for some years as a sub-professor in a large musical institution, and have constantly heard girls say, 'Ah, if I had only begun when I was younger!' Of course nothing can make up for years spent in complete ignorance of music; but I am convinced that all is not lost if music has held merely a secondary place in the scheme of education, and that it is not too late to enter the profession on leaving school, if a good ear and a clear head make up for the slightness of technical knowledge.

In thinking of music as a profession for girls, we must bear in mind the different branches that are open to them; they may become singers or instrumentalists, teachers or composers, (the lady conducter is at present rare,) according to their different qualifications. All girls, save the very timid, must feel the attraction of a public life. We have all been enraptured by the beauty of a well-trained voice, or carried away by the fire of a great performer. But we must consider the hours of practice,

and, what is worse, the nervousness, and the struggle to get engagements, which all but the very great must pass through before they secure even a moderate success. A special train of mind, almost a special bringing up, seems necessary to make a good public performer; but, in many instances, the quiet music teacher, whose name is unknown, may be doing more to increase artistic feeling, and to further the love of really good music, than the brilliant concert artist, who, unfortunately, often plays or sings the merest claptrap. How can the people who frequent London 'At Homes' put up with the music they hear?—that is, if they ever listen to it, which seems improbable.

We know that good drawing-room songs can exist; have not Mr. Cowen and Miss Maud Valerie White given us ample proof of it? Then, why should the 'Whereas, whereas, oh, word of pain!' school flourish while better music hides its head, or is at best known only to the few.

Some weeks ago I was sitting in a little country inn in Germany, where the landlord and his brother had been delighting their guests by playing the violin, and singing songs of Schumann and Brahms. An English lady volunteered to sing, and sang a drawing-room ballad by a well known lady composer; both song and performance filled with that exaggerated sentiment which prevails at present. The Germans listened with pained faces, and the landlord said to me, 'Is that English music?'

How could I make him understand that the song was a drawing-room ballad, written to catch the public taste, probably with no thought of what a musician would think of it, and that in England it sometimes seems as if we had two kinds of music—music for musicians, and music for the public. Surely the more that people with educated and refined tastes join the ranks of musicians, and protest against the rubbish which is thrust upon them, the more will the standard of public taste be raised, and the reproach of 'an unmusical nation' be finally removed from us.

Behind the ranks of the unusually gifted, who sing and play because they must, come those who become musicians because they have no other special gift, or because they see in teaching music a means of gaining a livelihood. In teaching young pupils and careless pupils, personal popularity and influence are invaluable qualities, often possessed by people who are themselves but indifferent performers. Though the work be hard, and

but too often badly paid, there is much pleasant companionship in the life of a music teacher, if she really takes an interest in her pupils' characters and progress. And though a brilliant pupil, to whom all seems easy, may win much honour for her class, I believe the teacher feels more real gratification in the steady progress of one who, but for her encouragement and sympathy, would have given up in despair. Unfortunately, there is not enough employment for the multitude of teachers, and some are obliged to work for an absurdly small remuneration.

Altogether I fear music teaching is rather a precarious way of getting a living for any girl who has not some private means to fall back upon, unless she is fortunate enough to get into a good school, or has influential introductions. In private teaching the number of pupils varies so much from term to term that there is an unpleasant uncertainty about the amount of the yearly income.

As to composition, that still more uncertain livelihood, few girls would be bold enough to say, 'I will support myself by composition,' and fewer still could do it. But as an opening for artistic enterprise it is certainly tempting, and, as yet, almost untried ground for women, as very few have attempted serious musical works.

I think few musicians would change their lives; in fact, there is a certain tone among them in speaking of 'people who are not musicians,' which conveys some pity for the rest of the world. Indeed, it is a pleasant thought that each in her small way is spreading the love of music, and helping others to enjoy and understand one of the greatest pleasures we have. Let us take a wider view of music than is often done, looking upon it as an art to be delighted in, in all its branches, and of which we should understand enough to make all interesting to us, even though we ourselves may be only proficient in a very humble matter. As was said by one whose professional status was lowly, but who had a soul above his position—I allude to the sublime Léon Berthelini—'Art is art; it is not water-colour sketches nor practising on a piano—it is a life to be lived!'

ETHEL M. BOYCE, A.R.A.M.

Any practical enquiries suggested by this Paper as to a musical education will be forwarded by the Editor to Miss Boyce, who kindly promises to answer them to the best of her ability.

A PLEASANT AFTERNOON.

IT is so rare an experience to see an idea perfectly realised that the very rarity gives one the keenest enjoyment, besides the satisfaction one feels in the accomplished fact itself. In the new Hospital on Chelsea Embankment for Sick and Incurable children, perfection in the way of air, ventilation, and space, of order and cleanliness, is united to a very perfect taste in matters of detail. From the well-appointed kitchen in the basement, to the spacious flat roof that tops the quaint and substantially-built Hospital, and commands a grand view of London, we can only wonder at, and admire the infinite pains and loving thoughtfulness that pervade the whole building.

'The Little Hospital by the River,' as it was once called, has been doing good work for fourteen years, first in one house, and then in two small houses in Cheyne Walk. It is now no longer a Little Hospital; it has grown up, but its good work lives. Many cases taken in as incurable have been discharged cured; while other patients have been freed from suffering in its worst form, and lead happy contented lives in the Hospital. Looking at the bright faces in the large and airy Wards, it is very difficult to realise that these little ones, playing so merrily, laughing so heartily in their cots, will not presently jump out on the floor and run about.

The new Hospital was finished last autumn. It faces the river and stands at the Cheyne Walk corner of Lawrence Street, Chelsea, a handsome and quaint red and white brick building, in perfect harmony with its venerable surroundings, for it stands within a few yards of old Chelsea Church.

There is a spacious entrance, well screened from draughts: on the right is the reception-room, and much taste is shown in its arrangement. We followed the kind and very notable Lady Superintendent up the broad airy staircase, from which the tower of old Chelsea Church can be seen, and which leads to the first-

floor Wards. There are two containing twenty-five cots. The Wards, one for boys, the other for girls, are divided by a panelled green screen, very pleasant in colour, with a wide flat arched opening connecting the two Wards.

The walls are white, decorated by many-coloured prints, and by the same pleasant green repeated on the doors and on the high dado. The floors are parquetted in pitch-pine. Over a cot near one of the very long white-framed windows, which reach to the ceiling, is an engraving of Holman Hunt's picture, 'The Light of the World;' on it is the inscription: 'To the Watchman's little children, from the painter who made this picture in the corner house, Lawrence Street, Cheyne Walk, in the year 1850–53.'

Several small tables, each with a bright-red cloth, give an air of gaiety to the Wards: these tables were covered with flowers in pots, or else with nosegays. Beside each cot is a cupboard in white wood, and this is devoted to the use of the patient; so that in this Hospital each child has his or her books and toys and treasures under personal supervision.

The arrangement of the cots, too, is novel and well considered. There are windows across the front of the boys' Ward and also up the side of the girls' Ward, which looks into Lawrence Street; and the cots, instead of being placed head to the wall between two of these windows, are arranged sideways at some little distance from the window, but so that the occupant can see all that happens in the street, on the Embankment, or on the shining river. The Lady Superintendent told us that the children take quite a lively interest in the people who go by, and recognise those who pass daily to and fro as out-door acquaintances. Where there might be a possible risk of draught from the opening of a door, we noticed that the head of the cot was screened by a little red curtain. Several visitors were reading to the children; some were playing draughts, etc.

At the farther end of the Ward are glazed openings into a passage; a door leads into this, and across the passage is a small kitchen with its maid, who does here the lesser cookery required in the Wards. There is also a wash-up place, and all that can be needed.

Going back into the Ward, we noticed a harmonium, and we learned that the children sing to its accompaniment. The children in both these Wards looked so bright and happy that it was a pleasure to be with them.

We followed our guide upstairs, noticing an outside iron stair-

case, in case of fire, and on the second floor we found two more Wards with twenty-five more patients, and exactly the same arrangements we had seen on the first floor. The patients here seemed to be quite as bright and lively as those below, and they were evidently pleased with our visit. One little fellow looked as if life had certainly not been worth living before he came to Cheyne Hospital: he was a perfect embodiment of a gnome, or of one of the Nutons, who are said to haunt the glens of the Ardennes; he was thin to emaciation, and his white bloodless face and weird restless eyes, peering through his abundant red hair, seemed to follow us; but he smiled when we spoke to him, and appeared to take an interest in what went on.

A noise behind us made us turn from Paddy, as he is called, to a cot in the middle of the room. Here was a bright-faced little one, sitting upright in his red jacket, beating a picture soldier with his tiny doubled fist; the beating went on with so much energy that we were startled to learn that this little fellow, only four years old, was hopelessly paralyzed from the waist downward.

We asked him his name, his eyes twinkled merrily as he answered, 'George Blackberry Gooseberry Smith.' This name, given him by a kind visitor to the Hospital, seemed to be a standing joke, for all his neighbours laughed heartily at it.

He asked for his whip, and when the nurse brought it, he snatched at some reins fastened to the end of his cot, and began to whip up his imaginary horses and to urge them on with as much vehemence and energy of voice and movement, as though he had complete use of all his limbs. George Blackberry Gooseberry Smith evidently enjoys life in a cot; he would be a thorough 'pickle' if he had the use of all his limbs.

On the floor above we were shown a surgeon's room, a dispensary and also a set of perfectly detached rooms, in case of an epidemic, with a little kitchen attached. Then we went out on the flat roof and saw the beautiful and varied views it commands; it is so spacious that there is a capital drying-ground, besides plenty of room for the patients able to leave their cots to take the air there in fine weather.

Up here is a capital laundry, an ironing-room, and a large drying-room, the heat of which is regulated by a very ingenious arrangement shown us by our kind and sympathetic guide; the heat comes from a furnace in the basement. Here, too, we saw the top of the ventilating shaft which keeps the air of the Wards so wonderfully fresh and pure.

It was all so interesting that we were sorry to come away. In the basement the kitchens and store-room, &c., &c., are perfect in their way, in fact, to any one either interested in the alleviation of pain, or in children, or to those, and there are so many, who care to see a thoroughly well-ordered and tastefully-appointed house —a visit to Cheyne Hospital will give a very pleasant afternoon; it is open to visitors on weekdays from 2.30 to 4.30. All the cots are filled with little patients afflicted chiefly with incurable disease of the hip and spine, though other and various forms of disease are treated in the Hospital, so delightfully placed beside the river.

One afternoon in June the little patients were honoured by a visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters. It was a singularly bright afternoon; the sun came streaming into the Wards on to the happy faces of the children, and on the exquisite roses and water lilies tastefully arranged in large glass bowls on the tables; but the gracious sweetness of the Princess was a more lovely and heart-warming sight than the flowers, as she moved from cot to cot, giving a kind smile and a pleasant word to each little occupant, and a bunch of the flowers which she had brought with her.

Our Princess does not seem to grow older, her figure is still girlish, and her smile is full of sunshine; she appeared to take an individual interest in each little one as she bent over the cots with a genuine motherliness that did her honour: she looked and seemed really interested in the little patients, and so did the Prince. On being told that a little boy to whom he spoke was named Albert Edward, and that he went by the name of the Prince of Wales, the Prince gave the child a sovereign, which the little fellow said he should spend in red currant jam! The Royal party seemed greatly pleased with their visit, and the Princess said she hoped to come again.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXXII.

1715–1716.

THE FIFTEEN.

THE unpopularity of the House of Hanover was an encouragement to the Jacobites, and the deposition of the Earl of Mar from the Government of Scotland, as well as the prosecution of Lord Bolingbroke, gave fresh impulse to their schemes, though there was little direct movement on the part of James Stewart himself. But in contrast to the rude, clumsy, middle-aged German George, he was handsome, graceful, young, and well-mannered, and the very thought of him and of his misfortunes caused an enthusiastic feeling in the Roman Catholic gentry of northern England, and among the Scots, who had none of the John Bull distaste to French breeding.

The French Court, however, was adverse. Orleans disliked Queen Mary Beatrice as belonging to the Maintenon clique, and, moreover, the finances of France were in such a state that it would have been most imprudent to do what could not but result in a fresh war. The Earl of Stair had his ear, and persuaded him of the improbability of the success of a Jacobite rising, and he therefore would not raise a finger for the attempt, giving neither money nor troops.

The only chance of prosperity would have been to have had such a general as the Duke of Berwick at the head of the expedition; but as a Marshal in the French army, he, as one of the most loyal of men, could not stir without the consent of his Government, though he did what he could by council. Mary Beatrice placed all her confidence in him, and this excited jealousy on Bolingbroke's part. Indeed, he soon found that there was little, save confusion and chatter, among the Jacobite counsellors, and that nothing could be easier than for Lord Stair to discover their plans. There was one wild proposal of obtaining

the hand of Mademoiselle de Valois, the Regent's unmarried daughter, for the Chevalier de St. George, whom she admired enough to make her desirous of the match, but she could get no answer from her father but, '*Nous verrons, ma fille, nous verrons.*'

Bolingbroke was sure that there would be no success in Scotland without co-operation in England, and sent forth orders to the Earl of Mar, in the name of 'King James,' not to stir without a rising south as well as north of the Tweed; but these instructions seem to have come too late, for James had actually been foolish enough to send him a commission without the knowledge of either Berwick or Bolingbroke.

On the 1st of August, 1715, Mar went to King George's levee; on the 2nd, he started for Scotland in a collier with General Hamilton and Colonel Hay, and it is even said that he worked his passage. Arrived at Newcastle, he made his way to his own Castle of Braemar in Aberdeenshire, and there invited the Jacobite gentlemen to a great hunting match on the 27th.

Lords Huntley and Tullibardine, being the eldest sons of the Dukes of Gordon and Athol, the Earl of Southesk, the Chief of Glengarry, and some others came, and it was agreed to overthrow the Union, raise the standard of James, and summon their retainers. There was a strong box in which Mar was supposed to have 800,000 guineas, but if £8000 was there, it was the utmost sum.

With sixty men around him, Mar raised the standard on the 6th of September at Kirk Michael. The gilt ball fell off the top of the pole, and this was viewed by the Highlanders as an evil omen; but he gathered 500 men of his own vassals, and all the mounted gentlemen were formed into a Royal Squadron under the Earl of Linlithgow, and had the standard confided to them. The clans eagerly rose, and James was proclaimed by the Earl of Panmure at Brechin, the Earl Marshal at Aberdeen, by Lord Huntley at Gordon, and by Claverhouse's brother at Dundee.

A letter was despatched to the Chevalier in Lorraine, entreating him to come and put himself at the head of his loyal subjects, and another to the Regent of France, begging that if he would not assist their Sovereign he would at least not prevent his joining them. Orleans had, however, already made up his mind to be on the side of the House of Hanover, and had laid an embargo on twelve ships full of weapons and stores, which had been collected by the connivance, if not the assistance, of the old King, and on which all the available money of the Jacobites had been spent,

so that James had nothing to send but a Duke's patent and a commission as Commander-in-Chief.

At Edinburgh, Lord Drummond, a Roman Catholic, with about eighty more gentlemen, laid a plot for scaling the castle at nine o'clock on the night of the 9th of September, and had even gained over three soldiers of the guard. Scaling-ladders were prepared, which these men were to secure on the top of the wall, surmounting a very steep part of the rock up which the assailants were to climb. Having thus surprised the castle, they were to fire three cannon, and then on the coast of Fife a beacon should be lighted and carried on from hill to hill, so as to warn Mar and his army to push forward to Edinburgh.

Far too many people knew the secret. In one house, where eighteen of the gentlemen were drinking, the hostess told some one that they were powdering their hair before taking the castle, and a lady, Mrs. Arthur, heard the whole scheme from her husband, a physician, whose brother was one of the conspirators. She quietly sent off a letter to the Lord Justice Clerk, but it did not reach him till ten o'clock, nor did his despatch arrive at the castle till eleven, so that if the surprise had been made at the time appointed, the warning would have come too late; but the carousing and powdering had delayed the party so long that the ladders were not brought till two hours after the time fixed, just when the guard was being changed, and the express had put the garrison on the alert. The sentinel, seeing his comrades coming up, fired his musket, and called out that they were ruined, the rope ladders were let go, and away went the conspirators, so fast that only four were made prisoners.

Government summoned to Edinburgh a good many suspected persons, and imprisoned those it could lay hands on; but the others, if wavering, were thus impelled to join the rebels. The Duke of Argyle had come to take the command, but he brought with him no troops, and at Stirling found only 1000 infantry and 500 dragoons. It seems insanity in Mar, who had 8000 men, not to have moved at this time, but he was waiting for news from the English Jacobites and for the arrival of the Chevalier, and he was trying to have Perth fortified, but it was said that the person employed in this was a French dancing-master!

James, who was at Commercy, and actually set forth for Scotland, intending to traverse France incognito, but nobody belonging to him had the power of keeping a secret, least of all

his mother, and Lord Stair was informed at once. He obtained an order from the Regent for stopping him. This was confided to M. de Contades, but Stair, truly suspecting that gentleman of being resolved *not* to find the unlucky traveller, had charged two Scotsmen, to seize or even assassinate James. So it is said, and it can hardly be doing an injustice to the promoter of the massacre of Glencoe to think him capable of the crime, which he might justify to himself as saving his country from a civil war. However, when the Chevalier de St. George and these emissaries of Stair were actually in the same hotel at Nonam-court, the postmistress, suspecting the matter, intoxicated one of the Scots, locked up the other, and sent the Chevalier safely on his way to St. Malo; but that part was watched by the English ships, and he had to make for Dunkirk, where he only arrived in December.

The Duke of Ormond had already tried a landing in Devonshire, but nobody had attempted to join him, and he had to sail away again. The Act of Habeas Corpus was suspended, and various of the most influential Jacobite gentlemen in England were arrested, among them Sir William Wyndham, son-in-law to the Duke of Somerset, and likewise sundry gentlemen at Oxford, who had been openly drinking King James's health every night.

A writ was sent to Durham for seizing Mr. Forster, the Member for Northumberland, and also James Ratcliffe, Lord Derwentwater, a Roman Catholic noble, with an enthusiastic wife and Stewart affections, derived through his grandmother, one of the illegitimate children of Charles II. Hearing of the order for their arrest being on the way, these two resolved to hasten on the rising, and met at Greenrig on the 6th of October, with a small troop of tenants and friends, when they marched to Warkworth, and were there joined by Lord Widdrington, the descendant of him who, at Otterburn, 'when his legs were smitten off, fought upon his stumps,' and of another who died on behalf of Charles I. in 1651; but though the Tower of Widdrington was 'mother of many a valiant son,' he seems to have been an exception, for the chaplain to the army says: 'I never could discover any boldness or bravery in him.' With his contingent there were ninety horse, and Forster was appointed general, not for his abilities, but because he was not a Roman Catholic, and therefore might excite less opposition. He proclaimed James III. at Warkworth with sound of trumpet, but kept himself in disguise. Tardily he moved on to Morpeth, his force now amounting to about 300, as

he could not accept the services of those who could not provide their own horses and weapons, and they hoped to obtain foot soldiers from Lord Mar, with whom they were in communication, or Lord Kenmure, who had proclaimed James VIII. at Moffatt, and had been joined by the Earls of Nithsdale, Wintoun, and Carnwath.

It was thought that Newcastle might have been seized if the Whig inhabitants had been taken by surprise; but Forster was not prompt, and there was time for 700 men to enlist as volunteers, and for the walls to be hastily repaired. Baffled here, Forster proceeded to Hexham, and thence to Kelso, where they actually did join Kenmure's army. They then went on to Kelso, where they expected to be joined by Brigadier MacIntosh of Bohun, the only capable and experienced leader among them all, whom Mar had detached for the purpose.

Mar had, instead of attacking Argyle at once, tried to catch the Campbells in what he called a hose-net, and thus divided his own forces. MacIntosh was thus sent off to cross the Frith of Forth and threaten Argyle from the rear. To cross was dangerous, as there were three English ships on guard; but he occupied their attention by a feint of crossing at Burntisland, and in the night got 1600 safe across in boats.

Edinburgh was exceedingly dismayed, and MacIntosh really hoped to surprise it by a sudden dash, but when within a mile of the city, he learnt that Argyle was close at hand, and therefore contented himself with seizing the citadel of Leith, where he could obtain a large quantity of stores from the Custom House. Argyle coming up, summoned him to surrender, on which a Highland gentleman, Laird of Kinnachin, appeared on the walls with the intimation that those within did not understand the word surrender, and hoped they never would. As to an assault, they were also, he said, prepared.

However, Argyle had no artillery with him, and waited for it. And MacIntosh, seeing it vain to attack Edinburgh, stole off at night, and reached Seyton house, belonging to the Earl of Wintoun, where he entrenched himself and prepared for defence; but as Argyle was called off by an advance of Mar upon Stirling, he pushed across Lammermuir to Kelso, and effected his junction with Kenmure and Forster, while on the other hand Mar drew back to Perth instead of engaging Argyle.

THAT STICK.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER I.

HONOURS.

'OH! there's that stick. What can he want?' sighed one of a pair of dignified elderly ladies, in black silk, to the other, as in a quiet country-town street they saw themselves about to be accosted by a man of about forty, with the air of a managing clerk, who came up breathlessly, with a flush on his usually pale cheeks.

'Miss Lang; I beg pardon! May I be allowed a few words with Miss Marshall? I know it is unusual, but I have something unusual to tell her.'

'Nothing distressing, I hope, Mr. Morton,' said one of the ladies, startled.

'Oh! no, quite the reverse,' he said with a nervous laugh; 'in fact, I have unexpectedly come into a property.'

'Indeed!' with great astonishment, 'I congratulate you,' as the colour mounted in his face, pleasant, honest, but with the subdued expression left by long years of patience in a subordinate position.

'May I ask——' began the other sister.

'I hardly understand it yet,' was the answer; 'but I must go to town by the 5.10 train, and I should like her to hear it from myself.'

'Oh! certainly; it does you honour, Mr. Morton.'

They were entering the sweep of one of those large substantial houses on the outskirts of country towns that have a tendency to become boarding-schools, and such had that of the Misses Lang been long before the days of the High School.

'Fortunately it is recreation-time,' said Miss Lang, as she conducted Mr. Morton to the drawing-room, hung round with coloured drawings, in good taste, if stiff, and chiefly devoted to interviews with parents.

'Poor little Miss Marshall!' murmured one sister, when they had shut him in.

'What a loss she will be.'

'She deserves any good fortune.'

'She does. Is it not twenty years?'

'Twenty-two next August, sister.'

Yes, it was twenty-two years since Mary Marshall had been passed from the Clergy Orphan Asylum to be English governess at Miss Lang's excellent school at Hurminster. In that town resided, with her two sons, Mrs. Morton, the widow of a horse-dealing farmer in the late Mr. Marshall's parish. On discovering the identity of the English governess with the little girl who had admired the foals, lambs, and chickens in past times, Mrs. Morton gave invitations to tea. She was ladylike, the sons unexceptionable, and no objection could reasonably be made by the Misses Lang, though the acquaintance was regretted by them.

Mr. Morton, the father, had died in debt and distress, and the eldest son had been thankful for a clerkship in the office of Mr. Burford, a solicitor in considerable practice, and man of business to several of the county magnates. Frank Morton was not remarkable for talent or enterprise, but he was plodding and trustworthy, methodical and accurate, and he had continued in the same position, except that time had made him senior instead of junior clerk. Partly from natural disposition, partly from weight of responsibility, he had always been a grave, steady youth, one of those whom their contemporaries rank as sticks and muffs, because not exalted by youthful spirits or love of daring. His mother and brother had always been his primary thought; and his recreations were of the sober-sided sort—the chess club, the institute, the choral society. He was a useful, though not a distinguished, member of the choir of St. Basil's Church, and a punctual and diligent Sunday-school teacher of the least interesting boys. To most of the world of Hurminster he was almost invisible, to the rest utterly insignificant. Even his mother was far less occupied with him than with his brother Charles, who was much handsomer, more amusing and spirited, as well as far less contented or easy to be reckoned upon. But there was one person to whom he was everything, namely, little brown-eyed, soft-voiced Mary Marshall.

She felt herself the happiest of creatures when, after two years of occasional evening teas and walks to Evensong at St. Basil's,

it was settled that she should become his wife as soon as his salary should be increased, and Charlie be in condition to assist in supporting his mother. Ever since, Mary had rested on that hope, and the privileges it gave. She had loyally informed the Misses Lang, who were scarcely propitious, but could not interfere, as long as their pupils (or they believed so) surmised nothing. So the Sunday evening intercourse became more frequent, and in the holidays, when the homeless governess had always remained to superintend cleaning and repairs, there were many pleasant hours spent with kind old Mrs. Morton, who, if she had ever wished that Frank had waited longer and chosen someone with means, never betrayed it to the girl whom she soon loved as a daughter.

Two years had at first been thought of as the period of patience. Charles had a situation as clerk in a shipping office at Westhaven, a small seaport about twenty miles off, and his mother was designing to go to keep house for him, when he announced that his banns had been asked with the daughter of the captain and part-owner of a small trading vessel of the port.

The Hurminster couple must defer their plans till further promotion ; and so far from helping his mother, Charles ere long was applying to her, when in need, for family expenses.

Then came a terrible catastrophe. Charlie had been ill, and in his convalescence was taken on a voyage by his father-in-law. There was a collision in the Channel, and the *Emma Jane* and all on board were lost. The insurance did not cover the pecuniary loss ; debts came to light, and nothing was left for the widow and her three children, except a seaside lodging-house in which her father had invested his savings.

The children's education and great part of their maintenance must fall on their uncle ; and again his marriage must wait till this burthen was lessened. Old Mrs. Morton died ; and meetings thus became more difficult and infrequent. Frank had hoped to retain the little house where he had lived so long ; but his sister-in-law's demands were heavy, and he found himself obliged to sell his superfluous furniture, and commit himself to the rough attendance of the housekeeper at the office, where two rooms were granted to him.

Thus had year after year gone by, unmarked except by the growth of the young people at Westhaven and the demand of their mother on the savings that were to have been a nest-egg,

while grey threads began to appear in Mary's hair, and Frank's lighter locks to leave his temples bare.

So things stood when, on this strange afternoon, Miss Marshall was summoned mysteriously from watching the due performance of an imposition, and was told, outside the door, that Mr. Morton wanted to speak to her.

It was startling news, for though the Misses Lang were kindly women, and had never thrown obstacles in the way of her engagement, they had merely permitted it, and almost ignored it, except when old Mrs. Morton was dying, and they had freely facilitated her attendance. Surely something as dreadful as the running down of the *Emma Jane* must have happened! thought Mary, as she sped to the drawing-room. She was a little brown mouse of a woman, with soft, dark eyes, smooth hair, and a clear, olive complexion, on which thirty-eight years of life and eighteen of waiting had not left much outward trace; for the mistresses were good women, who had never oppressed their underling, and though she had not met with much outward sympathy or companionship, the one well of hope and joy might at times suffer drought, but had never run dry, any more than the better fountain within and beyond.

In she came, with eyes alarmed but ready to console. 'Oh, Frank, what is it? What can I do for you?'

'It is no bad news,' was his greeting, as he put his arm round her trembling little figure and kissed her brow. 'Only too good.'

'Oh, is Mrs. Charles going to be married?' the only hopeful contingency she could think of.

'No,' he said; 'but, Mary, an extraordinary incident has taken place. I have inherited a property.'

'A property? You are well off! Oh, thank God!' and she clasped her hands, then held his. 'At last! But what? How? Did you know?'

'I knew of the connection, but that the family had never taken notice of my father. As to the rest I was entirely unprepared. My great-grandfather was a younger son of the first Lord Northmoor, but for some misconduct was cast off and proscribed. As you know, my grandfather and father devoted themselves to horses on the old farm, and made no pretensions to gentility. The elder branch of the family was once numerous, but it must have since dwindled till the old lord was left with only a little grandson, who died of diphtheria a short time before his grandfather.'

'Poor old man!' began Mary. 'Then—oh! do you mean that he died too?'

'Yes; he was ill before, and this was a fatal blow. It appears that he was aware that I was next in the succession, and after the boy's death had desired the solicitor to write to me as heir-at-law.'

'Heir-at-law! Frank, do you mean that you are——?' she said, turning pale.

'Baron Northmoor,' he answered, 'and you, my patient Mary, will be the baroness as soon as may be.'

'Oh, Frank!'—and there was a rush of tears—'dear Frank, your hard work and cares are all over!'

'I am not sure of that,' he said gravely; 'but, at least, this long waiting is over, and I can give you everything.'

'But, oh!' she cried, sobbing uncontrollably, with her face hidden in her handkerchief.

'Mary, Mary! what does this mean? Don't you understand? There's nothing to hinder it now.'

She made a gesture as if to put him back from her, and struggled for utterance.

'It is very dear, very good; but—but it can't be now. You must not drag yourself down with me.'

'That is just nonsense, Mary. You are far fitter for this than I am. You are the one joy in it to me.'

'You think so now,' she said, striving to hold herself back; 'but you won't by-and-by.'

'Do you think me a mere boy to change so easily?' said the new lord, earnestly. 'I look on this as a heavy burthen and very serious responsibility; but it is to you whom I look to sweeten it, help me through with it, and guard me from its temptations.'

'If I could.'

'Come, Mary, I am forced to go to London immediately, and then on to the funeral. I shall miss the train if I remain another minute. Don't send me away with a sore heart. Tell me that your affection has not been worn out by these weary years.'

'You cannot think so, Frank,' she sobbed. 'You know it has only grown. I only want to do what is best for you.'

'Not another word,' he said, with a fresh kiss. 'That is all I want for the present.'

He was gone, while Mary crept up to her little attic, there to weep out her agitated, uncertain feelings.

'Oh! he is so good. He deserves to be great. That I should be his first thought! Dear, dear fellow! But I ought to give him up! I ought not to be a drag on him. It would not be fair on him! I can love him and watch him all the same; but oh! how dreary it will be to have no Sunday afternoons! Is this selfish? Is this worldly? Oh, help me to do right, and hold to what is best for him!'

And whenever poor Mary had any time to herself out of sight of curious eyes, she spent it in concocting a letter that went near to the breaking of her constant heart.

CHAPTER II.

HONOURS REFLECTED.

ON the beach at Westhaven, beyond the town and harbour, stood a row of houses, each with a garden of tamarisk, thrift, and salt-loving flowers, frequented by lodgers in search of cheap sea breezes, and sometimes by families of yachting personages who liked to have their headquarters on shore.

Two girls were making their way to one of these. One was so tall, though very slight, that in spite of the dark hair streaming in the wind, she looked more than her fifteen years, and her brilliant pink-and-white complexioned face confirmed the impression. Her sister, keeping as much as she could under her lee, was about twelve years old, much more childish as well as softer, smaller, with lighter colouring and blue eyes. Going round the end of the house, they entered by the back door, and turning into a little parlour, they threw off their hats and gloves. The younger one began to lay the table for dinner, while the elder, throwing herself down panting, called out:

'Ma! here's a letter from uncle. I'll open it. I hope he's not crusty about that horrid low millinery business.'

'Yes, do,' called back a voice across the tiled passage. 'I've had no time. This girl has put me about so with Mrs. Leeson's luncheon that I've not had a moment. Of all the sluts I've ever been plagued with she's the very worst, and so I tell her till I'm ready to drop. What is it then, Ida?' as an inarticulate noise was heard.

'Ma! ma! uncle is a lord!' came back in a gasp.

'What?'

'Uncle's a lord! Oh!'

'Your uncle! That stick of a man. Don't be putting your jokes on me, when I'm worrited to death!' exclaimed Mrs. Morton, in fretful tones.

'No joke. It's true—Lord Northmoor.' And this brought Mrs. Morton out of the kitchen in her apron and bib, with a knife in one hand and a bunch of parsley in the other. She was a handsome woman, in the same style as Ida, but her complexion had grown harder than accorded with the slightly sentimental air she assumed when she had time to pity herself.

'It is! it is!' persisted Ida, reading scraps from the letter; 'Title and estates devolve on me—family bereavements—elder line extinct.'

'Give me the letter. Oh! you gave me such a turn,' said Mrs. Morton, sinking into a chair.

'What's the row?' said another voice, as a sturdy bright-eyed boy, between the ages of his sisters, came bouncing in. 'I say, I want my grub—and be quick!'

'Oh! Herbert, my dear boy,' and his mother hugged him, 'your uncle is a lord, and you'll be one one of these days.'

'I say, don't lug a man's head off. Who has been making a fool of you?'

'Uncle Frank is Lord Northmoor,' said Ida impressively.

'I say, that's a good one!' and Herbert threw himself into a chair in fits of laughter.

'It is quite true, Herbert,' said his mother. 'Here is the letter.'

A bell rang sharply.

'Bless me! I shall not hear much more of that bell, I hope. Run up, Conny, and say Mrs. Leeson's lunch will be up in a moment, but we were hindered by unexpected news,' said Mrs. Morton, bustling into the kitchen. 'Oh dear! one doesn't know where one is.'

'Let her ring,' said Ida. 'Send her off, bag and baggage! We've done with lodgings and milliners and telegraphs, and all that's low. We shall all be lords and ladies, and ever so rich.'

'Hold hard!' said Herbert, who had got possession of the letter. 'He doesn't say so.'

'He'll be nasty and mean, I dare say,' said Ida. 'What does he say? I hadn't time to see.'

Herbert read from the neat, formal, distinct writing: 'I do not yet know what is in my power, nor what means I may be able to command; but I hope to make your position more comfortable

and to give my nephew and nieces a really superior education. You had better, however, not take any steps till you hear from me again.' 'There, Ida, lots of schooling, that's all.'

'Nonsense, Bertie; he must—if he is a lord, what are we?'

Hunger postponed this great question for a little while; but dinner had been delayed till the afternoon school hour had passed, and indeed the young people agreed that they were far above going to their present teachers any more.

'We must acquire a few accomplishments,' said Ida. 'Uncle never would afford me lessons on the piano—such a shame; but he can't refuse me now. Dancing lessons, too, we will have; and then, oh, Conny! we will go to Court, and how they will admire us.'

At which Herbert burst out laughing loudly, and his mother rebuked him. 'You will be a nobleman, Herbert, and your sisters a nobleman's sisters. Why should they not go to Court like the best of them?'

'That's all my eye!' said Herbert. 'The governor has got a young woman of his own, hasn't he?'

'That dowdy old teacher!' said Ida. 'Of course he won't marry her now.'

'She will be artful enough to try to hold him to it, you may depend on it,' said Mrs. Morton; 'but I shall take care he knows what a shame and disgrace it would be. Oh! no; he will not dare.'

'She is awfully old,' said Ida.

'Not near so old as Miss Pottle, who was married yesterday,' said Constance, who, at the time of her father's death, and at other times when the presence of a young child was felt to be inconvenient at home, had stayed with her grandmother at Hurminster, and had grown fond of Miss Marshall.

'Don't talk about what you know nothing about, Constance,' broke in her mother. 'Your uncle, Lord Northmoor, ain't going to lower and demean himself by dragging a mere school-teacher up into the peerage, to cut out poor Herbert and all his family. There's that bell again! I shall go and let Mrs. Leeson know how we are situated, and that I shall give her notice one of these days. Clear the table, girls; we don't know who may be dropping in.'

This done, chiefly by Constance, the sisters put on their hats, and sallied forth with their astounding news to such of their friends as were within reach, and by the time they had finished

their expedition they were convinced of their own nobility, and prepared to be called Lady Ida and Lady Constance Northmoor on the spot.

When they came in they found the parlour being prepared for company, and were sent to procure sausages and muffins for tea. Mrs. Morton had, on reflection, decided that it was inexpedient to answer her brother-in-law till she had ascertained, as she said, her just rights, and she had invited to tea Mr. and Mrs. Rollstone and, to Constance's delight, his little daughter Rose, their neighbours a few doors off; but as Rose was attending classes, it had been useless to go to her before.

Mr. Rollstone was a great authority, for he had spent the best part of his life in what he termed the first families of the highest circles. He had been hall boy to a duke, footman to a viscountess, valet to an earl, butler to a right honourable baronet, M.P., and when he had retired on the death of the baronet and marriage with the housekeeper he had brought away a red volume, by name 'Burke's Peerage,' by which, as well as by his previous knowledge, he was enabled to serve as an oracle respecting all owners of yachts worthy of consideration. If their names were not recorded in that book, he scorned them as '*parvenoos*,' however perfect their vessels might be in the eyes of mariners. The edition was indeed a quarter of a century old, but he had kept it up to date, by marking in neatly all the births, deaths, and marriages from the 'Gazette'—his daily study. His daughter, a nice, modest-looking girl of fourteen, Constance's chief friend, came too.

His wife was detained by her lodgers, but when he rolled in, with the book under his arm, there was a certain resemblance between himself and it, for both were broad and slightly dilapidated—the one from gout, the other from wear, and the red cover had faded into a nondescript whitey brown, or browny white, not unlike the complexion of a close-shaven face. He was carefully arrayed in evening costume, and was very choice in his language, being, in fact, much grander than all his aristocratic masters rolled into one; so that though Mrs. Morton tried to recollect that she was a great lady and he had been a servant, force of habit made her feel his condescension when he held out his puffy white hand; and, with a gracious bend of his yellow-grey head, said, 'Allow me to offer my congratulations, Mrs. Morton. I little suspected my proximity to a lady so nearly allied to the aristocracy.'

'I am sure you are very kind, Mr. Rollstone. I had no notion —Ida can tell you I was quite overcome—though when I came to think of it, my poor, dear Morton always did say he had high connections, but I always thought it was one of his jokes.'

'Then, as I understand, Mrs. Morton, the lamented deceased was junior to the present Lord Northmoor?'

'Yes, poor dear! Oh, if he had but lived and been eldest, he would have become his honours ever so much better!'

'And oh! Mr. Rollstone, what are we?' put in Ida, breathlessly, while Rose squeezed Constance's hand in schoolgirl fashion.

'Indeed, Miss Ida, I fear I cannot flatter you with any change in your designation. If your respected parent had survived he might have become the Honourable Charles, but only by special grant from her Majesty. It was so in the case of the Honourable Frances Fordingham, when her brother inherited the title.'

'Then at least I am an Honourable!' exclaimed Mrs. Morton.

'I am afraid not, Mrs. Morton. I know of no precedent for such honours being bestowed on a relict; but as I understand that Lord Northmoor is no longer in his first youth, your son might succeed to the title, and, in that case, his sisters might be' —he paused for a word—'ennobled.'

'Then does not it really make any difference to us?' exclaimed Mrs. Morton.

'That would rest in the bosom of his lordship,' said Mr. Rollstone, solemnly.

'I declare it is an awful shame,' burst out Ida, while Constance cooed 'Dear uncle!'

'Hush! hush, Ida!' said her mother. 'Your uncle has always treated us handsomely, and we have every reason to expect that he will continue to do so.'

'He ought to have us to live with him in his house in London, and take us to Court,' said Ida. 'Oh! Mr. Rollstone, is he not bound to do that?'

And Constance breathed, 'How delicious!'

Mr. Rollstone perhaps had his doubts of the figures Mrs. and Miss Morton would cut in society, but he contented himself with saying, 'It may be well to moderate your expectations, Miss Ida, and to remember that Lord Northmoor is not compulsorily bound to consult any interests but his own.'

'If he does not, it is perfectly abominable,' cried Mrs. Morton, 'towards his poor, only brother's children, with Herbert his next heir apparent.'

'Heir presumptuous,' solemnly corrected Mr. Rollstone, at which Ida looked at Constance, but Constance respected Rosie's feelings, and would not return her sister's glance, only blushed, and sniggered;

'Heir apparent is only the eldest son, who cannot be displaced by any contingency.'

'And there's a horrid, little, artful school teacher, who drew him in years ago—before I was married even,' said Mrs. Morton. 'No doubt she will try to keep him now. Most likely she always knew what was going to happen! Cannot he be set free from the entanglement?'

'Oh!' gasped Constance.

'That is serious,' observed Mr. Rollstone, gravely. 'It would be an unfortunate commencement to have an action for breach of promise of marriage.'

'She would never dare,' said Mrs. Morton. 'She is as poor as a rat, and could not do it!'

'Well, Mrs. Morton,' said Mr. Rollstone, 'if I may be allowed to tender my poor advice, it would be that you should be very cautious and careful not to give any offence to his lordship, or to utter what might be reported to him in a sinister manner.'

'Oh, I know every one has enemies!' said Mrs. Morton tossing her head.

After this disappointment there was rather less interest displayed when Mr. Rollstone proceeded to track out and explain the whole Northmoor pedigree, from the great lawyer, Sir Michael Morton, who had gained the peerage, down to the failure of the direct line, tracing the son from whom Francis and Charles Morton were descended. Certainly Miss Marshall must have been wonderfully foresighted if she had engaged herself with a view to the succession, for at the time it began, the last Lord Northmoor had two sons and a brother living! There was also a daughter, the Honourable Bertha Augusta.'

'Is she married?' demanded Mrs. Morton.

'It is not marked here, and if it had been mentioned in the papers, I should not have failed to record it.'

'And how old is she?'

'The author of this peerage would never be guilty of the solecism of recording a lady's age,' said Mr. Rollstone gravely; 'but as the Honourable Arthur was born in 1848, and the Honourable Michael in 1850, we may infer that the young lady is no longer in her first youth.'

'And not married? Nearly Fr——Lord Northmoor's age. She must be an old cat who will set her mind on marrying him,' sighed Mrs. Morton, 'and will make him cut all his own relations.'

'Then Mary Marshall might be the better look out!' said Ida.

'She could never be unkind,' breathed little Constance.

'There is no knowing,' said Mr. Rollstone oracularly; 'but the result of my observations has been that the true high-bred aristocracy are usually far more affable and condescending than those elevated from a lower rank.'

'Oh, I do hope for Miss Marshall,' said Constance in a whisper to Rose.

'Nasty old thing—a horrid old governess,' returned Ida; and they tittered, scarcely pausing to hear Mr. Rollstone's announcement of the discovery that he had entered the marriage in 1879 of the Honourable Arthur Michael to Lady Adela Emily, only daughter of the Earl of Arlington, and the death of the said Honourable Arthur by a carriage accident four years later.

Then Herbert tumbled in, bringing a scent of tea and tar, and was greeted with an imploring injunction to brush his hair and wash his hands—both which operations he declared that he had performed, spreading out his brown hands, which might be called clean, except for ingrained streaks of tar. Mr. Rollstone tried to console his mother by declaring that it was aristocratic to know how to handle the ropes; and Herbert, sitting among the girls, began, while devouring sausages, to express his intention of having a yacht, in which Rose should be taken on a voyage. No, not Ida; she would only make a fool of herself on board; and besides, she had such horrid sticking out ears, with a pull at them, which made her scream, and her mother rebuke him; while Mr. Rollstone observed that the young gentleman had much to learn if he was to conform to aristocratic manners, and Herbert under his breath hung aristocratic manners, and added that he was not to be bored, at any rate, till he was a lord; and then to salve any shock to his visitor, proceeded to say that his yacht should be the *Rose*, and invite her to a voyage.

'Certainly not till you can behave yourself,' replied Rose; and there was a general titter among the young people.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT IS HONOUR?

'HERE is a bit of news for you,' said Sir Edward Kenton, as, after a morning of work with his agent, both came in to the family luncheon. 'Mr. Burford tells me that the Northmoor title has descended on his agent, Morton.'

'That stick,' exclaimed George, the son and heir.

'Not altogether a stick, Mr. Kenton,' said the bald-headed gentlemanly agent. 'He is very worthy and industrious!'

Frederica Kenton and her brother looked at each other as if this character were not inconsistent with that of a stick.

'Poor man!' said their mother. 'Is it not a great misfortune to him?'

'I should think him sensible and methodical,' said Sir Edward. 'By the way, did you not tell me that it was his diligence that discovered the clause to which our success was owing in the Stockpen suit?'

'Yes, Sir Edward, through his indefatigable diligence in reading over every document connected with the matter. I take shame to myself,' he added, smiling, 'for it was in a letter that I had read and put aside, missing that passage.'

'Then I am under great obligations to him?' said Sir Edward.

'I could also tell of what only came to my knowledge many years later, and not through himself, of attempts made to tamper with his integrity, and gain private information from him which he had steadily baffled.'

'There must be much in him,' said Lady Kenton, 'if only he is not spoilt!'

'I am afraid he is heavily weighted,' said Mr. Burford. 'His brother's widow and children are almost entirely dependent on him, more so, in my opinion, that he should have allowed.'

'Exactly what I should expect from such a sheep,' said George Kenton.

'There is this advantage,' said the lawyer, 'it has prevented his marrying.'

'At least that fatal step has been averted,' said the lady, smiling.

'But unluckily there is an entanglement, an endless engagement to a governess at Miss Lang's.'

'Oh!' cried Freda, who once, during a long absence of the family abroad, had been disposed of at Miss Lang's, 'there was always a kind of whisper among us that Miss Marshall was engaged, though it was high treason to be supposed to know.'

'Was that the one you called Creepmouse?' asked her brother.

'George, you should not bring up old misdeeds! She was a harmless old thing. I believe the tinies were very fond of her, but we elders had not much to do with her, only we used to think her horridly particular.'

'Does that mean conscientious?' asked her father.

'Perhaps it does; and though I was rather a goose then, I really believe she was very kind, and did not want to be tiresome.'

'A lady?' asked her mother.

'I suppose so, but she was so awfully quiet there was no knowing.'

'Poor thing!' observed Lady Kenton, in a tone of commiseration.

'I think Morton told me that she was a clergy-orphan,' said Mr. Burford, 'and considered her as rather above him, for his father was a ruined farmer and horsebreeder, and I only took him into my office out of respect for his mother, though I never had a better bargain in my life. Of course, however, this unlucky engagement cannot stand.'

'Indeed!' said the Baronet drily. 'Would you have him begin his career with an act of baseness?'

'No—no, Sir Edward, I did not mean——' said Mr. Burford, rather abashed; 'but the lady might be worked on to resign her pretensions, since persistence might not be for the happiness of either party; and he really ought to marry a lady of fortune, say his cousin, Miss Morton, for I understand that the Northmoor property was never considerable. The late Mr. Morton was very extravagant, and there are heavy burthens on the estate, by the settlement on his widow, Lady Adela, and on the late Lord's daughter. Miss Lang tells me likewise that Miss Marshall is full of doubts and scruples, and is almost persuaded that it is incumbent on her to drop the engagement at any cost to herself. She is very conscientious!'

'Poor thing!' sighed more than one voice.

'It is a serious question,' continued the solicitor, 'and I own that I think it would be better for both if she were induced to release him.'

'Has she no relations of her own?'

'None that I ever heard of. She has always spent her holidays at Miss Lang's.'

'Well, Mr. Burford,' exclaimed Freda, 'I think you are frightfully cruel to my poor little Creepmouse.'

'Nay, Freda,' said her mother; 'all that Mr. Burford is considering is whether it would be for the happiness or welfare of either to be raised to a position for which she is not prepared.'

'I thought you were on her side, mother.'

'There are no sides, Freda,' said her father, reprovingly. 'The whole must rest with the persons chiefly concerned, and no one ought to interfere or influence them in either direction.' Having thus rebuked Mr. Burford quite as much as his daughter, he added, 'Where is Lord Northmoor now?'

'He wrote to me from Northmoor after the funeral, Sir Edward, saying that he would return on Saturday. Of course, though three months' notice would be due, I should not expect it, as I told him at first; but he assures me that he will not leave me till my arrangements for supplying his place are complete, and he will assist me as usual.'

'It is very proper of him,' said Sir Edward.

'It will be awkward in some ways,' said Mr. Burford. 'Yet I do not know what I could otherwise have done, he had become so necessary to me.'

'Stick or no stick,' was the family comment of the Kentons, 'there must be something in the man, if only his head is not turned.'

'Which,' observed Sir Edward, 'is not possible to a stick with a real head, but only too easy to a sham one.'

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH LITERATURE COMPETITION.

October List.

First Class.

Mignonette	105	Geduld, Helen	100	Phil	90
Faria, Feu-Follet	100	Aslanga	99	Doris	85

No Second Class.

November List.

Aslanga	105	Geduld	99	Doris	70
Mignonette	102	Faria	95	Southern Cross	63
Phil	100	Feu-Follet	90		

STUDIES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.
1770–1832.

I.

THE period from which these 'Studies' are taken is the flowering-time of German literature. The land had long lain fallow, growing few weeds, and still fewer flowers. Germany was far behind the other European nations in producing literary names of note. Shakespeare and Spenser were writing in England but a few years after the death of Hans Sachs; while the 17th century, a time of peculiar barrenness in Germany, was, in France, the time of Corneille, Molière, Racine and Boileau. This barrenness was probably greatly due to the unsettled state of the country.

The Thirty Years' War devastated and impoverished Germany, destroyed a great deal of such culture as there had been, and left the Germans neither time nor inclination to devote themselves to literary pursuits. Years had to pass before men again gathered round them the materials for cultivating literary tastes. Opitz, and the first Silesian School in their time, did much in this way for poetry, improving versification and, as it were, stirring the ground for the rich harvest that was to follow.

The best poetry of this time is that of the hymn-writers, Paul Gerhardt, Fleming, and others, whose hymns are true expressions of true feeling.

The drama had fallen very low; Lohenstein, of the second Silesian School, wrote exceedingly bad plays; the plays of Gryphius are better in plot and construction, and those of Weise are much more respectable; but there is very little evidence of power in any of them.

The thought of the 18th century is found only in the writings of Leibnitz; but these are mostly written in French and Latin, although he strongly advocated the use of German. Wolf, a follower of Leibnitz, wrote clearly and well in German. Later we have Gleim, the patron of poets, and Gottsched, who founded the 'German Society' and opposed the second Silesian School, but became too pedantic, and, in condemning Klopstock, undermined his own authority. The sudden stride of German literature into greatness in the 18th century is almost startling. Germany's flowering-time came late; but when it came it was most brilliant. Its great names are names of world-wide significance in

every department of human culture. Very many names belonging to this wonderful period we must pass over. We can only touch upon a few, but with those few we hope to give such of our readers as are unfamiliar with German literature a somewhat more intimate acquaintance. The first of our great names is that of Lessing.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was born on the 22nd of January, 1729, at Kamenz in Oberlausitz. He was the son of a Lutheran pastor, whose small income had to be stretched to the utmost for the education of his family. It was with great difficulty that the means were found to send Lessing to college, and when there he devoted himself too much, his father thought, to plays and actors; wrote 'Der junge Gelehrte,' and was afterwards called home again by his father. He only stayed at home a short time, and then went to the University of Wittenberg, and thence to Berlin, where he obtained a post on the 'Rudiger'schen Zeitung.' Here he made the acquaintance of Voltaire, who had come to Berlin by the invitation of Frederick the Great, Nicolai, the Berlin bookseller, and Moses Mendelssohn, who is said to have served as the model for 'Nathan.' He wrote at this time several of his minor plays: 'Die Juden,' a forerunner of 'Nathan,' and 'Miss Sara Sampson,' the first play in which the fetters of the French School were fairly thrown off. This play is a tragedy of middle-class life, and is written after the manner of the English School. It was one of Lessing's greatest objects, as a critic, to show the superiority of the English drama over the French, with its Alexandrines and strict adherence to 'the Unities'—to uphold nature against art; and this was the reason why Frederick the Great, who thought nothing good that was not French, overlooked his genius and would give him no public post. About 1760 Lessing left Berlin and went to Breslau as secretary to the Governor of Silesia; while there he was, for the first time, able to assist his relations, which he did generously: his efforts to help his people kept him a poor man for years.

'Minna von Barnhelm' was his next play—the first really good German comedy. It is the story of an officer, discharged at the end of the Seven Years' War, impoverished by having advanced his own money to relieve the provinces on which he had to levy tribute, and with a cloud on his character in consequence of his having made a claim on the government for this money, and that claim not having been as yet recognised. His name is Von Tellheim; Minna von Barnhelm is his betrothed. She is very rich, and he has thought it incumbent on him, as a man of honour, to give her up now he is in difficulties. She is determined not to consent to this, and sets out with her maid to look for him. The story turns on her endeavours to induce him to lay aside his scruples and accept her and her wealth. She only succeeds in this by pretending that she is penniless, and he then gives way. At the same time he hears that his claim has been recognised and his character

cleared, and, after more misunderstandings and explanations carried on through several scenes, the play ends happily for all.

After residing at Breslau for five years, Lessing returned to Berlin, and there finished the 'Laokoon, oder über die Grenzen von Malerei und Poesie,' a masterpiece of art criticism. Taking the well-known piece of sculpture for a text, and contrasting it with Virgil's story of the priest Laokoon and his sons, he goes closely and minutely into the necessary differences between poetry and painting; between that which gives one scene and then, passing on to another, carries one's mind forward, and leaves at last an impression of the whole; and that which can only represent one scene which stands alone, with nothing to soften its effect. It is a wonderful piece of criticism and of clear, full writing. The fame of this work induced the managers of a new theatre in Hamburg—started to reform popular taste—to offer him the post of dramatic critic there (1767). He remained there two years, and wrote his 'Dramaturgie'—very valuable dramatic criticisms. But the enterprise was not successful financially, and the company was broken up.

Lessing next went on a journey to Italy with the Crown Prince Leopold; but this only added one more to the number of his disappointments, for the Prince made such constant claims upon him that he could do nothing for himself, and returned home disappointed and worn out.

Now, at last, he was given a permanent appointment—that of librarian at Wolfenbüttel. The salary was small, but the duties were light, and the library was a very good one.

At last he was in a position to marry the woman he had long desired for a wife, Eva König. For two years he was content and happy; but then this too was taken from him. His wife died in 1778. He said, in writing to a friend: 'In this one thing I desired happiness like other men, but I have only obtained sorrow; my wife is dead. This experience I have now lived through.'

At Wolfenbüttel Lessing wrote 'Emilia Galotti,' a tragedy founded on the old Roman tragedy of 'Virginia,' but in a more modern dress. It is a very powerfully-told description of the vices of the aristocracy, the aggravation of those vices by their flatterers, and the weakness of their victims, whose vanity lays them open to the greatest dangers—as in the case of Emilia's mother, who is so flattered by the Prince's attentions to her daughter, that she falls into the trap laid for them by the wicked Marinelli. Emilia's father, on the other hand, is the type of a stern virtue, whose very sternness, by making his wife fear to confide in him, hastens the catastrophe which overwhelms both with sorrow, and shows the mother, too late, whither her vanity was leading her.

Emilia's character is not so easily understood; she loved the man who was to have married her, and was only frightened and dismayed by the attentions of the Prince, and yet, after the Prince has caused the death of her lover, she has so little confidence in herself that she per-

suades her stern father to kill her for fear she should yield to temptation. The motive for her death does not seem enough. It does not seem natural that Emilia should think it possible that she should ever come to tolerate the man who had been, in fact, the murderer of her affianced husband. Of course, if she feels the possibility of this weakness she is a heroine to choose death rather; but it is a terrible flaw in her character that there should be the possibility.

The father, who loves his wife and daughter, though he is somewhat stern with them, and whose rugged independence makes it impossible to work on him for base ends, is the finest character in the play. The following is a short outline of the story:—

Act I. indicates the fancy of the Prince for Emilia Galotti, who is to be betrothed on this day to the Count Appiani. Marinelli, unaware as yet of the Prince's feeling, is describing this match as a *mésalliance* for the Count. The Prince then declares his passion and reproaches Marinelli for having concealed from him the projected alliance. Marinelli declares his ignorance that the Prince even knew Emilia, and says if he will give him *carte blanche* now he will endeavour to put a stop to the betrothal, which is to take place at Galotti's country house at Sabionetta, and he directs the Prince to go to one of his castles, which lies on the road thither. The Prince is now in such a hurry to be off that he cares for nothing else; one of his councillors comes in with a death-warrant to be signed:—

PRINCE. Right willingly. Only give it me quickly.
CAMILLO. A death-warrant, I said.
PRINCE. I hear quite well; that can soon be done. I am in a hurry.

Camillo pretends that he cannot find it among his papers after all, and the Prince goes.

CAMILLO (*shaking his head as he gathers up his papers and departs*). Right willingly! A death-warrant, right willingly! I could not have let him sign it now, even if it had been that of the murderer of my only son—that horrible 'Right willingly' goes through my soul!

In Act II. Odoardo Galotti, the father, arrives unexpectedly at his house in the town, fearing that all the preparations for the betrothal may not be going on right. He is vexed to find that Emilia has been allowed to go to mass alone. She has gone, leaving all the wedding preparations, as 'on such a day she needs to pray for grace more than on any other.'

Claudia Galotti and her daughter Emilia have been living in the town partly on account of Emilia's education, partly because Claudia likes the town life, and she now regrets that when Emilia is married her husband intends to take her to his country seat in Piedmont. Galotti reproves her for these regrets. Then she tells him that the Prince has seen her daughter and 'shown himself so gracious towards her.'

ODOARDO. So gracious!
CLAUDIA. He entertained himself with her so long——
ODOARDO. Entertained himself with her?
CLAUDIA. Seemed so enchanted with her sprightliness and wit——
ODOARDO. So enchanted?
CLAUDIA. Praised her beauty so much——
ODOARDO. Praised? and you tell me all this in a tone of delight? Oh, Claudia! Claudia! vain foolish mother! . . . .
CLAUDIA (*alone*). What a man! What rude virtue! if it deserves the name of virtue—everything seems suspicious and wrong to it. If that is to know men—who would wish to know them?

After Galotti has gone again Emilia comes in in haste and fear, and tells her mother that the Prince followed her into the church and spoke to her there, and then followed her home. She wishes to tell the Count, but her mother dissuades her, really thinking that these attentions signify only a passing admiration and secretly flattered by them.

Appiani comes on the scene in somewhat melancholy mood, which Emilia endeavours to disperse. Then Marinelli appears with a commission from the Prince to Appiani to go at once as ambassador to the Duke of Massa as to the Prince's marriage to his daughter. Appiani declines the mission on account of his own marriage, upon which Marinelli picks a quarrel with him and challenges him.

Act III. Marinelli has an interview with the Prince, during which the shots of hired ruffians attacking the bridal party on the way to Sabionetta are heard—thus the attack itself is not described. Appiani is killed, and Emilia is taken by pretended rescuers to the Prince's castle. The mother follows her, hears that she is with the Prince, guesses the whole plot, and is overwhelmed with sorrow and anger, but manages to make her way to her daughter in spite of Marinelli.

Act IV. The Prince shows himself to be not such a thorough villain as Marinelli would have him to be, in his grief and anger over the death of the Count.

Galotti himself hears something of what has befallen his wife and daughter, and arrives at the castle seeking them, and there learns the truth. Claudia greets him with joy and assures him of their innocence.

Act V. Galotti declares to the Prince his intention of placing his daughter in a convent. Marinelli says that this affair of the murder of the Count must be inquired into, and that until all is settled mother, father, and daughter must have no communication with each other, and that Emilia especially must be guarded. The Prince then suggests the house of his Chancellor Grimaldi and his wife for her. This is the house where he first met Emilia, and the father says that he would prefer the deepest dungeon for her, but at last seems to agree, stipulating that he shall first see his daughter. The interview which follows is the most striking in the play; Galotti tells his daughter of the Count's death, which she already feared, and of the proposals made for her. She begs her father for the dagger which he carries. Then follows the remarkable

passage in which she confesses her fear of temptation: 'I know the house of Grimaldi, it is a house of pleasure—one hour there, under my mother's eyes, and such a tumult arose in my soul as weeks of the strongest religious exercises could hardly compose. . . . Give me the dagger, father.'

She attempts to stab herself—her father seizes her hand. She turns on him bitterly, and says there was once a father who for his daughter's sake did this deed for her himself; but there are no such fathers now. Carried away by this her father stabs her, and she sinks in his arms. The Prince and Marinelli enter; Emilia says it was herself who did the deed, but the father will not let this pass. She dies, and Galotti says to the Prince: 'I go to give myself up, and await you as judge—and then, yonder—I will await you before the Judge of us all.' So the play ends.

Lessing also wrote many philosophical and theological works; among others 'Ernst und Falk,' conversations about an ideal freemasonry; 'Testament Johannis,' which, Lessing says, was 'Little children, love one another'; and the 'Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts,' in which Lessing represents Judaism as the step in human education between heathenism and Christianity, and points to a time to come when men will do good 'because it is good,' and not from any hope of reward or fear of punishment.

Through publishing some fragments written by Reimarius, a rationalist Divine, Lessing became involved in a theological controversy. The orthodox world attacked him bitterly, and from this controversy, which embittered the close of his life, came the drama 'Nathan der Weise' (1779).

In studying this play it is necessary to bear in mind the time at which it was written and the temper of the public mind in Germany. Bigotry and intolerance reigned supreme. The one party looked on any one who questioned any detail of their creed as an infidel, and the other, the Berlin 'men of light,' denied all inspiration but their own. The prejudice against the Jews was very strong. The reminder given in the seventh scene of the fourth act was much needed:—

> 'And is not then the whole of Christendom
> On Judaism built? How oft I have
> Been vexed, and it has cost me many tears,
> That Christians should be able to forget
> That even our Lord Himself was born a Jew.'

Some even then, if they had had the power, would have gone almost as far as Lessing's 'Patriarch':—

> 'No matter, the Jew must be burned.'

The whole of Lessing's moral teaching is against this narrow intolerance, and in this play especially he tries to strike the note of universal

brotherhood—of 'humanity'—something above the difference of sects. Thus the play is not written to exalt Judaism above Christianity, but to show that a conscientious Jew may really have more of the right spirit of a Christian than some who take a pride in calling themselves by that name, but cultivate a spirit of bigotry and intolerance. Every interest in the drama is subordinate to that of showing the beauties of the principal character, 'Nathan the Jew.' In his contact with all the rest, the gossiping, foolish Daja, the hasty knight-templar, the noble, but unwise, Sultan, the loving, enthusiastic Recha, his calm, straightforward wisdom and goodness shine forth as contrasted with their weaknesses. He is a fine creation, and we cannot but feel grateful to Lessing for having shown us such a man.

In the first act Nathan, on returning from a journey, is greeted with the news that his house has been burned down, and Recha, his adopted daughter, with difficulty rescued from the flames by a knight-templar, who refused to receive her thanks, and that Recha now believes it was an angel from heaven who rescued her.

Nathan soon dissipates this fancy by a suggestion that her rescuer may be ill or dead.

They are interrupted by Al-Hafi, the Dervish, now treasurer to the Sultan, who has come to borrow money for him. Nathan objects to lending to the Sultan, though saying that Al-Hafi, his old friend, is welcome to all he has for himself.

The knight-templar next comes on the scene in an interview with a lay-brother of the monastery, who has come with proposals from the Patriarch of Jerusalem. The first proposal is that he shall act as a spy in Jerusalem in the interest of the Crusaders, the second is that he shall fall upon Saladin (who has spared the life of the knight on account of his likeness to his, Saladin's, brother Assad) with a band of ruffians when he is riding to the fortress where his father keeps his treasure. Both proposals are indignantly refused, and the lay-brother owns that he is pleased, for he did not approve of them, although he was obliged to obey so far as to deliver the message given him.

Act II. opens in the palace. Saladin and his sister, Sittah, are playing chess. Al-Hafi comes and tells them that Nathan will lend to none that he may always have wherewith to give, and that he gives to all, without distinction of creed. Saladin expresses a strong wish to see such a man, and Al-Hafi is sent to find him. Nathan has an interview with the knight, in which the knight at first refuses all thanks, but won, by Nathan's manner, confesses that he had always hated Jews for calling themselves the 'Chosen People.' But Nathan says:—

> Nor you nor I
> Have chosen our own people. Are we then,
> Are we our people? What does 'people' mean?
> Are Jew and Christian, Jew and Christian first

Before they're men? Ah! had I found in you
One more whose pleasure 'twas to call himself
A man!
KNIGHT. Yes, Nathan! Yes, indeed you have,
You have indeed! Your hand—I am ashamed
That for one moment I misunderstood!

Nathan invites the knight to his house and asks his name. The knight gives that of Curd von Stauffen. This awakens a suspicion in the mind of Nathan as to his relationship with Recha, but he says nothing at the moment. Nathan is sent for by the Sultan, as he thinks, about the money which the Sultan wants.

Act III. The knight has an interview with Recha, which excites him, while it calms her.

Meanwhile Nathan has gone to the palace, where Saladin is prepared to cajole him into lending him money; but he entirely forgets this object until reminded of it at the end of the interview by Nathan himself, who asks, as a favour, that he may be allowed to lend it. That which follows, the story of the three rings, contains the kernel of the whole drama, and must be given in full.

Saladin asks Nathan what creed, what law, he has found the best, the issue being between Judaism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity.

NATHAN. Long years ago there lived i' the East a man
Who had possession of a priceless ring,
Received from a loved hand. The stone was one
Large opal, where a hundred colours played,
And it possessed the secret power to make
Its owner well beloved by God and men.
What wonder was it that this Eastern man
From off his finger never took the ring;
Ordained this precious thing should be retained
For ever in his house? And on this wise—
He left the ring unto the best beloved
Of all his sons, with this command: that he
Should in his turn, unto his son best loved
Bequeath it; wherefore still the best beloved
(No heeding of the seniority),
By the sole virtue of the ring was chief.
You understand me, Sultan?
SALADIN. Aye, proceed.
NATHAN. Thus was the ring bequeathed from son to son;
And last came to the father of three sons,
Who all alike were dutiful; alike
He loved them all with equal warmth.—But yet
From time to time now this one, and now that,
And now the third, he fancied more beloved.
So of the three, if one were there alone,
Without the others by to claim his love,
This seemed to be most worthy of the ring.
And so, with kindly weakness, unto each
In turn, the ring was promised. This went on
For long enough; but now at last the time
Was come to die; and the good father knew not

What he should do ; it irked him much to wound
Two of his sons, depending on his word.
What should he do? He summoned secretly
A cunning craftsman ; him he bade to make
Two other rings, the counterfeit of this
The pattern ; and to spare nor cost, nor pains,
To make them just alike ; and this was done :
So well done, that the father could not tell
Which was the pattern-ring. So, joyfully,
He called his sons in, one by one, and gave
To each his special blessing, and to each
His ring—and died. Sultan, you're listening?

SALADIN. I hear, I hear, finish your story quick !
Is't nearly done?

NATHAN. Yes, that is all of it,
What follows may be understood itself.—
The father's hardly dead, when each one comes
And brings his ring ; and each will be the head
Over the house. And strife begins ; they make
Enquiries, quarrel, go to law. In vain—
Not thus could they distinguish the true ring—

(*after a pause, expecting an answer from the Sultan*)

'Twas indistinguishable ; as to us
Is yet—the one true faith.

SALADIN. What? and is that
The answer to my question?

NATHAN. My excuse,
Who cannot well distinguish ring from ring
The father willed in the making should not be
Distinguished.

SALADIN. But the rings ! don't play with me !
I thought that the religions which I named
Might be distinguished very easily ;
Even to clothing ; even to food and drink !

NATHAN. From every side but that of origin.—
Are they not founded all on history?
The written word, or else upon tradition?—
All history must be taken upon faith ;
Is it not so? Now whose the faith and truth
That every man doubts least? That of his people,
Those of whose blood he comes. And those who gave,
From childhood up, the best proofs of their love,
Who never have deceived him, saving where
'Twas for his present good to be deceived?
How can I give my fathers less of faith
Than you can give to yours? or yet again—
Can I expect from you that you should brand
Your fathers liars ; so that you may end
Your difference from mine? or, once again,
The same applies to Christians, does it not?

SALADIN. By all that's good the man is right, and I
Must hold my peace.

NATHAN. Now let us turn once more
Back to our rings. I've told you how the sons
Appealed to law, and each swore to the judge
That from his father's hand he had received
The ring direct (and truly) after that
He'd had the promise long that he should hold

Possession of the ring (this not less true).
The father loved each one, could not have been
False to him ; nay, rather by far than cherish
Such thought of that dear father, each would charge
His very brother that he had played him false ;
And this, however much he might desire
Still to believe the best ; he must find out
The traitor, and he must avenge himself.
SALADIN. And now the judge ? tell me, I wish to hear
What words you give the judge to speak—say on !
NATHAN. Thus spoke the judge : 'Listen—if here at once
You cannot call your father, from the court
I must dismiss you. Think you I am here
For guessing riddles ? or will wait until
The true ring speaks the truth out for itself ?
Yet stay ! Have I not heard that the true ring
Possessed the magic power to make the man
Beloved who owned it—dear alike to God
And man ? That must decide ! For the false ring
Will not do that ! Now tell me which of you
Is the most loved by both his brothers ? Speak !
You're silent ? do the rings work inwards, not
Towards others ? each one loves himself alone
The best ? Oh, so you all have been deceived,
Deceivers ; neither of your rings are true.
The one true ring was lost, maybe ; to hide,
Or to replace, the loss, the father had
The three made for the one.'
SALADIN. That's excellent !
NATHAN. 'And also,' said the judge, 'if you desire not
My judgment, nor advice, begone. But thus
I counsel you : You take the thing as it is.
Each of you three himself received his ring
From his own father ; so let each believe
His own ring is the true one. Nay, perchance
The father could not bear the tyranny
Of one ring any longer in his house !
And certainly he loved you all the same ;
Because he could not suffer it, that two
Should be oppressed to please the one. And now
Let each, unbribed, strive ever zealously
After a love that's free from prejudice !
Henceforth let each one with the others vie
To bring out all the power that hidden lies
Within this ring ! Let gentleness assist,
And hearty intercourse, benevolence,
With true devotion of yourself to God,
And then if all the ring's true power is shown
In your descendants, I invite you back
In a thousand thousand years before this court ;
Then will a wiser man than I be here,
Sit on this bench, and speak. Now go your ways.'
Thus spoke the modest judge.
SALADIN. Oh, God ! Oh, God !
NATHAN. Sultan, you feel yourself this wiser man ?
This promised man ?
SALADIN. I, dust ? I, naught ? Oh, God !
NATHAN. What moves you, Sultan ?
SALADIN. Nathan, dearest Nathan !

The thousand thousand years are not yet passed,
Your judge's; and his bench is not for me.
Go, go. But be my friend.

Nathan leaves the Sultan, after arranging to lend him what money he needs, and (Scene 9) meets the knight, who greets him warmly, and begs that he will call him 'son.' This Nathan avoids doing.

The knight confesses that he loves Recha, but Nathan puts him off with some inquiries as to his father. The knight is much hurt at this apparent coldness and change of purpose on Nathan's part; and Daja, Recha's nurse, finding him in this mood, tells him that Nathan has no right to deny Recha to him, for she is only his adopted daughter, being the child of Christian parents.

Act IV. The knight is so moved by anger at Nathan's coldness, which he attributes to Jewish prejudice, that he decides to consult the Patriarch about the secret which Daja has confided to him. He tells him the story of a Christian child, brought up by a Jew as his own, but gives no names and pretends that it is only an abstract question, not a real case. The Patriarch promptly condemns the Jew to the stake, and in answer to every excuse offered by the knight says, 'No matter, the Jew must be burned,' so that the knight is horrified and escapes from him by pleading an appointment with the Sultan. The Patriarch calls up the lay-brother and commissions him to discover whether the story be true or no.

Then the knight goes and complains to Saladin, and Saladin and Sittah are more than ever struck by his likeness to their brother Assad.

The lay-brother, pretending to carry out the orders of the Patriarch, goes to Nathan and makes himself known to him as the man who years before had brought Recha to him from his master, her father, and Nathan tells how he had just lost his wife and seven sons, who were massacred by the Christians, and that he took this child as a gift direct from Heaven. The lay-brother warns him that the Patriarch is making inquiries about this child; and also tells him that he has a breviary which gives the names of her relations on both sides.

At the close of this act Sittah sends for Recha to the palace, meaning to make things right between her and the knight.

Act V. opens with the arrival of Saladin's caravans with great wealth. The messengers who bring the news are richly rewarded. Nathan receives the breviary from the lay-brother and finds his suspicions confirmed. The knight repents, and confesses to Nathan that it was he who betrayed him to the Patriarch; but Nathan still delays his explanations until they all meet in the palace, where Saladin and Sittah are trying to comfort Recha, who has just learned that Nathan is not her father, and is heartbroken about it. Then Nathan reveals the fact that Recha and the knight are brother and sister, and also that they are the children of Saladin's brother Assad, who had married a German wife. Recha is delighted to greet the knight as her brother; he is unwilling at

first, but soon rejoices that he has found a sister. Saladin and Sittah also are overjoyed to recognise their brother's children, and the curtain falls amidst mutual embracing and rejoicing.

This was Lessing's last great work. He died on the 15th of February, 1781, after a long, painful illness. The work he did speaks for itself. He opened the way for the masterpieces of Goethe and Schiller. He corrected the false taste of the times, and pointed to worthy models, and his own writings are models of truth, clearness, and good taste.

All later German writers owe a debt of gratitude to Lessing, and his writings are a legacy for the thinking world of all times.

Read: 'Minna von Barnhelm'; 'Emilia Galotti'; 'Nathan der Weise'; 'Laokoon.' M. W.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—I.

Questions.

1. Give a sketch, with dates, of the life of Lessing.
2. What was Lessing's influence on German literature?
3. Give a list, with dates, of (*a*) Lessing's prose writings; (*b*) his plays.
4. Give some account of the 'Laokoon.'
5. Give, in your own words, the story of any one of Lessing's plays.

Answers to be sent by February 4th to Miss Watson, Brightwell, Tetsworth, Oxon.

Students preparing for the Cambridge Higher Local Examination will require a good 'History of German Literature.' I should recommend 'Gostwick and Harrison's History of German Literature' to those who prefer one written in English; Kluge's 'National-Literatur' to those who prefer German. It will also be necessary to read as many as possible of the works of Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, especially, their plays. Also any of the annotated works of Heine, Fouque, and Uhland. I shall be happy to give students, who will write to me at the above address, any advice or assistance in my power.

NOTE.—The histories of German literature to which I have referred in writing these papers are Gostwick and Harrison's, Scherer's, and Kluge's. At the end of each paper will be given a list of the books which ought to be read in the original, in order to get a good idea of the style of the author treated of. Anyone not well acquainted with the German language would do well to get those books edited by Buchheim, as his notes are exceedingly useful. For those who do not require notes there is a delightful edition of the Classics, bound in cloth (Miniatur-Ausgabe), which can be obtained from Mr. J. W. Kolckmann, 2, Langham Place, W. Three plays or so, bound together, for 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*, or, in paper covers, for 2*d.* or 3*d.* each play.

Church History Society.

RULES FOR THE 'MONTHLY PACKET' CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Answers to the questions are to be written *from memory*, after careful study of the subject. Each question may be studied and answered separately. A dictionary is the only book allowed while writing the answers.

The answers should be written on *foolscap paper* (*one side only*), and must not greatly exceed *six* pages of such paper. They must be signed on each sheet with a *nom de plume*, and sent by the first of the month to 'Bog-Oak,' care of the Publishers of the 'Monthly Packet.' Papers not conforming to these regulations are liable to be disqualified.

Subscription to the C. H. S., 1*s.* per annum.

Prizes (in books) will be given in proportion to the numbers who join the Society.

Bog-Oak cannot undertake to return the answers, or to answer privately any letters. The *criticisms* in the 'Monthly Packet' should be read each month.

SCHEME FOR 1891.

PERIOD OF THE CRUSADES, AND RISE OF PAPAL POWER.

I. THE EAST (*January to March*). Separation of East and West—The Crusades—The Military Orders.

II. THE WEST (*April to July*). England in the Twelfth Century—Pontificate of Innocent III.—The Mendicant Orders—England in the Thirteenth Century.

III. THEOLOGICAL OPINIONS (*August to November*). Eucharistic Controversies—The Schoolmen—Waldenses and other Sects.

IV. CHURCH ARCHITECTURE AND ART (*December*).

Books recommended: *Beginnings of Church History*, C. M. Yonge, 5*s.* *Student's English Church History*, Perry, 1st Period, 7*s.* 6*d.* (Murray). *Grossetête*, Perry (S.P.C.K.), 2*s.* 6*d.* *Landmarks of History, Middle Ages*, C. M. Yonge, 3*s.* (Smith & Innes). Cox's *Crusades* (Longmans), 2*s.* 6*d.* And for those who can see them: *Lectures on Mediæval Church History*, Trench (Kegan Paul & Co.), 12*s.* Montalembert's *Monks of the West*. Milman's *History of Latin Christianity* (Murray), Books vii. to xi. Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, vols. ii. and iii. Giles' *Life of Becket*.

THE SEPARATION OF THE EAST AND WEST.

Questions for January.

1. Enumerate the causes which led to the Schism of the Eastern and Western Churches.
2. Give an account of the actual Schism of 1054.
3. Mention briefly any attempts at Reunion.
4. Give an account of the Council of Ferrara and Florence, 1438–1440.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by February 1st.

October Class List.

First Class.

Water Wagtail	39	Sophy	35	Honeysuckle	33
Andromache	38	Cocksmoor	34	Ierne / De Maura	32
Papaver	37	Charissa			
Etheldreda.	36	Firenze	33	Verena.	31

Second Class.

Fidelia / Malacoda	29	Blue-bell	27	Violets / *Decima	23
Vorwärts	28	Veritas	25	Hegesippus	22
		Countess	24	Καθολικος	20

Third Class.

Spider	19	†Trudel	11

* Three answers only. † Two answers only.

REMARKS.

33. Best answered by *Sophy*, *Blue-bell*, and *Andromache*. *Cocksmoor:* While St. Anselm was more national in his love of the people than Lanfranc, he was scarcely as much so in his relations with Rome. He certainly Romanised more. Lanfranc was emphatically Archbishop *of the English*. *Fidelia:* The 500 marks offered by St. Anselm to Rufus was not Succession duty. The King's vassals were all offering money for the wars. Anselm, too, made a present, and would not make it larger, lest it should savour of simony. *De Maura:* William de St. Carileph was Bishop of Durham at Rockingham; Flambard succeeded him. *Spider:* Anselm's exile under Rufus was not for demanding the possessions of his see. These had been granted. But Anselm, weary of Rufus' extortion on pretence of Feudal service, begged and at length obtained leave to visit Rome for counsel.

34. *Water Wagtail* best gives William I.'s dealings with the Church. The most important points besides Domesday survey are, the Separation of Temporal and Spiritual Courts (the consequences of which, for good and for bad, we feel to this day). His filling up benefices with Norman Prelates, etc., and his attitude to Gregory VII. Besides this, there are laws on Ecclesiastical servitude, Removal of sees to cities, Restoration of Church property, Jurisdiction of Canterbury and York, and the celibacy of the clergy. *Violet* gives a dissertation on William's character, and omits all 'points' (even Domesday), except a slight allusion to his refusal of homage.

35. We can hardly feel (though *Firenze* follows some authorities) that Lanfranc weakened the National Church and brought in more under the Pope. Though making it more Roman in custom and practice, yet Papal supremacy advanced so little here in his time, compared with other lands, that Lanfranc's influence must have been restraining. *Blue-bell:* He was never Abbot, only Prior of Bec. *Decima:* Against his laughing at Herfast's ignorance, set his act of humility (so hard to a scholar) in repeating a false quantity when corrected by an ignorant monk. *Veritas:* It was not 'in the woods of Avranches' in Western Normandy, but in those of Brionne in Eastern Normandy, that Lanfranc chanced upon Bec. Best lives of Lanfranc by *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, *De Maura*, *Decima*, and *Andromache*.

36. The strife on Investitures is well done by *Etheldreda*, *Cocksmoor*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, *Sophy*, *Ierne*, and *Andromache*. It was not (as *Blue-bell* and *Veritas* think) merely the actual Investiture, but its form, which Churchmen rightly abhorred. With the ring and crozier, symbolizing the spiritualities of the see, the King had no right to invest; with temporalities (in any less offensive form) he had. This bad custom was but three centuries old. In Anselm's case the point was not merely Investiture, but re-investiture, as if he had ceased to be Archbishop on the King's death. This was unheard of. Anselm should hardly be called obstinate, since he

cared very little which way it was settled, his one anxiety being to know which was right, and do that. *Firenze:* The staff and ring were henceforth given in the consecration service by the chief Consecrator, not necessarily the Pope, unless he consecrated. After the Reformation they seem to have ceased to be given at all in our Church, as soon as people had forgotten whatever was not provided for by a Rubric. But the right place for giving the staff is at the words: 'Be to the Flock of Christ a Shepherd, not a wolf;' and Bog-Oak has seen it so given in a Colony.

The China Cupboard,

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Prize Story.

MANY successful authors remember with gratitude the encouragement afforded by this Magazine to their early efforts.

The 'Monthly Packet' now offers

A PRIZE TO BEGINNERS, VALUE £5, FOR A FIRST STORY.

Conditions to be observed:

1. The writer must never previously have received payment for any story appearing in print.
2. All stories must have the writer's name and address on the MS. (not necessarily for publication).
3. Stamps must accompany each MS., which will be returned, if rejected, with a short criticism (if desired) by the Editors.
4. All MSS. must be marked *outside*, 'Competition Story;' must be written on one side of the paper only, and sent in to the Editors before March 31st at latest.
5. No story must exceed 6000 words.

Should the Prize Story reach the standard of publication, it will appear in the June number of the Magazine.

German Literature Competition.

A first prize of books, value £3, and a second prize, value £2, will be given to the competitor who gains the highest aggregate of marks for answers to Miss Watson's questions (see page 105).

Intending competitors must send with their first paper of answers 2*s.* 6*d.* fee for the series. Those who desire to have their papers returned with criticisms must send an additional 2*s.* 6*d.*

Church History Competition.

See Bog-Oak's Announcement, page 106.

China Cupboard Prizes.

See 'Egg-Shell China.'

Christmas 'Monthly Packet' Prize.

An extra double Christmas number, consisting entirely of stories, will be issued. The writer of the story adjudged best by the Editors will receive a prize of books to the value of £5, in addition to the usual payment for the story. The prize cannot be won twice by the same writer.

All stories must bear on the proverb, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' and must be sent in before July 31st, marked 'Christmas Number.'

FIRST SHELF.

A China Cupboard may contain articles of all sorts of shapes, sizes, and colours. Chelsea China hopes to fill hers with a great variety of specimens. First of all she makes room for all the

BLUE CHINA,

to be found on the old Debatable Ground. Since July, 1886, the healthful instinct of contradiction existing in the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' has found vent in this region of free discussion. For the benefit of new subscribers the rules of debate, first printed more than four years ago, shall be here repeated.

1. Subjects of Debate will be proposed by the Editors, or suggested by readers.

2. Papers on such subjects will be printed, condensed, or mentioned, in the ensuing numbers.

3. The papers must be signed by a *nom de plume*, written only on one side of the paper, directed to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, and marked 'Debatable Ground,' *outside*, and sent in before the first of the ensuing month.

We have hitherto revelled in casuistry, dipped into metaphysics, and contended fiercely on practical subjects; but Chelsea China sees no reason why literary topics should be excluded. Our first subject was, 'Is self-culture an imperative duty?' That passed on from the old series follows below. Our leading characteristic has always been that we consider ourselves equal to tackle any subject that the philosophy of ages has hitherto left undecided.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is happiness dependent on character, temperament, or circumstances?

Papers received from *Gonia*, *Hampshire Hog*, *Humming Bird*, *Spinning Jenny*, *Hope*, *Jessamine*, *Heather*, *Tibbie*, *Emerald*, *Scotch Mist*, *Atheline*, *Ossa*, *Ignoramus*, and *Melrose*.

When Chelsea China was requested to set this question, she did so in the conviction that it had no answer. It has been suggested that it covers the whole of Ethics and much of Psychology.

Such subjects are always congenial to the aspiring minds of the 'Monthly Packet' debaters, and therefore it is not surprising that an excellent set of answers has been received this month.

The general conclusion seems to be that happiness is made easy by temperament, but that is finally dependent on that control of temperament which forms character. Chelsea China thinks that if happiness is taken in any sense to mean well-being, enough importance has hardly been attributed to the commonplace fact that it does depend greatly on circumstances—that is, not on circumstances being what *other people* think fortunate, but on their being congenial and delightful to ourselves.

Living in a climate that suits the soul is what makes most people happy, and this of course includes all that great field of happiness which belongs to self-development and self-expression.

The debaters, however, have in most cases disregarded all but the highest forms of happiness, and have mostly caused it to rest in self-control or submission. Chelsea China does not think this quite adequate. Happiness, high or low, consists in caring for, taking an interest in, loving something, or some one. A person is made happy by what he likes best. It may be personal comfort, a garden, pet animals, intellectual ideas, work, art, beauty, relations, friends, a lover. It may be the Highest Object of all, in which case it is no doubt possible to lift the love and with it the happiness entirely above circumstances. For other loves, the price of fear is paid. They are well

5. What great man once neglected a small domestic duty?
6. Who betrayed her character by the way she cut her hair?

A small prize, value one guinea, will be offered for the maximum of correct answers in six months. Answers must be sent in *before* the 1st of the month.

THIRD SHELF.

CUPS AND SAUCERS.

The contents of Chelsea China's third shelf will depend much on her contributors. The Editor will here place the answers to correspondents, which have hitherto appeared in the body of the magazine, and questions, suggestions, comments, and correspondence are freely invited. We ask every one to say anything they have to say, and we shall see what comes of it. The corners of this shelf will also be filled up with tiny figures of verse and prose, decorative odds and ends, which may be lying handy.

A HASTY LAY.

My Chloe's eyes are like the skies—
  An orthodox remark;
Her voice is sweet, her ways discreet—
  She sings like any lark;
When she's unkind, I have a mind
  To seek some death-fraught clime,
Or drown my woes in bacchic 'goes'—
  But then, I haven't time.

In days of old each warrior bold
  Rode forth to do and dare,
And prove alway, should men gainsay,
  His Love alone was fair.
I cannot ride—you see, I've tried—
  And fighting is a crime;
Besides, it's true, I dare not 'do'—
  I mean, I haven't time.

In songs I see folks all agree
  To sadly sit and sing,
To call on Death with tuneful breath,
  And sigh like anything.
I know not how to sing, I vow;
  I never turned a rhyme;
I may not sigh, I must not die—
  I would, but haven't time.

REVIEW.

The Last of the Fenwickes, by Helen Shipton (Hurst and Blackett), is a delightful book. The story is well told, and has many unexpected little developments. The Beresfords and Fenwickes are real north-country folk. George Beresford especially, with his turn for making himself out worse than he is, is an excellent character, and there is something of real art in the way Arthur Moultrie's life influences that of Alwyn, who is a most lovable and natural hero, and, what is perhaps rarer, succeeds in being a somewhat original one, and is like none of his charming predecessors in the past.

CORRESPONDENCE.

E.S.—To intone or chant was the regular way of reading aloud. It was understood as the manner of giving the confession and absolution, but the exhortation certainly ought to be read.

An appeal has been made to Chelsea China for subscriptions towards an organ for the parish church of Ober-Ammergau as an expression of English gratitude and kindly feeling to the performers of the Passion Play.

All who wish to give a contribution are requested to send as soon as possible, Postal or Post Office Orders to be made payable to Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., & Co., Bankers, 1, Cavendish Square, London, W., to the credit of the 'Ober-Ammergau Organ Fund.' Cheques payable to order of Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., & Co., or bearer.

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

LILIAN AND LILI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' 'A CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION,' ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE news rapidly spread through the whole circle of Madame Lobineau's acquaintance that Lili Bruce had received an invitation to visit those aristocratic English relations in whose existence nobody had hitherto quite believed. It caused a great sensation, but if any girl ventured to envy her, she was speedily quenched by the assurance that when Lili returned, her fate would be that of an old maid, since no one would marry a demoiselle who had thus gone alone about the world, meeting with who knew what adventures.

Madame Lobineau had a good many visitors, at this time, eager for further intelligence, which Lili was rather chary of communicating. 'They will think much more of it if one does not talk too freely,' she remarked to Petite, 'and after all, I may come back, and I intend to take a good position if I do.' Lili was clever, in her way, with a certain capacity for plotting and planning which might have been effective had she had the power of sustaining it, but she was apt to grow suddenly tired of the effort, and throw up her cards, in an impulse as unexpected to herself as to others. The girl was in fact a perplexing hybrid, neither quite French nor quite English, with some good qualities, and some very small and mean ones, no particular standard of

right and wrong, and not much belief in any one, except Petite, of whom she was really fond, though she rather despised her simple and contented disposition. Petite was not at all ambitious, and, in her way, Lili was; she had her castles in the air which she fully meant to inhabit one day. The invitation to visit what she called the 'château de Rescar' however made her Spanish ones change their shape; a new vista of possibilities opened before her, down which she gazed with increasing interest, though she maintained a discreet reserve on the subject.

Madame Lobineau on the contrary was very ready to give all the information she could to those intimates who came to play backgammon or dominoes with her of an evening in her private sitting-room. She related particulars of Lili's outfit; hinted at the more than probability that her English relations had a husband in view for her, and dwelt with emphasis on the point that she would have a fit and proper escort from London, whither the wife of a Dieppe tradesman, going to England on some business of their own, volunteered to convey her. Lili did not like this arrangement. She foresaw that Madame Le Priol's appearance was not at all likely to impress the maid who was to meet her with a sense of the dignity of 'Mademoiselle Bruce.'

'But then perhaps I can pass her off as my maid,' she reflected, and was relieved. She showed a good sense and moderation at this time which much impressed her aunt, who had hitherto looked on her as merely a troublesome responsibility, and who, though forced to own that she should miss her readiness in adding up bills and keeping accounts straight, felt it a great relief to get her eldest niece off her hands. 'We shall get on very well together, Petite and I,' she said with satisfaction. 'A girl like my youngest niece I can do with, but two—and one of them a pretty little puss like Lili, with no dowry to speak of—every one knows what girls are—you may watch them night and day, yet they find means to deceive you. I am growing thin over it. These five years have aged me—I can deal with boarders, though Heaven knows one need to be an Argus to make a Pension prosper, but girls!—How can I ever have the house in comfort with the thought of them on my mind? And to complete the misfortune, that dog in the manger M. Boulard, who certainly among his clients might find a suitor for Lili, will do nothing. But now I can wash my hands of her; these grand English relations must undertake to establish her; as for Petite, I shall find it comparatively easy to find her a

husband. Thank Heaven, I have got an unexceptionable escort in Madame Le Priol.'

Lili won golden opinions at this time by her good behaviour. She did not seem in the least set up by her prospects. 'Oh, I daresay I shall come back soon,' she said modestly. 'This is my home. It is only for a visit I am going.'

'You see, I might,' she would add to Petite, 'there is no saying, so I must not make enemies here; but if I marry in England you must come to me, and I will find you a husband.'

Petite had never been parted from her sister, and was sobbing over the prospect of the separation, but here she interposed with an unexpected protest. 'No, sister, do not ask that of me, I should be miserable in England as mamma was. I will stay with our aunt; she is getting very old and wants one of us to help her, and she has been very good to us.'

'It will be my duty to look after your interests when I am married.'

'I shall not go to England—of that you may be very sure, sister.'

'I shall make our cousin invite you to Rescar.'

'Do you think I would go and visit people who never answered our letter when papa died?' said Petite, her voice trembling.

'I daresay Mrs. Bruce would not permit her daughter to do so; probably it is not Lilian's fault, though she could not tell us that.'

'Perhaps not, but they all looked down on mamma, and I shall not go near them,' answered Petite, with such unusual asperity that Lili stared and exclaimed, 'I should never have thought you would feel like that!'

'May be not, but I do,' answered Petite, with decision.

'It is very silly,' said Lili. 'I believe the truth is that you are afraid of having to talk English—I have often said you ought to keep it up.'

'Yes, I am, but that is not the real reason.'

Lili could not understand this sudden development of a side of her sister's character quite unknown to her. As she said, she thought it very silly. Petite was proud, while Lili was vain; it made all the difference in their views and line of action. Lili felt as if her sister's declaration were a reproof to herself, though Petite had by no means meant this. 'Well, then, you

can stay and marry M. Charles,' she said, with rather a spiteful laugh, which brought the hot colour to the younger girl's face, and smarting tears to her eyes.

'He loves you, sister,' she answered reproachfully.

Petite had reason to know it, for the young farmer had not seldom confided his hopes and fears to her and been consoled when Lili's fitful kindness was withdrawn. The office of consoler is a pleasant but sometimes a dangerous one.

'Oh, I daresay he will get over it,' answered Lili, carelessly. She was not at all a flirt; she felt towards a useless suitor as if he had been a gift pressed upon her which she did not want and could do nothing with. 'Perhaps it would really be the best arrangement,' she added, looking with some vexation at Petite who could never be made to look trim or slim or well-dressed. Lili felt that on the whole it might be best not to introduce her in England; her promise to have her invited to Rescar had been a rash one, and it was well that Petite had so decidedly rejected it. 'I wonder what our cousin will be like,' Petite said just as this thought crossed her mind.

'Oh, I can tell you that beforehand; we have seen English women at the stations and in hotels. She will wear thick boots and a waterproof, and have long front teeth and walk like this.'

Lili prided herself on her small feet and tripping steps and her wasp-like waist. She looked at Petite again, with increasing dissatisfaction; she looked her worst in a photograph, and Miss Bruce had begged for one of both her cousins. Lili took out her own, taken in consequence of this request, and slipped it into an envelope with the letter announcing that an escort had been found. It represented a pretty, curly-headed girl, with a neat figure and a dress fitting to perfection, while in that of Petite every defect of face and figure was exaggerated pitilessly. Even her good, honest expression was absent; she looked stiff and uneasy, as she had felt under Lili's counsels and exhortations while selecting a position. Had she gone alone to be photographed, the result might have been happier. As it was, the outcome of Lili's fidgets had been such a miserable expression as Petite had never worn even in the worst of their troubles. Lili shuddered as she studied it.

'I *can't* show it! What would people think!' she murmured. 'What an impression it would give of my sister! Besides, it would not be fair to Petite herself.'

It certainly would not be advisable to let her new acquaintances

suppose that she had a sister who looked like a maid of all work —to say nothing, as her after-thought suggested, that it would be an injustice to Petite, who at least had a pleasant countenance— but, as a photograph had to be sent, Lili found one rather like herself one afternoon when she was out shopping with the *bonne*, and despatched it with its companion to Rescar, where they gave, on the whole, satisfaction, especially the one which did duty for a likeness of Petite.

'Though they are both very French,' Miss Miller remarked regretfully—'nothing of the Bruces in them that I can see, unless in this one—I think I see a little of the family look here.'

As it happened, she had picked out the fancy portrait selected by Lili.

The time for her departure drew near, and if Madame Lobineau did not regret it, Lili's two admirers did, though neither 'declared' himself, as she had half expected they would. Cautious by nature and by profession, M. Boulard saw that he had delayed too long, and that it would be useless to lay his proposals before Madame Lobineau now that her niece's prospects had suddenly grown brilliant, but it was evident that he repented not having spoken earlier. Lili had stirred some little bit of romance in his heart which had never been touched by his marriage—he was a widower.

'We shall soon have the happiness of seeing you again, mademoiselle?' he asked, every time he came to Pension Lobineau; the proprietor had taken advantage of his desire to appear there frequently to get him to do some business for her gratis, and he accepted the excuse for more frequent visits than it would else have been discreet to pay.

'I do not know what my English relations' plans for me may be,' Lili would answer demurely; 'but I shall never forget my aunt's friends.'

'Yours also, mademoiselle,' M. Boulard would reply; 'is it not so?' and then Lili gave her pretty smile, and looked assent.

Her aunt allowed with complaisance that nothing could be more fitting and proper than her conduct.

M. Boulard, who was middle-aged, controlled his feelings, which indeed were not unruly, but Lili's other admirer, M. Charles, who was young and in love for the first time in his life, could not conceal his despair on learning that she was going away for an indefinite time.

He heard the fatal news in the kitchen of Pension Lobineau,

whither he had carried a heap of yellow tomatoes and purple aubergines from his father's garden.

'Well, my lad, you have come in time to see Lili again before she goes to England,' said Madame Lobineau, with cruel enjoyment of his blank looks. 'Yes, she is to visit her English relations. Good news, is it not? Come, we wait for your congratulations.'

M. Charles had no words to congratulate with. He turned now red, now pale, glanced at Lili, gave a helpless look at Petite and remained speechless. There was something at once honest and comic in his aspect. A farmer's son, he had the rustic air of his forefathers, but he had spent several years in a seminary, in training for the priesthood, until the death of his elder brother and his own want of vocation changed his destination and sent him back to his beloved country life, but with certain habits and looks which recalled his former associations. He was accustomed to cast down his eyes and speak guardedly and low, and had not yet got used to looking a woman in the face—least of all Lili.

'How, mademoiselle! You desert us for our national enemies!' he stammered at last. 'You go willingly from fair France to perfidious Albion?'

'You learned that phrase in those melodramas you are so fond of,' said Lili, and M. Charles turned as purple as the aubergines which he had brought, for in point of fact he had heard these very words in a theatre a few nights before, and had laid them up for future use. 'I do not think it is polite to speak thus of my father's country,' Lili went on, severely. 'I am half English myself.'

She withdrew to the sitting-room, saying to herself—

'Whatever happens, I hope I shall do better than *that*.'

Lili's views were developing; a little while earlier she would not have thought M. Charles a bad match at all. Madame Lobineau was very much amused by the piteous air of the poor lover.

'Petite, my girl, go upstairs and see if I have any orris root left,' she said. 'Well, my lad, you see how it is with my eldest niece. If you have any sense, you will forget that little cat, and turn your thoughts to——' she signed towards the door by which Petite had gone out. 'You do not see it? No, but one day you will. How, you are going? You do not remain to dine?'

'Not to-day, madame. I—I have business in the town. My father—will except me back early to-day.' M. Charles took up his

hat. 'Adieu, madame; be so kind as to make my adieux to—to Mademoiselle Abéille and to—her sister.'

'But stay a moment; I have something to send to your mother.' She bustled off to get it, and at the sound of her departing steps Lili came out again from the sitting-room, agitating her bashful admirer extremely by her reappearance, though he had not a word to say; and did not venture to raise his eyes to her as she stood in the doorway between the two rooms. Lili was not agitated at all; she began to speak at once in a business-like tone. 'M. Charles,' she said, 'you know I wish you well.'

'Ah, mademoiselle!' murmured the young man, shifting from one foot to the other, and twisting his hat in his hands.

'Yes, I like you; I should not at all object to have you as my brother-in-law.'

'Mademoiselle!' exclaimed the unhappy Charles, in quite another tone.

'I do not say that Petite would have you, but if you think as much of my opinion as you say, you will reflect on this. What is the use of declaring you value my advice if you do not follow it? She would suit you much better than I; she loves the country, which I detest, and animals and a garden; she is made for country life. That is my advice to you, and if you like me as much as you say, you will take it. Probably I shall make over my share of our father's money to Petite; she will thus have a dowry. Adieu, M. Charles, you can do as you like, but that is my advice. It is not necessary to say I shall say nothing of this to Petite—she is a child—she knows nothing about such things. But I am her elder sister; it is my duty to look after her, and besides, I wish you well. Adieu, M. Charles.'

Lili withdrew into the sitting-room with dignity; M. Charles dried his hot forehead with his handkerchief and gasped.

'But it is a conspiracy!' he exclaimed, and fled out of Pension Lobineau in a panic, rushing against Madame Lobineau in his flight without even perceiving it.

'How! What does this mean?' she exclaimed, entering the kitchen. 'Lili, where are you? Lili, I say! Answer then!'

'But I am here, aunt,' replied Lili, without troubling herself to leave the sitting-room.

'What have you done to that young man that he rushes out of the house like a madman?' demanded Madame Lobineau.

'I have done nothing to him; it is not my fault if he is so stupid.'

'But what did you say to him? Answer then!'

'I advised him to marry Petite. It would be a good thing for both.' Madame Lobineau stared at her and then sat down and laughed till she panted for breath.

'The poor youth!' she said at last. 'Well, it was admirable advice, my girl; let us hope he will take it.'

'But since I told him he was to do it,' said Lili, 'what is the use of his pretending there is nothing he would not do to please me if he does not take my advice?'

She was so entirely serious that there was nothing to be said.

CHAPTER IV.

'A SEA journey! You will undertake a sea journey, and go among relations who have a château and are all strangers to you, and you are not afraid—really not afraid?' Lili's girl-acquaintances exclaimed with mingled awe and envy when she paid her farewell visits, accompanied by Madame Lobineau, who took only too marked pains to show that Lili's journey was made with her full approval and under proper escort. 'Madame Le Priol will convey her to London and give her into the hands of her relations; that is all arranged,' she said, wherever she went.

Lili was not at all afraid. She had not imagination enough to torment herself with possible difficulties or dangers; she had travelled constantly from place to place during the first fifteen years of her life, and although this would be the first time that she had quitted dry land, the prospect did not alarm her. She left all fears and forebodings to Petite, who was tender hearted and felt the parting all the more that she, like Lili, believed that 'notre cousine' had a desirable match in view for her sister, and that Lili would settle in England, where Petite was thoroughly resolved that nothing should make her go. Even if she had had less unfavourable impressions of people and place, who would comfort poor M. Charles if she went away? How would he obtain any news of Lili? Petite felt that she at all events must stay in Dieppe, and besides, she thought it hard on her aunt to leave her to struggle alone with the Pension; but she was very sorrowful and looked as if she had cried all night as they escorted

Lili to the steamer on a grey, calm morning. The *quais* were a bustling scene, and they were glad of the escort of M. Boulard, who had asked permission to accompany them, and offer a basket of fruit and a box of chocolates to the traveller. A long file of women in short black skirts and white caps were pulling on the rope by which they were dragging a fishing boat out to sea ; a party of sailors were disembarking from a vessel just returned from a voyage, and running up all eager to get on shore again, and see wives and mothers and sweethearts, and empty their well-filled pockets in every tavern in the town ; their blue blouses made a little colour on this gloomy day. Another set were rolling along, shouting and singing and tipsy, now uplifting a gay Provençal lay, now a mournful Breton one, in a sad minor key, or perhaps one of no especial nationality, of which the less that was said or heard the better. Madame Lobineau shrugged her shoulders and hurried the girls on, but such sights and sounds were too common to call for any comment. Madame Le Priol was already on board, and Lili had only to bid her cheerful good-bye to her companions, and settle herself in a comfortable place on deck beside her travelling companion, assuring her she was far less likely to be ill there than down below.

The sea was so absolutely smooth that it seemed as if no one could possibly be ill, and the travellers arriving fast at the last moment had a hopeful air not at all usual to people about to cross the Channel ; but poor Madame Le Priol, as she too truly said, had not *le pied marin*. She had armed herself with a cake of brown Windsor soap, which some one had assured her was a talisman against sea-sickness, and sat with her nose against it, sniffing at it and clutching at it hard, as if it would steady her body as well as her nerves ; but in spite of this original smelling-bottle, even before they lost sight of Dieppe she had become such a limp mass of misery that it was enough to make every soul on board ill too. She was helped down to the cabin somehow, and could only make an incoherent murmur in reply to Lili's suggestion of leaving her. 'Since I am sure you would rather be left quiet here, dear madame,' she said, picking up the soap which had dropped on the floor. 'I wish some one would drown me,' Madame Le Priol moaned miserably, quite indifferent to what became of her charge or even herself.

Lili knew that she ought to stay with her chaperon, but she felt she really could not. She left her, and returned to her place on deck, to find Dieppe blotted out by a mist which was creeping

over the water, which thickened momentarily, and began to make even figures a little way off on the steamer dim. The sea was smooth as oil, not a breath of wind stirred. 'I told you how it would be,' she heard a passenger who looked like an experienced traveller say to another, and both went to look over the side of the vessel, and resumed their walk up and down, shrugging their shoulders. The fog gradually thickened until the steamer seemed gliding through a dense resisting medium ; Lili could hardly see the faces nearest to her. She began to lose her first excitement, and to feel a sense of depressing loneliness ; every one else seemed to have some one to belong to, or at least some one with whom to exchange remarks, conjecturing how long the voyage would take under the slackened speed which prudence required, or to say how dismal was the sound of the fog-horn, now blown at intervals, and frightening poor Madame Le Priol alone in the cabin so much every time she heard it, that she invariably echoed it by a faint shriek. A lady sitting near Lili noticed the solitary and disconsolate air of the girl, and spoke kindly to her, but she did not respond, and drew so decidedly away that there was no temptation to intrude upon her. She found that travelling thus, responsible for herself, was quite another thing to going about under the care, however nominal, of a father, and was afraid of committing herself. She could not follow the English speech around her, which seemed to hiss past her ears unmeaningly—the passengers were almost all English or American. For the first time in her life she was alone, with no one belonging to her within reach, sea, sky and air all grey and invisible ; every minute seemed to move with leaden feet, and to her own surprise she began to cry, and long for Petite, whose tearful eyes had not moved her at all in the excitement of departure. She went down to the cabin to see how her inefficient chaperon was faring, found her just as helplessly miserable as before, and, with a feeling of irritation at such incapacity which excluded all sympathy, returned to the deck and opened her basket of provisions, and found occupation in making an excellent dinner which cheered her considerably, though her heart sank as she heard the lady, whose advances she had rejected, say to her husband—'At this rate we shall be at least eight hours getting to Newhaven.' Eight hours! How should she live through them ?

Others than Lili might have found the circumstances trying. At such times the mind is likely to feel more like a desert island than a well-peopled kingdom. Madame Lobineau and Petite,

congratulating themselves on the windless day, little guessed how the passengers on board the steamer were invoking a breeze to dispel the ever-thickening fog, nor how, when they pictured Lili in the mail train, flying up to London, she was little more than half-way across the Channel. Everybody looked intensely bored; some not only bored but nervous and impatient as they sat wearily on the benches or walked up and down the deck, thinking probably of expectant friends or appointments which would not bear delay.

'Of course we shall miss our train,' Lili heard some one say despairingly, and it startled her; she remembered that Miss Bruce's maid would be awaiting her in London, and if she did not arrive by the time fixed on—

But Lili had a comfortable conviction that it was her cousin's affair to take care of her.

'Bah!' she said to herself, 'so much the worse for the maid. She must wait. At the worst I can go to a hotel with Madame Le Priol and telegraph.'

Petite, who was almost twice as big as Lili, would have been frightened out of her wits in such a predicament; but Lili was only bored, and a little surprised that no one among all these travellers took any notice of her. She did not know how little a girl, quiet in dress and manners, had to fear even if travelling alone, and it rather mortified her.

The fog continued and the horn sounded dolefully; there was no danger except from a possible collision, a risk which did not occur to Lili; but the time seemed to lengthen out intolerably before they steamed slowly into the harbour of Newhaven. To judge by the sudden alacrity with which everybody seized bags and rugs and prepared to land, all the passengers shared Lili's feelings of the insufferable tediousness of the voyage. She hastened to rouse up Madame Le Priol, and get her and her bags and bundles on deck.

The feat was no small one; the poor woman came staggering up the cabin-stairs, looking livid, and yet the moment they stood on firm land she recovered as if by miracle, took the command at once, had her keys ready for the Custom house, and made out by what train they could now go on to London. The only sign which betrayed how unconscious of everything but sea-sickness she had been was when she said to Lili—

'My poor child, I wish you could have been on deck instead of in the cabin; it would have been less *ennuyeux* for you.'

She evidently supposed that her charge had been with her all the time, and Lili, reflecting that her Dieppe friends would be scandalised if they knew she had sat alone on deck all through the voyage, did not think it advisable to undeceive her.

'But we shall arrive hours behind time in London!' Madame Le Priol exclaimed presently, when they had taken their seats in the train, and were travelling up to London. 'It will be night, I had not thought of that; I could think of nothing but that I must die before we reached England, and that my husband would ruin himself by speculations when I was not at his elbow. Good heavens! what are we to do if your cousin's maid does not meet you?'

'She will be at the station of course, since she is sent on purpose to meet me,' answered Lili, with reassuring composure.

'Any one can see you are English!' exclaims her companion, divided between censure and admiration. 'You are as calm as if you were a married woman.'

'Ah, dear madame, I am French,' answered Lili. 'My mother was French and I was born in her country and have always lived there.'

'It is amiable of you to speak thus, my child. You will not forget us then in your cousin's château? No, I am sure you will not. And now I will sleep a little. What good luck to have the carriage to ourselves! Let us hope that no one will get in to disturb us.'

She was as good as her word, and remained asleep in her corner without stirring until they reached London in the dark. Lili looked out eagerly as they stopped, but it was only to give up tickets, and they went on again into the station, Madame Le Priol alighting in a hurry, her arms full of the parcels which betray a novice in travelling, and her eyes glancing everywhere in search of the escort to whom she was to deliver up her companion.

Lili followed, with secret qualms at being made over to an entire stranger. She began again to feel very solitary and helpless as she stood on the platform, with its hurrying figures, seeking for luggage and cabs under the lamplight. The little crowd soon dispersed, and she perceived a staid, respectable woman in a dark dress and bonnet standing at the door of the first-class waiting-room, evidently on the look-out for some one.

'That is my cousin's maid,' Lili said, with conviction, and

advancing towards her asked, 'Are you come to meet Miss Bruce?'

'I am Miss Bruce's housemaid,' answered the woman, to whom Lilian and no one else was Miss Bruce. 'Have you your luggage, miss?'

She spoke in a stiff, disapproving manner, with as little expression as could well be conceived in face or voice, and glanced for an instant critically at Madame Le Priol, with a frightful suspicion that 'the French miss' had brought a foreign attendant.

'No, find my boxes—two of them—as soon as you can. What is your name?' said Lili, with some sharpness, inwardly alarmed by this very respectable servant, and anxious to impress her by an air of dignity.

'Elizabeth Pease, miss. I suppose your boxes are addressed?'

She found them immediately, and returned to where Lili was standing, bidding farewell to Madame Le Priol, who defeated her intention of passing her off as a servant by kissing her on each cheek.

'I will tell your aunt that I left you well and safe, my child, and that you are a good sailor—are you not?' suddenly discovering that she did not know in the least how Lili had fared during the voyage. 'Heavens, how late! I dare not linger! Adieu, my little cabbage, adieu!' she exclaimed, making her way to a cab.

Elizabeth Pease looked on silently, relieved from her fear lest a foreigner was about to be imported into the Rescar household, but scandalised at the familiar terms on which the young lady and this objectionable person seemed to be. Lili made up her mind that the stolid-looking servant was too dull to observe anything, and felt relieved. She could not divine, fortunately for her comfort, that the silent and respectful maid was thinking her own thoughts, which would find eloquent expression when she found herself again at Rescar.

'What are we to do next?' she asked, as Elizabeth Pease moved towards the cab on which the luggage had been placed.

'We shall drive to King's Cross, miss; my mistress said I was to ask you if you preferred to sleep at the hotel or travel straight on, but she supposed you would not wish to go further to-night. As it is so late, of course we shall sleep in London; anyhow,

we must have stopped at York, if you had come as we expected.'

She did not remind Lili that she had been waiting at the station for several hours, but she felt injured that the young lady did not think of it for herself, when Lili answered, 'I shall go on at once; I should not think of staying at an hotel anywhere.'

She spoke haughtily, partly to give the maid a due sense of her consequence, but more because she was alarmed at the idea of sleeping in a room by herself at an hotel. She and Petite had shared the same room wherever they had gone.

'As you please, miss, but Miss Bruce would say you had best stop in London to-night, and then you could get to York in nice time to-morrow, and go and see the Minster between trains.'

'What is the Minster?'

'The cathedral, miss—York Minster,' answered Elizabeth, with unmistakable contempt in her voice. Such ignorance as this she, a Yorkshire woman, and born in York itself, could hardly believe in. 'There is nothing like the Minster anywhere, as I've heard say, from people who know. I was born in York, all my friends live there.'

Elizabeth had settled in her own mind to leave Lili for an hour or two with a guide in the noble building, while she went to have a glimpse of her family. Unfortunately, Lili's tastes did not lie in this direction, and she particularly resented having her movements settled for her.

'I have seen plenty of cathedrals abroad,' she said. 'I shall go on at once.'

'As you please, miss,' answered Elizabeth again; 'but my mistress intended to send the carriage to meet an afternoon train.'

'You said she told you to ask what I preferred.'

'So she did, miss; but coming so late as you have, it upsets everything.'

'I suppose you can telegraph?'

'Oh, yes! I can telegraph—leastways, to-morrow morning,' said Elizabeth sullenly, and a good deal surprised. Clearly, the young lady from foreign parts had a will of her own. There had been a good deal of discussion about her in the Rescar household among the tribunal which sits in housekeepers' rooms and kitchens, and passes judgment on those whom custom calls their

masters and mistresses, and much wonder was felt as to what 'the Captain's daughter' would be like. Elizabeth thought there might be surprises in store for Rescar. Her own mind was made up on the subject.

'When I saw that French doll a-standin' on the platform and heard the way she minced her English, you might have knocked me down with a feather,' she said, on her return. 'To think of that bein' the Capting's daughter, and cousin to our Miss Bruce! Every stitch on her was new, of that I could take my oath! For all her airs, I'll be bound she hadn't a thing fit to wear till she set out for Rescar, where it's my opinion she'd a deal better never have come.'

This was the view taken of Lili by Elizabeth Pease, a view which she later found no occasion to modify.

Lili looked out of the cab window at the lighted streets, while they rattled on, and the windows shook and jarred in their frames. She started when Elizabeth spoke suddenly.

'What train will it suit you to take, miss?'

'How should I know? The first we can, I suppose.'

'Very well, miss.. I suppose you know it gets us into York at half-past three in the morning, and then we change for North Allerton, and go on to Hilby? There's a wait there of two hours, I believe, unless one takes the train that fits for the branch line to Rothall, our station. We drive from there five miles to Rescar.'

Lili's courage began to fail. 'It seems a very troublesome journey,' she said rather faintly.

'So it is, miss, especially at night.'

'I suppose we had better sleep in London then, but I don't want to see the Minster. Surely we can go on without doing that to-morrow?'

Elizabeth could not deny this, so that her triumph was but a partial one. She said no more, and Lili sat feeling miserable, reduced to a small insignificant atom, taken possession of, put into a cab, rattled through London, and conveyed to a huge hotel, where food was put before her that she did not like, and a chamber assigned her which she must occupy alone. She almost stooped to beg Elizabeth to share it, but checked herself in time, allowed herself to be waited on, her bag unpacked for her, answered curtly the grave and respectful 'good night' with which the maid withdrew, and then pulled the bed-clothes over her head and cried as if she had been Petite.

CHAPTER V.

LILI had made up her mind that she should not sleep at all, and was very much surprised at being awakened about eight o'clock the next morning by Elizabeth's knock at her door out of a slumber so profound that she could not at first recollect where she was. 'I don't believe I stirred once all night,' she admitted to herself, and felt quite refreshed and ready to settle the order of the day's proceedings.

Elizabeth, however, considered this her affair, and Lili had nothing to do but to follow out her programme, and on the whole it was a relief, for she was wondering uncomfortably what fees it was customary to give waiters and chambermaids in England, and whether she was to pay for Elizabeth's bed as well as her own, when she heard the sedate voice say, 'If you will order what you please for breakfast, miss, I will settle the bill, and when we go down to the station I will put you into a carriage and take the tickets. 'Miss Bruce has given me money for everything.'

Petite would not have liked being under the obligation to a stranger, even though that stranger were a near relative; but Lili thought that as Miss Bruce had brought her to England, it was only fair that she should pay for it. She watched what went on keenly; another time she would know what to do, and would take the command, but she had sense enough to see that while ignorant of English ways and prices she should inevitably blunder if she interfered, and she allowed Elizabeth to do whatever she liked, although it was not pleasant to be passive, for Lili was a masterful little person, with a high opinion of her own powers.

While with Madame Le Priol, she had hardly realised that a new life had begun for her; she felt it now with a little excitement, as, with English people all round her, and the only face she had ever seen before that of Elizabeth Pease, she found herself in the train, rushing down to Peterborough. The carriage was nearly full of passengers, who looked to her exceedingly uninteresting—gentlemen reading newspapers, ladies mostly provided with books. Lili had neither. A newspaper had no attraction for her, and it had not occurred to her to provide herself with a book, for she was no reader, and had never until now had money to spend on superfluities. Time soon began to hang heavily on her hands; there was nothing remarkable to catch her eye in the wide and cultivated plain through which for the first two hours the journey lay, and she had never observed

enough to find interest in the difference of the scene from what she had been accustomed to abroad. She wished she had brought some work, like the old lady who sat knitting in her corner, with a placid content almost provoking to Lili, whose rather forlorn and un-English air struck the gentleman sitting opposite her, and he startled her by offering her an illustrated newspaper. 'No, I thank you, monsieur,' she said involuntarily, and then looked at Elizabeth to see what she would say to this indecorous attempt to make acquaintance. Elizabeth did not seem shocked at all, and accepted the paper rejected by Lili with a 'Thank you, sir,' which showed her as unmistakably English and North country as Lili's accent and her 'monsieur' did her foreign bringing up. She wished she had not refused a good offer when she saw Elizabeth happily engaged in studying the contents of the newspaper until Peterborough came in sight.

'There is the cathedral,' said her opposite neighbour, perhaps a little interested by the girl's foreign look and rather mournful expression. Lili had not lived enough in society to have learned to disguise her feelings. If she were happy and amused, she looked so; if she were bored or out of humour, she took no trouble to conceal it. She glanced indifferently from the window and made no reply, and her neighbour did not address her again. 'Is there nothing to show one in England but cathedrals?' she was thinking impatiently. If so, it was a dreary prospect.

Several passengers got out at Peterborough. When the journey was resumed there was almost entire silence in the carriage, except when an occasional low-toned remark was exchanged between a husband and wife, or a mother and daughter. Lili might be pardoned for finding it very dull. Elizabeth Pease did her duty scrupulously by her charge, wrapping a rug round her, pulling up the window when they went through a tunnel, opening the luncheon-basket at the right hour, but showing about as much interest in her as if she had been a machine; she had been sent to fetch Lili, to take care of her; it was her business just now and she did it, and that was all. She only once volunteered a remark, and that seemed in spite of herself. 'Those are the Wolds, miss, out yonder,' she said, indicating the blue and distant hills which had just come in sight.

'I do not know what wolds are,' Lili replied pettishly.

'The hills in Yorkshire, miss.'

'Oh, is that all?' Lili said, with impatience; and Elizabeth

looked unutterable things. Lili gave a weary sigh. How she would have liked to exchange this correct, severe attendant for the *bonne* at Pension Lobineau, who laughed and talked, and when scolded, scolded back again at the top of her voice!

Her dislike of Elizabeth Pease increased every hour.

'How I do hate travelling!' she muttered, feeling as if she could not endure to sit still through the hours which must elapse before they reached York. 'How long is it from York to Rescar?' she asked suddenly.

'About five hours, miss; but if you like to rest at York——' suggested Elizabeth, with a ray of hope in her light grey eyes.

'Oh, let us get it over!' answered Lili, impatiently, and once more the maid's face resumed its staid impassiveness, only her lips were a little more closely shut than before.

They had not long to wait at York, and Lili found the advantage of a guide who knew her way all about the great station and was perfectly cool amid the bustle. 'This is the North Allerton train, miss,' she said; 'please to get in here; the luggage will be all right.'

'Five hours more!' Lili murmured, as she seated herself again in a corner of the railway-carriage, and, profiting by experience—'I wish you would get me some picture-papers—anything.'

Elizabeth went to the bookstall, and Lili, watching from the window, heard her speaking to the man in charge, who answered in an accent that made Lili laugh. Elizabeth had a touch of it, but this was genuine North country speech—'*patois*,' Lili supposed. A gentleman on the platform turned at the sound of the voices, exclaiming, 'Hallo! You here, Elizabeth?' and coming up, he shook hands with her, to the surprise of Lili.

'Yes, Mr. Chris,' the maid answered, her face growing quite amiable. Chris Thorley was a great favourite at Rescar. 'I suppose you know I was to go to London to fetch the young lady—Miss Bruce's cousin?'

'Oh, yes, of course I knew; but Miss Bruce did not tell me what day it was to be. Where is the young lady? Oh, I see,'—and coming up to the carriage, he took off his hat, saying, 'Miss Lilian Bruce, I think? We are connections, I suppose, if not relations—Mrs. Bruce was my aunt—so you must let me introduce myself—Chris Thorley. Perhaps you have heard my name from my cousin—Miss Bruce.'

'No—I have never heard it, but it is I who am Miss Bruce,'

answered Lili, stiffly. 'It is my cousin who is Miss Lilian,' and as Chris stared at her, she added, 'Is it not so that the eldest son's daughter is Miss?'

'By Jove, I suppose she is right!' Chris had to own to himself, though he answered, laughing, 'All the same, nobody but your cousin is Miss Bruce in these parts; I expect you will have to put up with being Miss Lilian.'

'It is unjust, like all the rest, but of course I cannot prevent it,' said Lili, calmly, in her gentle tones. Chris was so much taken by surprise that he could find nothing to say. Lili sat serene in her corner, her hands folded, feeling that she had put things on a right footing, which, as she said to herself, was so important at first starting.

'Well, I dare say we shall meet again before long; I am going to Leeds,' Chris said, after a moment's pause, and walked off, digesting this astonishing encounter. Lilian had not consulted him as to the advisability of inviting her young cousin, for she was in the habit of deciding all matters within her own province for herself, but she had told him of her intention, and he had thought it a just and kind one. She would want a companion while Miss Miller was away, and it might be a pleasant arrangement for Pearl Egerton, who had no girl acquaintance within easy reach, but it had not interested him especially; at the moment when he saw Elizabeth he had forgotten all about it. Henceforth, however, there was no fear of Lili's not being a very real personage to him.

'By Jove!' he said to himself again, as he walked off, 'it is lucky for Lilian that there is no possible flaw to be found in the old squire's will; that girl would certainly dispute it if she had the ghost of a chance—a little foreign piece of impudence with her "It is I who am Miss Bruce!" I like her audacity!'

Chris was not at all mollified by the fact that Lili had right on her side.

His broad shoulders were just disappearing down the platform when Elizabeth got into the carriage, still with the pleased look on her face called there by the meeting with Chris.

'Who is that?' Lili asked.

'Mr. Chris, miss—young Mr. Thorley. He is Miss Bruce's cousin and looks after the property in the West Riding.'

'Is he much at Rescar?'

'Surely, miss; of course he has to come often to see Miss Bruce on business, and it's like home to him. Mrs. Bruce was

very fond of him, and so was the old squire; he spent half his holidays at Rescar when he was a boy.'

'The old squire—my grandfather?'

'Squire Thomas, miss,' answered Elizabeth, not prepared to allow that this foreign interloper had the same grandfather as Lilian Bruce. Lili had heard her father speak of 'the squire'; the name sounded familiar enough to her.

'Yes, I know. I shall see him frequently then. Is he married?'

'Mr. Chris? Dear! no; but maybe he will find a wife one of these days,' answered Elizabeth, with a smile. Everybody at Rescar knew perfectly well what neither of the parties chiefly concerned had yet put into words, and the household were deeply interested in the success of the young land-agent's wooing of the rich ironmaster's daughter.

'Ah,' said Lili, thoughtfully. She perceived that more was meant than met the ear, and it stimulated her interest in this new acquaintance, with his pleasant face and sonorous voice with a touch of North country accent. 'Is he rich—this Monsieur Chris?'

'Creese!' repeated Elizabeth, to herself, disgusted by Lili's pronunciation. 'It is to be hoped some people will learn to talk English before long. Rich, miss? No, not to call rich. Mr. Chris has what he works for; his father is a clergyman—Archdeacon Thorley—and there are ever so many daughters.'

Lili looked disappointed; she had thought that this might be the *parti* intended for her, but if he was only a clergyman's son, and without fortune—— Still, Lilian Bruce might set that straight.

'He is a gentleman, I suppose?' she said.

'A gentleman!' repeated Elizabeth, in boundless surprise and indignation. 'A Thorley of Thorley! I should think so, miss.'

'And his mother—she is a lady, of course?'

'Why, yes, miss; she was a Miss Cholmondeley,' answered Elizabeth, in the same astonished tone. 'There's no older family in the county.' And she looked at Lili and added aside, '*Your* mother was not a lady, anyhow.' For of course the Rescar household were perfectly aware how Captain Bruce had 'lowered himself' by marrying the mamselle who was nursery governess in Sir James Archer's family.

'People count Mr. Chris as very good looking,' Elizabeth added, with resentment.

'Do they? I daresay he may be for an Englisman; I should never care for any one who was not aristocratic,' said Lili. 'I think that kind of brown and red complexion is so vulgar.'

Lili used the word in a much more innocent sense than the one which it conveyed to Elizabeth's English ears; she was speechless with indignation.

'Nubbut a furrin wench like 'er, and call our Mr. Chris voolgar!' she exclaimed later to a most sympathising audience when in the servants' hall at Rescar she related her story in the dialect which she felt free to use when not talking to her superiors. 'But there! how should sh' knaw a gentleman when she sees one, comin' fro' furrin parts as sh' does; 'tis nobbut fair ta remember that,' she added, with a praiseworthy effort to be charitable.

'Are there many servants in my cousin's establishment?' asked Lili, suddenly, curiosity getting the better of her dignity.

'I don't know what you call many, miss. I've never lived abroad,' answered Elizabeth, venomously. She could not get over the affront to Chris at all.

'Well, I suppose you can tell me how many there are?'

'Certainly, miss, if you want to know. There is Mr. Dobson the butler, and John the footman, and Mrs. Benson the housekeeper, and me, and a girl under me, Ruth Keighly, and cook, and Keziah the kitchen-maid, and Ann the dairy-maid; and then there is the coachman, and the stable-helpers, and the gardeners, and Mr. Hurt the bailiff, but of course they all live out of the house—Mr. Hurt has a nice little place of his own.'

After all, Elizabeth rather enjoyed detailing the list of the household at Rescar to the newcomer.

'Of course it is very quiet now to what I remember when I first came,' she added.

'Have you been long at Rescar?'

'Fifteen years, miss, and I was with Mrs. Thorley—Mr. Chris's mother—before that. I'm not one for flappin' about out of one situation and into another like some is nowadays. I don't hold with no such ways.'

'Has my cousin no maid of her own?'

'Mrs. Benson always waits on her, miss. Mrs. Bruce had her maid, but she married two months ago.'

'I suppose my cousin entertains a great deal?'

'Entertains, miss? Gives parties, do you mean? Eh, no! how should she?'

'Ah, I forgot she was in mourning; but of course she will gives some *fêtes* now that I am here,' said Lili, who, now that she had begun to talk, was disposed to chatter as if she had been addressing her aunt's *bonne* instead of the severe Yorkshire woman.

'I don't suppose so, miss. It's not likely.'

'How can you tell? I suppose she has not invited me to make me die of *ennui*. She said in her letter there was a girl living somewhere near who would be a pleasant acquaintance, but I don't care for girls. I forget her name. Oh, Pearl—Pearl something or other. Who is she?'

Elizabeth did not answer, for the train was about to start, and a party of laggard travellers came hurrying into the carriage with all the bustle of finding places, putting up parcels into nets, and discovering that they had left a bundle of umbrellas in the train they had just left, which is apt to signalise an arrival at the last moment. Lili repeated her question, but Elizabeth's silence and glance at them made her feel that she was indiscreet. She made a face at the unspoken rebuke, and asked no more until they reached the station where the Rescar carriage was waiting for them. A footman stood on the platform, on the look-out; the station-master came and helped Lili down from the carriage, and the porters were so alert to find the luggage that Lili's sense of the importance of Rescar and the Bruce family was considerably heightened. She took her place in the carriage with exultation, feeling that she was no longer only Lili, a waif and unimportant to any one, but part owner of all this respect and *empressement* and of the carriage with its beautiful horses—nay, even of Elizabeth herself, of whom she ceased at once to be afraid. A feeling of amazement crossed her that her father should have been so foolish as to forfeit all this to marry a nursery governess. 'And I don't believe he cared for her very much after all,' Lili thought. 'I suppose he did not believe grandpapa would do it. It is very hard on us.'

It was hard, no doubt. Lili felt that to be an heiress would have suited her so well, but the injustice of fate and of old Squire Thomas decreed that she should come to Rescar only as a visitor, invited by her supplanter, instead of its possessor.

'I do think it is too bad!' murmured poor Lili.

(*To be continued.*)

GREEK FORERUNNERS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. PETER LILLY.

I.—SOCRATES.*

IT was formerly supposed by Christian writers that Christianity stood in no relation towards other modes of belief, except the relation of the one Divine and true to the many human and false; and alien religions were referred to in order to exhibit the hopeless folly and imbecility of the human mind when unillumined by the rays of a supernatural revelation. A more sympathetic study has produced a juster estimate, and we have learned to recognise the fact that, on the one hand, Christianity, whatever it may be in its ideal aspects, has not in its historical manifestations escaped the disfigurement of many an error and superstition; and, on the other hand, the religions which alone could pretend to rival it contain, amid their misconceptions, some grand, if imperfect, truths, and represent the upward rather than the downward tendency of mankind.

And there are real links of connexion, instructive to trace, between these earlier faiths and that before whose brightness they have vanished. As the 'new man' is not altogether different from the old, but retains many elements of the same character, so did the Christian world retain many elements of the Jewish and heathen world which preceded it. There is a sequence of thought by which age is bound to age, and that which in one generation is sown in corruption, is in the next raised in incorruption. Scattered fragments unite into a harmonious whole; what was barren speculation once, becomes

* For a fuller treatment of this subject, see Prof. Wenley's 'Socrates and Christ' (Blackwood), and De Pressensé's 'Ancient World and Christianity' (Hodder), to which, as well as to Prof. James Drummond's 'Philo-Judæus' and 'Study of Theology,' large obligations have to be acknowledged by the writer.

a practical rule of life; forms of thought spiritualise themselves; language dead for ages awakens into life.*

Next to the religious teaching of the Old Testament, Greek philosophy forms the most important spiritual antecedent of Christianity. Along with much that was defective and one-sided, it possesses elements which prepared the way for the one final and absolute religion. In the first place, the persistent search after truth was in itself a grand and noble thing. This unquenchable desire of the soul of man to rise to its source goes far to prove that that source is Divine. Greek philosophy did much to spiritualise religious thought. It turned away from the many gods of paganism, and pointed to a certain spiritual divine unity above them. It gave the elevating conception of a divine life which stood above the influence of the nature-powers. Such men as Socrates and Plato fulfilled a truly sublime mission in their day and nation. They were the great prophets of the human conscience in the pagan world. That world awoke at their call, and this quickening of the moral sense was at once the glory and the death of Grecian philosophy under its systematic form; for conscience, once aroused from its torpor, failed to find its true satisfaction in philosophy. It was soon constrained to abandon systems which were powerless to realise the moral ideal they had evoked. But to perish thus, and in such a cause, was high honour for any philosophy, and indeed it was only the system that ceased to be; all that was essentially true in it lived on, as the soul survives the body when it returns to its dust. Thus, the philosophy of Greece was, like the Jewish law, though in a lesser sense, a schoolmaster to bring to Christ, as said Clement of Alexandria. It had also the shadow of good things to come. It awakened the desire after them, though it had not them to bestow.

But in pursuit of an inquiry like the present, we are met by a grave difficulty. In spite of the long age of laborious scholarship, with its subtle reconstruction and minute explanation of the ancient world, Greek thought must ever remain more or less remote from us. A great gulf is fixed between the Greek and the modern mind. It is no more possible to set aside completely the achievements of the Christian centuries than to be unaffected by the law of gravitation. And, in proportion to this inability, is the past, or any given part of it, mysterious. 'We know little indeed of the ways our own thoughts take; still less of those of

* Jowett: St. Paul's Epistles.

our best friends. What then can we know of the thoughts of men whom we never saw, who lived centuries before us? What of the intellectual current which prevailed when they lived? For each age has its peculiar atmosphere, through which it must be viewed if we are to understand it clearly. . . . Shakespeare describes Cæsar as fighting with cannon; of course we all know better. But how his battles were carried on no one can say; for were his own accounts of them twice as clear and exact as they are, there would still be so much omitted that was familiar to his contemporaries, that we should need the Roman public of his day to interpret Cæsar's words precisely in the sense in which he uses them, to enable us to obtain a distinct picture of his manner of action.' *

But, on the other hand, there had been no progress in civilisation, did not all, unconsciously perhaps, share the legacy of the past. Nor would any knowledge of olden time be possible did not a select mind, once and again, put forth 'an infinite and electrical power of combination, bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life.' Greek thought was *sui generis;* as such it has become an integral portion of later culture. Yet, in so far as it can be disentangled from this highly complex growth, it possesses certain peculiar qualities which the abundant records of history, art, religion, and social life mirror with tolerable vividness even at so late a day.

Athens, during the life of Socrates, B.C. 469–399, was the most marvellous microcosm that the world has ever witnessed. For later times whole empires must be laid under contribution to furnish an amount of talent at all comparable with that which once graced a single city. Yet even thus, traces of that mysterious oft-repeated writing on the wall—'Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting'—were not absent.

But it is ever to be remembered, as the most enduring fact in her record, that in this brilliant city of Athens, revelling as it did in natural and artistic beauty, the conscience of Greece was awakened to most earnest thought on the great problems of the destinies of man.

Greek philosophy, in its initial period, had concerned itself exclusively with the outward world. As a race, the Greeks were long preoccupied with things seen and temporal. Eminently at home in their lovely surroundings, they found the attraction of

* H. Grimm (as quoted by Prof. Wenley).

visible nature irresistible. Accordingly the early thinkers confine their endeavours to investigating the origins and properties of matter.

The first great change which pointed directly to the Socratic philosophy was effected by Anaxagoras, who was born B.C. 500, and who went to Athens at the age of twenty. It has been generally believed, though this is uncertain, that Socrates himself was one of his many illustrious pupils, among whom also were Euripides and Pericles.

Like Socrates, Anaxagoras was at last accused of impiety towards the gods, and was condemned to death. But through the eloquent pleading of Pericles on his behalf, the sentence was commuted to banishment for life, and he spent his remaining years at Lampsacus on the Hellespont. The old man was accustomed to say proudly in his exile: 'It is not I who have lost the Athenians, but the Athenians who have lost me.' When he was dying, the authorities of the town asked what funeral honours he desired. His quaint answer was: 'Give the boys a holiday;' and for several centuries the day of his death was commemorated in the schools of Lampsacus.

It was Anaxagoras, then, who was the first among Greek philosophers to throw any light on the absolute difference between spirit and matter. Thus, he is the true forerunner of Socrates, because he introduced a new object of thought. Nature is no longer alone, but is controlled by a higher power, which must also be investigated. This is the first conscious glimpse of that inner spirit which Socrates was to emphasise so strongly. But, like many reformers, Anaxagoras did not fully appreciate his own discoveries. His conception of reason was very elementary, and was expressed in terms of physical analogies. With him, mind wanted that which is to us its most essential attribute, namely personality. It was rather to be described as 'a stream of tendency,' to use Matthew Arnold's expression. But incomplete as was the spiritual teaching of Anaxagoras, it entitles him to the magnificent homage paid him by Aristotle, who says that with him philosophy seems to awake from a long delirium; by which he means, no doubt, that it broke through the spell of naturism.

Socrates thus appeared at a turning-point in the history of Greek thought. And not only so, but it was a crisis too in the more external history of Greece. After the death of Pericles the glory slowly departed from Athens. The exhausting and disas-

trous course of the Peloponnesian war was but the prelude to a continuous and almost unparalleled decline. Socrates did his best work during the years of this war. While Athens and Lacedæmon were ruining Greece by their insane rivalry, he was providing his countrymen with a more lasting kingdom than that which had been built up at the expense of Xerxes. The city-state, for which every one had hitherto been spent, was already in process of passing away. Yet the individual, at least so far as concerned his moral and spiritual value, was scarcely discovered. It was reserved for Socrates to appreciate this new factor in philosophy and in life.

As no one ever more truly lived what he taught than Socrates, it is as important for us to know his personal history as his doctrine, in order to understand the marvellous influence he exerted.

The memory he left with his disciples, the affection mingled with respect which they ever cherished for his name, are sufficient evidence of his elevation of character and moral piety. He was indeed a Greek of Athens, and as such, too much enthralled by pagan customs. But his life was none the less a noble life; and those are but clumsy defenders of Christianity who have imagined that the Gospel is magnified by denying him due honour.

The secret of his power was threefold—his affection for his disciples, his entire devotion to truth, and the agreement of his life with his teaching. The possession of self, which true self-knowledge alone bestows, was in the highest degree characteristic of Socrates. It was by his personality, more than by his doctrines, that he impressed himself upon others. He could not tell Plato what 'the good' was, but Plato knew that Socrates was good. Conviction was written upon his conduct; and this, far more than set phrases, must have helped his friends to clearer notions of the 'ought-to-be.'

His influence on his disciples has been enthusiastically described by one of the most brilliant, if not the most faithful of them. He says: 'My heart leaps within me more than that of any Corybantian reveller, and my eyes rain tears when I hear him. And I observe that many others are affected in the same way. I have heard Pericles and other great orators, but though I thought that they spoke well, I never had any similar feeling. My soul was not stirred by them, nor was I angry at the thought of my own slavish state. But Socrates has often brought me to such a pass that I have felt as if I could hardly endure this life which I am leading, and I am conscious that if I did not shut

my ears against him, and fly from the voice of the siren, he would retain me till I grew old, sitting at his feet. For he makes me confess that I ought not to live as I do, neglecting the wants of my own soul, and busying myself with the concerns of the Athenians; therefore, I hold my ears and tear myself away from him. And he is the only person who ever made me ashamed, which you might think not to be in my nature; and there is no one else who does the same. For I know that I cannot answer him, or say that I ought not to do as he bids; but when I leave his presence the love of popularity gets the better of me. And therefore, I run away and fly from him, and when I see him I am ashamed of what I have confessed to him. Many a time have I wished that he were dead, and yet I know that I should be more sorry than glad if he were to die; so that I am at my wits' end.'*

The jailer in the Phædo, too, felt the magnetism of the martyr's character. It was a genuine religious influence that caused him, on the bare enunciation of his errand, to burst into tears and go out. He needed no more than Socrates' presence to convince him that this was a just man, for whose death he could assign no adequate reason.

The testimony of Xenophon is emphatic with regard to the accord of Socrates' life with his teaching. He tells us that 'He disciplined his mind and body by such a course of life that he who should adopt a similar one would, if no supernatural influence prevented, live in good spirits and uninterrupted health. So frugal was he that I do not know whether any one could earn so little by the labour of his hands as not to procure sufficient food to have satisfied Socrates.'

To turn now to his teaching itself, and the methods by which he sought to carry out his work, Cicero's famous statement perhaps implies more than most commentaries: 'Socrates called philosophy down from the heavens to earth, and introduced it into the cities and houses of men, compelling men to inquire concerning life and morals and things good and evil.' The Socratic doctrine is one steady protest against the prevailing sophistry of his day. This false teaching had destroyed all certainty of truth or goodness, involving the moral law in the same doubt and confusion as scientific truth. Socrates seeks to re-establish the certainty of both, and in his anxiety to place them upon an irremovable basis, he binds them inseparably together,

* 'Dialogues of Plato' (Prof. Jowett), 'Symposium,' quoted by De Pressensé.

identifying virtue with knowledge. When we consider that he did this simply from his strong desire to establish moral certainty upon the very nature of things; when we think of his brave efforts to deliver his generation from a fatal scepticism, we must acknowledge the inestimable service rendered by him to the Greek conscience. If the doctrines of the sophists had triumphed, there would have been an end not only of philosophy, but of religion. Socrates re-established moral certainty, and set up an ideal of good far above man's poor and perverted attempts to realise it. Hence we hail him as one of the great witnesses of moral truth. He was at once its prophet and martyr.

Socrates taught in the most explicit way the doctrine of a divine purpose in creation, and of personal relations between the divine and the human. But with regard to the divine nature and the essence of the human soul, he speaks ambiguously. In a certain sense he is monotheistic, for in distinction from the 'other' gods, he mentions 'Him who orders and holds together the entire cosmos, in whom all things are beautiful and good.' So also he speaks of him, 'who from the beginning makes men,' and of 'the eye of God' and 'the wisdom (or intelligence) of God.' From these expressions we may infer that he believed in one supreme and universal God, and, as subordinate to him, in a number of inferior and local divinities. The divine nature was of such a kind as to see and hear everything at once, and to be present everywhere, 'for if the human eye can travel over many stadia we must suppose that the eye of God is capable of universal vision, and if the human soul can think of things present and things far distant in Egypt and Sicily, the intelligence of God must be competent to take care of all things simultaneously.' . . . . 'But whilst thus administering all things, God is invisible to us, even as our own souls are invisible. So also the sun cannot be looked at by reason of its very brightness, and the ministers of the gods are viewless, the thunderbolt which strikes but is not seen, coming or going, and the winds which are discerned only in their effects.' As God is omnipotent, He is not regarded as standing outside nature, but rather as interpenetrating it; and agreeably to this we find His wisdom or intelligence spoken of as 'the intelligence in everything,' disposing everything according to its pleasure, just as the human mind, being within the body, manages it as it pleases.

Of the soul of man Socrates says: 'This, if anything else that is human does, partakes of the divine;' and this participation he

seems to regard as a possession of part of the divine substance; for, although he certainly believed in the personality of God, yet he seems to suppose that the universal mind can detach portions of its own substance, which retain, though in a minor degree, all the qualities of mind, and become individual human souls. Such a divisible substance of personality is to us inconceivable, but the idea is clearly founded on the analogy of material substances, which may be indefinitely divided without forfeiting any of their attributes except bulk.

Being thus a portion of the divine substance, or at least partaking of the divine nature, the soul was capable of knowing God or the gods. 'It ought not to think lightly of the invisible ones, but learning their power from the things that are made, to honour the Deity.'

He appeals to the religious experience of mankind: 'The most enduring and wisest of human things, cities, and nations, have been the most pious, and the most intelligent ages have been the most attentive to the gods.'

He appeals also to the experience of the individual soul: 'Those who make trial of the gods, who reverence and honour them, and please them by obeying them as far as possible, shall know that I speak the truth.' In this doctrine he touched the deepest root of divine knowledge, and indicated a great spiritual law, which was at a later time to be proclaimed with a higher sanction: 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself' (St. John vii. 17).

One of the most characteristic features of Socrates' life and teaching was his vivid consciousness of the presence with him of an unseen spiritual guide. 'The more he considered, the more he found that he was not a possessor of wisdom; that it was the very thing which he needed. He could not put it into the hands of a set of disciples to use it and traffic with it. He must go in search of it.' .... Who can assist him in this inquiry? It was one which concerned his own very self; that which no eye could see, that which lay beneath all utterance, all thought. There was near him (as Socrates believed) one who did take cognisance of the most secret movements of his mind and will, who reproved him, restrained him, warned him. A divine teacher was with him at all times. Though he did not possess wisdom, this teacher could put him in the road to seek for it, could preserve him from the delusions which might turn him out of that road,

could keep his mind fixed upon the end for which he was to act and live. Xenophon asks with plain, soldier-like honesty, whether his accusers could believe that he told a lie about this matter, and hints that it would shake his faith in all reality, to suppose that the mind of a man so clear-sighted and free from superstition could be the victim of an utterly false impression, or that it could produce the wholesome effects which he himself had witnessed. 'We believe that Socrates told no lie about his unseen teacher; that it was precisely this faith which kept him from lying; which was the cause of his clearness of sight and his freedom from superstition.'*

Socrates, as we have seen, accomplished a great work; he was the great factor in the turning-point of Greek life, and because of his very greatness he was condemned to die. The secret of his condemnation was that his presence gave rise to that undefined yet very real fear, which the mass of men always feel in presence of an individual whom they intuitively know to be great and good, whom they do not understand, yet who, as they secretly acknowledge with a grudge of self-reproach, 'bears in himself the germ of a new life for thought.' Never was more pregnant illustration that 'God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.' The Athenians, as we know, did not repent their decision. They had done Socrates the last service; for, in spiritual life, a thing 'cannot be quickened except it die.' As for themselves, they were condemned already; Socrates was put to death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament.

Christians have deemed it no irreverence to compare Socrates with their one and only Master. It may be said that the aims of both were not unlike. Socrates continually insisted upon man's ignorance of himself, and pleaded for self-knowledge. Christ came preaching repentance, calling upon men to recognise their own sinfulness, and bidding them seek to be at one with their Father in heaven.

The methods employed in the furtherance of those aims also present a certain likeness. Mixing with all sorts and conditions of people, both teachers strove, by cross-examination, and by a species of enigmatic exhortation, to impress upon their hearers the illusiveness of this present life. Once more, Socrates before the Dicastery, and Christ before the Sanhedrim, were alike

* Maurice: 'Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy.'

accused of endangering public morals. They came not to send peace on earth but a sword. Christ openly proclaimed that the good tidings would cause division. Socrates was condemned because the judges considered that his message had separated the children from their fathers. In short, the Socratic method and the parabolic discourse, both served to reveal a new order of existence. And the bearing of this unconscious forerunner of Christ in the hour of trial was not unworthy of a true Christian: 'Socrates, this time we will let you go, but on one condition, that you cease from carrying on this search and from philosophy.' ... 'Athenians, I honour you and I love you, but I shall obey God rather than you; and so long as I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting any one whom I meet after my manner, and setting forth the truth, saying, O my friend, you are a citizen of Athens, a city very great and very famous for wisdom and power of mind, are you not ashamed of caring so much for the making of money, and for reputation and honour? Will you not spend thought or care on wisdom and truth, and the perfecting of your soul? .... And therefore, Athenians, either acquit me, or do not acquit me; but be sure that I shall never alter my life, not even if I have to die many times.'

Socrates, indeed, died because he was a true philosopher, Christ because He was the Saviour of the world. But, notwithstanding this difference, with its wealth of meaning, later ages owe the poison cup, in its measure, as well as the Cross, a debt which can never be estimated. The doctrines of the sufferers were transfigured by their death, their followers touched, and transformed into living epistles. This no other cause could have wrought; out of death came life. The Athenian poison gave Plato to humanity. The Cross is the everlasting pledge of victory over sin and death. 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.'

As we have seen, the great gift of Socrates to his age was the awakening of the conscience, the creation of a thirst after righteousness which it was not for him to satisfy. He felt the yearning that Christ came to soothe. One after another, the best among the Greek philosophers confessed their need of some new power to give effect to their teaching. To each of them it might be truly said: 'Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.' But it was their glory to have prepared the way for one who was Himself the Truth and the Life. To their labours it was largely due that thenceforward in the midst of

prevailing doubt, the souls of many were anxiously seeking some settled belief, even though they grew weary in its fruitless quest. Plato said: 'A man should persevere until he has attained one of two things; either he should discover and learn the truth about them, or if this is impossible, I would have him take the best and most irrefragable of human notions, and let this be the raft upon which he sails through life—not without risk, as I admit, if he cannot find some word of God which will more surely and safely carry him.'

On all hands men were in search of this 'word of God,' which might bring them safely into port. For illustration of this may be taken the confession of one beautiful soul, contained in an apocryphal writing of the second century. 'From my earliest youth,' he says, 'I was exercised with doubt. I know not how it took possession of my soul. I used to say to myself, "When I am dead, shall I be really annihilated, and will no one think of me any more? Then it were as well never to have been born. When was the world created? What was before the world? What will become of it in the future?" These thoughts pursued me night and day; and the more I tried to shake them off, the more my trouble grew. I was assured that there was a heavenly guide to lead me into truth, and I sought him from place to place. Exercised in these thoughts from my youth up, I passed through the schools of the philosophers, and found in them only conflicting opinions subverting one another. Now one would prove the immortality of the soul, and another would demonstrate that it was mortal. Thus I was tossed about from one doctrine to another, and became more wretched than ever. As the whirlwind of contrary ideas carried me hither and thither, I sighed from the depths of my soul.' *

To lead humanity thus to sigh after deliverance, was the great design of God in this work of preparation. After reading Cicero's *Hortensius*, which contains in a concentrated form the very best that the ancient world had to give, St. Augustine says: 'Then I arose and went to Christ.' How many noble spirits before the coming of Christ would fain have done the same. Such words show conclusively that the fulness of the times was come. In the words of Prudentius—

'Christo jam venienti
Credo parata via est.'

* 'Clementine Recognitions.'

NOTE.—There is a striking passage in Miss F. P. Cobbe's 'Broken Lights on [the contrast between the ancient world and Christendom. She says: 'Taking the whole ancient world in comparison with the modern, of the heathen with the Christian, the general character of the two is absolutely analogous to that which, in individuals, we call unregenerate and regenerate. Of course there were thousands of regenerate souls—Hebrew, Greek, Indian—of all nations and languages before Christ. Of course there are millions unregenerate now. But, nevertheless, from this time onward we trace through history a new spirit in the world, a leaven working through the whole mass of souls. In the old world all was complete after its kind: man fulfilled his own ideal, and did that which he aimed to do of beautiful, noble, and devoted. In the new world nothing is complete, but all is straining upward after God and an unattainable perfection of holiness. . . . The old world grew from without, and was outwardly symmetric. The new one grows from within, and is not symmetric, nor ever will be; bearing in its heart the germ of an everlasting, unresting progress. The old world built its temples, hewed its statues, framed its philosophies, and wrote its glorious epics and dramas, so that nothing might evermore be added to them. The new world makes its art, its philosophy, its poetry, all imperfect, yet instinct with a living spirit beyond the old. To the Parthenon not a stone could be added from the hour of its completion. To Milan and Cologne, altar and chapel, statue and spire, will be added through the ages.

'This great phenomenon of history surely points to some corresponding great event whereby the revolution was accomplished. Some action must have taken place upon the souls of men which thenceforth started them in a different career and opened the age of progressive life. When did this moment arrive? What was the primal act of the endless progress? By whom was that age opened? Here we have really ground to go upon. . . . The whole voice of human history unconsciously, and without premeditation, bears its unmistakable testimony. The turning-point between the old world and the new was the beginning of the Christian movement. The action upon human nature which started it on its new course was the teaching and example of Christ. Christ was He who opened the age of endless progress.

'The view, therefore, which seems to be the sole fitting one for our estimate of the character of Christ, is that which regards Him as the great Regenerator of humanity. His coming was to the life of humanity what regeneration is to the life of the individual. This is not a conclusion doubtfully deduced from questionable biographies, but a broad, plain inference from the universal history of our race. We may dispute all details, but the grand result is beyond criticism. The world has changed, and that change is historically traceable to Christ. He is not merely a Moral Reformer, inculcating pure ethics; not merely a Religious Reformer, clearing away old theologic errors and teaching higher ideas of God. These things He was; but He might, for all we can tell, have been these both as fully, and yet have failed to be what He has actually been to our race. . . . What Christ has really done is beyond the kingdom of the intellect and its theologies; nay, even beyond the kingdom of the conscience and its recognition of duty. His work has been in that of the heart. He has transformed the law into the gospel. He has changed the bondage of the alien for the liberty of the sons of God. He has glorified virtue into holiness, religion into piety, and duty into love.'

IN THE VINEYARD.

WITHIN a trellised angle idly laid
Neath the green lulling shade,
Shunning the toil they hardly cared to shun,
Who waste the priceless hours
When man's best work is done?

—As from the unsilver'd grass the dawn-dew fled,
The vineyard's Lord and Head
Call'd in the market-place the stalwart crew
Of labourers ruddy-brown,
Pledging each man his due.

Yet,—for God smiled on that full crop, and it
Was for the vintage fit,—
Again the Lord went forth, and hiring more,
Sent with their baskets in,
To pile the purple store.

And now the sudden twilight-pause is near
When the three stars appear,*
Signals of eve and rest from toil retired,—
While yet the loiterers lie
Listless, unask'd, unhired.

But thick the grapes, the mildewing night-air's prey,
Be they not stored to-day;
'More hands, more hearts, I crave; I call ye last,
My labourers, Mine, though late,
Your day of grace nigh past.'

* It was reckoned evening from the moment that three stars could be seen, by the Jews in the time of our Saviour (Edersheim's 'Messiah').

So when that loving cry upon them broke,
To manhood's part they woke,
Each offering his best strength of heart and limb,
And inly only felt
The bliss of work for Him.

So these last till the night when none can toil
Gather the harvest spoil;
Last these;—yet when the gate was closed, the Lord
Summoning around Him all,
Gave them the like reward;

At the true heart's love-labour, one by one,
Rating the service done:—
Not the world's surface-standard, by success
Weighing the man, and blind
To the inward more and less.

—The day far spent, yet for my Saviour's sake,
Lord! ere Thine Angels take
The tares and wheat of Earth's last harvest-home,
E'en at the eleventh hour
May I be call'd, and come!

F. T. PALGRAVE.

THE LARK'S NEST.

A STORY OF A BATTLE.

BY W. WARDE FOWLER.

I.

IT was close upon Midsummer Day, but it was not midsummer weather. A mist rose from moist fields, and hung over the whole country-side as if it were November; the June of 1815 was wet and chill, as June so often is. And as the mist hung over the land, so a certain sense of doubt and anxiety hung over the hearts of man and beast and bird. War was in the air as well as mist; and everything wanted warmth and peace to help it to carry out its appointed work; to cheer it with a feeling of the fragrance of life.

The moisture and the chilliness did not prevent the Skylark from taking a flight now and then into the air, and singing to his wife as she sat on the nest below; indeed, he rose sometimes so high that she could hardly hear his voice, and then the anxious feeling got the better of her. When he came down she would tell him of it, and remind him how dear to her that music was. 'Come with me this once,' he said at last in reply. 'Come, and leave the eggs for a little while. Above the mist the sun is shining, and the real world is up there to-day. You can dry yourself up there in the warmth, and you can fancy how bad it is for all the creatures that have no wings to fly with. And there are such numbers of them about to-day—such long lines of men and horses! Come and feel the sun and see the sights.'

He rose again into the air and began to sing; and she, getting wearily off the nest, followed him upwards. They passed through the mist and out into the glorious sunshine; and as they hung on the air with fluttering wings and tail bent downwards, singing and still gently rising, the sun at last conquered the fog to the right of them, and they saw the great high road covered with a long column of horsemen, whose arms and trappings flashed with the

sudden light. They were moving southward at a trot as quick as cavalry can keep up when riding in a body together; and behind them at a short interval came cannon and waggons rumbling slowly along, the drivers' whips cracking constantly as if there were great need of hurry. Then came a column of infantry marching at a quickstep without music, all intent on business, none falling out of the ranks; they wore coats of bright scarlet, which set off young and sturdy frames. And then, just as an officer, with dripping plume and cloak hanging loosely about him, turned his horse into the wet fields and galloped heavily past the infantry in the road, the mist closed over them again, and the Larks could see nothing more.

But along the line of the road, to north as well as south, they could hear the rumbling of wheels and the heavy tramp of men marching, deadened as all these sounds were by the mud of the road and by the dense air. Nay, far away to the southward there were other sounds in the air—sounds deep and strange, as if a storm were beginning there.

'But there is no storm about,' said the Skylark's wife; 'I should have felt it long ago. What is it, dear? what can it be? Something is wrong; and I feel as if trouble were coming, with all these creatures about. Look there!' she said, as they descended again to the ground at a little distance, as usual, from the nest; 'look there, and tell me if something is not going to happen!'

A little way off, dimly looming through the mist, was a large cart or waggon moving slowly along a field-track. Leading the horses was the farmer, and sitting in the cart was the farmer's wife, trouble written in her face; on her lap was a tiny child, another sat on the edge of the cart, and a third was astride on one of the big horses, holding on by his huge collar, and digging his young heels into the brawny shoulders below him. All of these the Skylarks knew well; they came from the farm down in the hollow, and they must be leaving their old home, for there was crockery, and a big clock, and a picture or two, and other household goods, all packed in roughly and hurriedly, as if the family had been suddenly turned out into the world. The farmer looked over his shoulder and said a cheering word to his wife, and the Skylark did the same by his.

'Don't get frightened,' he said, 'or you won't be able to sit close. And sitting close is the whole secret, dear, the whole secret of nesting. I'm sorry I took you up there, but I meant well. Promise me to sit close; if any creature comes along,

don't you stir—it is the whole secret. They won't find you on the eggs, if you only sit close ; and think how hard it is to get back again without being seen when once you're off the nest! There's nothing to alarm you in what we saw. See, here we are at the nest, and how far it is from the big road, and how snugly hidden! Promise me, then, to sit close, and in a day or two we shall begin to hatch.'

She promised, and nestled once more on the eggs. It was true, as he had said, that the nest was some way from the road ; it was in fact about halfway between two high roads, which separated as they emerged from a great forest to the northwards, and then ran at a wide angle down a gentle slope of corn-land and meadow. In the hollow near to the western road lay the farmhouse, whose owners had been seen departing by the Sky-larks, standing in a little enclosure of yard and orchard ; near the other road, but higher up the slope, was another homestead. On the edge of the slope, connecting the two main roads, ran a little cart-track, seldom used ; just such a deeply-rutted track as you may see on the slope of a south-country down, cutting rather deeply into the ground in some places, so that a man walking up to it along the grass slope might take an easy jump from the edge into the ruts, and need a vigorous step or two to mount on the other side. Just under this edge of the grass-field, and close to the track, the Larks had placed their nest ; for the grass of the field, cropped close by sheep, offered them little cover ; and they did not mind the cart or waggon that once in two or three days rolled lazily by their home, driven by a drowsy countryman in a short blue frock.

Next day the weather was worse, though the fog had cleared away ; and in the afternoon it began to rain. Long before sunset the Larks began to hear once more the rumbling of waggons and the trampling of horses ; they seemed to be all coming back again, for the noise grew louder and louder. Each time the cock bird returned from a flight, or brought food to his wife, he looked, in spite of himself, a little graver. But she sat close, only starting once or twice from the nest when the distant crack of a gun was heard.

'Sit close, sit close,' said her consort, 'and remember that the way to get shot is to leave the nest. We are perfectly safe here, and I will be hiding in the bank at hand, if any danger should threaten.'

As he spoke, men passed along the track ; then more, and

others on the grass on each side of it. Then that dread rumbling grew nearer, and a medley of sounds, the cracking of whips, the clanging of metal, the hoarse voices of tired men, began to grow around them on every side. Once or twice, as it began to grow dusk, men tried to light a fire in the drizzle, and by the fitful light groups of men could be seen, standing, crouching, eating, each with his musket in his hand, as if he might have to use it at any moment. Officers walked quickly round giving directions, and now and then half-a-dozen horsemen, one on a bay horse always a little in advance, might be seen moving about and surveying the scene. Then more men passed by, and evermore, along the slope; more horses, guns, and waggons moved along the track. A deep slow murmur seemed to rise in the air, half stifled by the pouring rain, and broken now and then by some loud oath near at hand, as a stalwart soldier slipped and fell on the soppy ground. Then, as lights began to flash out on the opposite rise to the southward, a noise of satisfaction seemed to run along the ground—not a cheer, nor yet a laugh, but something inarticulate that did duty for both with wet and weary men. In time all became quiet, but for the occasional voice of a sentinel; and now and then a cloaked form would rise from the ground and try to make a smouldering fire burn up.

All this time the Skylark's wife had been sitting close; men and horses were all around, but the nest was safe, being just under the lip of the bank. Her husband had crept into a hole close by her, and was presently fast asleep, with his head under his wing. They had already got used to the din and the sounds, and they could not abandon the nest. There they slept, for the present in peace, though war was in the air, and seventy thousand men lay, trying to sleep, around them.

II.

ON that first day, when the sun had broken through the mist and shone upon the army hastening southwards, an English lad, in the ranks of an infantry regiment, had heard the singing of the Larks high above them. He was a common village lad, a 'Bill' with no more poetry or heroism in him than any other English Bill; snapped up at Northstow Fair by a recruiting serjeant, who was caught by his sturdy limbs and healthy looks; put through the mill of army discipline, and turned out ready to go anywhere and do anything at command—not so much because

it was his duty, as because it was the lot that life had brought him. He was hardly well past what we now call schoolboy years, and he went to fight the French as he used to go to the parson's school, without asking why he was to go. He might perhaps have told you, if you had asked him the question, that trudging along that miry road, heavily laden, and wet with the drippings of the forest they had just passed through, was not much livelier than trying to form pothooks under the parson's vigilant eye.

When they emerged from the forest into the open, and began to descend the gentle slope into the hollow by the farmhouse, the sun broke out, as we have seen, and Bill, like the rest, began to look about him and shake himself. Looking up at the bit of blue sky, he saw two tiny specks against it, and now for the first time the Lark's song caught his ear.

At any other moment it would have caught his ear only, and left his mind untouched. But it came with the sun, and opened some secret spring under that red coat, without the wearer knowing it. Bill's sturdy legs tramped on as before, but his thoughts had suddenly taken flight. There was nothing else to think of, and for a minute or two he was away in English midlands, making his way in heavy boots and gaiters to the fields at daybreak, with the dew glistening on the turnip-leaves, and the larks singing overhead. In those early morning trudges, before work drove all else from his mind, he used to think of a certain Polly, the blooming daughter of the blacksmith; so he thought of Polly now. Her vision stayed awhile, and then gave way to his mother and the rest of them in that little thatched cottage shrinking away from the road by the horsepond; and then the Rectory came in sight just beyond, and the old parson's black gaiters and knotted stick. Bill, the parson's schoolboy, bringing home one day a lark's nest entire with four eggs, had come upon the parson by the gate, and shrunk from the look of that stick.

Bill had put the nest behind him, but it was too late; and he was straightway turned back the way he came, and told to replace the nest where he found it.

'And mind you do it gently, Bill,' said the old parson, 'or the Lord won't love you any more!'

To disobey the parson would have been for Bill a sheer impossibility, though easy enough for other lads. For him the old parson had been in the place of a father ever since he lost his own; and at home, in school, in church, or in the village, he

often saw the old man many times a day. Not that he exactly loved him—or at least he was not aware of it; he had more than once tasted of the big stick, and oftener deserved it. But in Bill there was a feeling for constituted authority, which centred itself in those black gaiters and in that bent form with the gray hair; and it was strengthened by a dim sense of gratitude and respect; so he turned back without a word, and put back the nest with all the care he could.

When he came in sight once more, the parson was still at his gate, looking down the road for him from under the wide brim of his old hat.

'Have you done it, Bill?' he said, and without waiting for an answer, 'will they thrive yet, do ye think?'

'I see the old 'uns about, sir,' says Bill. 'There's a chance as they may take to 'un again, if the eggs be'ant to' cold 'owever.'

'Then the Lord 'll love you, Bill,' said the old man, quite simply, and turned away up his garden. And Bill went home too; he told no one the story, but the parson's last words got a better hold of him than all the sermons he had ever heard him preach.

And so it came about that, years afterwards, as he trudged along that Belgian highroad, besides Polly and his mother and the cottage, he saw the Rectory and the old parson, standing at the gate—waiting for the postman, perhaps with news from the seat of war. 'I never wrote to 'un,' thought Bill, 'an' I said I would, to let 'un see a bit of my scrawlen——'

But a nudge of the elbow from the next man drove all these visions away.

'D'ye hear that, youngster,' said this neighbour, an old Peninsular veteran, once a serjeant, and now degraded to the ranks for drunkenness; 'd'ye hear that noise in front? That's a battle, that is, and we'll be too late for it, unless Bony fights hard, drat him!'

The pace was quickened, and for several miles they went on in silence, the sound of battle gradually getting louder. At last it began to die away; and soon an aide-de-camp came galloping up and spoke to their colonel, who halted his men in a field by the roadside. Then tumbrils full of wounded men began to roll slowly along the road, at which Bill looked at first with rather a wistful gaze. At last night set in, and they bivouacked on the field as they were.

Early next morning troops began to file past them—infantry, artillery, and baggage; the cavalry, so Bill was told by his

neighbour in the ranks, was in the rear keeping off the enemy. Bony was coming after them, sure enough, he said, and the Duke must draw back and get all his troops together, and get the Prussians too, before he could smash that old sinner.

At last their turn came to file into the road, and retrace their steps of yesterday. It was now raining, and already wet and cold, and Bill simply plodded on like a machine, till a slight descent, and the sight of the farmhouse, and of the dark forest looming in front of them, told him that he was again on the ground where the sun had shone and the Lark sung. And his trials for that day were nearly at an end, for no sooner had they mounted the slope on the further side, than they were ordered to the right, and turning into the fields by the little cross-track, were halted between the two roads, and lay down as they were, tired out.

III.

DAWN was beginning at three o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, and the Lark was already astir. In the night an egg had been hatched, and great was the joy of both parents. All was quiet just around the nest; at a little distance a sentinel was pacing up and down, but no one else was moving. The wife, at a call from her mate, left the nest, and rose with him through the drizzling rain.

'Higher, higher,' cried the cock bird, 'let us try for the blue sky again, and look for the sunrise as we sing!' And higher they went, and higher, but found no blue that day; and when the sun rose behind the clouds, it rose with an angry yellow light, that gave no cheer to man or beast. And what a sight it showed below them! All along the ridge for a mile and a half lay prostrate forms, huddled together for warmth; picketed horses stood asleep with drooping heads; cannon and waggons covered the ground towards the forest. And all that host lay silent, as if dead. And over there, on the opposite height, lay another vast and dark crowd of human beings. What would happen when they all woke up?

The Larks spent some time, as was their wont, bathing themselves in the fresher air above, and then descended slowly to find insects for the new-born little one. Slowly—for a weight lay on the hearts of both; there was peril, they knew, though neither of them would own it. As they approached the earth, they saw a figure kneeling against the bank, and prying into the ground

just where lay the home of all their fond desire. Each uttered at the same moment a piteous cry, and the figure, looking up, rose quickly from his knees and watched them. Then he went slowly away, and lay down among a group of cloaked human forms.

It was Bill, just released from sentinel duty. As he paced to and fro, he had seen the Larks rise, and, relieved by a comrade in a few minutes, he searched at once for the nest. Bill was not likely to miss it; he knew the ways of larks, and searched at a little distance right and left from the spot he had seen them leave. There was the nest—three brown eggs and a young one; it brought back once more the Rectory gate, and the old parson, and those few words of his. 'I wish as I'd sent 'un a letter,' he said to himself, as he heard the Lark's cry, and rose from his knees. That was all he said or thought; but Bill went quietly back to his wet resting-place, and slept with a clear conscience, and dreamed of pothooks and Polly.

When he woke nearly every one was astir: all looking draggled, cold, and dogged. Breakfast was a poor meal, but it freshened up Bill, and after it he found time to go and spy again at the nesting-place. The hen was sitting close, and he would not disturb her. The cock was singing above; presently he came down and crept through the grass towards her. But Bill saw no more then, for the bugles began to call, and all that great host fell gradually into battle array.

Bill's regiment was stationed some little way behind the cart-track, and was held ready to form square at a moment's notice. Hours passed, and then a hurried meal was served out; the battle was long in beginning. Every now and then Bill could hear the Lark's song overhead, and he listened to it now, and thought of the nest as he listened. He could not see it, for a battery of artillery was planted between him and the track; but he kept on wondering what would happen to it, and it helped him to pass the weary hours of waiting.

At last, just at the time when the bells of the village church were beginning to ring at home—when village lads were gathering about the church door, and the old clerk was looking up the hymns, and getting the music out on the desks for the two fiddles and the bassoon—a flash and a puff of white smoke were seen on the opposite height, then another and another, and every man knew that the battle had begun.

And then the time began to go faster. Bill watched the artillerymen in front of him, and the smoke in the enemy's lines,

when he was not occupied with something else under his serjeant's quick eye. Something was doing down there at the farmhouse; he could hear it, but could not see. Away on the left, too, he could see cavalry moving, and once saw the plumes of the Scots Greys on the enemy's side of the valley, and then saw them galloping back again, followed by squadrons of French horse. Then an order was given to form square: cannon-balls began to whistle round, and as the square was formed, some men fell. Then a long pause. Suddenly the artillerymen came running back into the square, and Bill, in the front of the square, could see the further edge of the cart-track in front of him lined with splendid horsemen, who dropped into it and rose again on the other side, charging furiously at the square. Not a word was said, or a gun fired, till they were quite close; then the word was given, the front ranks of the square fired, and half the horsemen seemed to fall at once. Others rode round it, and met the same fate from the other sides. Then back went all the rest as best they could, with another volley after them, and Bill had seen his first fight.

Again and again this wave of cavalry came dashing against them, and each time it broke and drew back again. So the day wore on, and the battle raged all round. Ranks grew thinner and men grew tired of carrying the dead and dying out of their midst. Bill's square was never broken, but the men were worn out, the colonel and most of the officers were killed or wounded, and still the battle went on.

At last, when the sun was getting low, the regiment was suddenly ordered forward. Glad to move their stiffened limbs at last, the men deployed as if on parade-ground, and dashed forward in line at the double. Bill saw that he would cross the cart-track close by the Lark's nest; in all that din and fever of battle, he still thought of it, and wondered what its fate had been. Another minute and they were crossing the track, and as they leapt up the other side, he saw a bird fly out from under the feet of a soldier next but one to himself. The next moment he felt a sudden sharp blow, and fell insensible.

When he came to himself he could see the redcoats pouring down the slope in front of him; every one was going forward, and the enemy's cannonade had ceased. A wounded soldier close by him groaned and turned heavily on his side. Bill tried to pull himself together to walk, but his right leg was useless, and he could only crawl. He crawled to the edge of the bank and

found himself close to the nest; he put his hand in and found two warm eggs and two nestlings. Then he slipped down the bank and fainted at the bottom.

A fortnight afterwards, the old parson came down to his garden-gate with a letter in his hand, and stepped across to the thatched cottage. Bill's mother met him at the door with a curtsey and a pale face.

'It's his own writing,' said the parson, 'so don't be frightened. Shall I read it you?' And he opened and read the letter; here is a faithful copy of it—

'Brussles Ospitle, June 22.

'DEAR MOTHER,

'We ave won a glorous Victry, and old Bony and all of em they run away at last I see em a runnin just as I got nocked over my dear mother I did for some on em but don't know how many twas, them cavalry chaps mostly twas as I nocked over I be rather smartish badly hit dear mother the Doctor ave took off my rite Leg but I feels as if twur thur still it do hurt so tell passon I found a Lark's nestie as I didn't never take none of the eggs on twur a marvelous wunder as they warn't scruncht with them Frenchies a gallopin over the place and our fellows wen they sent em a runnin tell passon as the Lord do love me I partly thinks I carn't rite no more dear mother but I'm a comin ome soon as I'm better so no more now from y^r affexnit son

'BILL.'

The letter was read a hundred times, and laid carefully away when all the village had seen it. But the lad never came home; he lies in the cemetery at Brussels. The Larks brought up their young, and sang even while the dead were being buried; then they left the terrible field of Waterloo, and never dared return to it.

PLANETARY NEBULÆ.

BY J. E. GORE, F.R.A.S., M.R.I.A.

PLANETARY nebulæ are among the most remarkable and interesting objects in the heavens. They were so named by Sir W. Herschel from their resemblance to planetary discs. This supposed similitude applies only to their general uniformity of brightness, and to the absence of any definite nucleus or brighter portion, at least when viewed with telescopes of no great power. In intrinsic brilliancy they are of course vastly inferior to the planets, being usually very faint objects, and only to be well seen with powerful telescopes. About three-fourths of the known planetary nebulæ are situated in the southern hemisphere; but there are some interesting examples north of the Equator.

One of the most remarkable of these wonderful objects is that known as Messier 97. It was discovered by Méchain in 1781, and lies about two degrees (four diameters of the moon) to the south-east of the star β Ursæ Majoris—the southern of the two 'pointers.' It has an apparent diameter so large, that if we consider it placed at the distance of the nearest fixed star it would fill a sphere the diameter of which would be about three-and-a-half times that of the orbit of Neptune. In Sir W. Herschel's telescope its light appeared nearly uniform; but Lord Rosse's great reflector has disclosed the existence of two openings with apparently a stellar point in each vacuity. From this peculiarity it has been termed the 'Owl nebula.' One of the stars seems to have disappeared since the year 1850, a fact which adds to its interest and mystery. Dr. Huggins finds the spectrum gaseous.

Close to the pole of the ecliptic (between δ and ζ Draconis) is a remarkable planetary nebula, known to astronomers as Herschel iv. 37. Smyth describes it as 'a remarkably bright

and pale-blue object.' Webb saw it as 'a very luminous disc, much like a considerable star out of focus.' Sir W. Herschel saw a very small nucleus which Bird estimated as equal to a tenth-magnitude star in 1863, and D'Arrest to one of the eleventh. Examined with the great Lick telescope, Professor Holden found it 'apparently composed of rings overlying each other,' which he thinks are probably 'arranged in space in the form of a true helix.'

The diameter of the nebula is about 20″. Brunnow found a parallax of 0·047″. This would make its actual diameter about 425 times the sun's distance from the earth, or about 39,478 millions of miles! Bredechin, however, finds a parallax of only 0·009″, which would indicate a diameter of 2222 times the sun's distance, or 1111 the diameter of the earth's orbit! Such are the stupendous objects which astronomy reveals to our wondering gaze.

A little to the south-west of the fifth-magnitude star 51 Herculis (between β and δ) is a small planetary nebula, discovered by Struve. D'Arrest estimated its light as equal to that of a star of the eighth magnitude. There are several stars in the field with which the light of the pale-blue nebula can be conveniently compared. Webb found it very bright, but not sharply defined, and—as Herschel described it—exactly like a star out of focus. In Lord Rosse's telescope it appeared of an intense blue. Secchi thought he could resolve it into minute stars with a magnifying power of 1500; but in this he was evidently mistaken, for the spectroscope has decided that its nature is gaseous.

Another interesting object of this class is found closely preceding the fifth-magnitude star ν Aquarii. It was discovered by Sir W. Herschel in 1782, and forms one of nine rare celestial objects given by Struve, who saw it of a well-marked elliptical form. Admiral Smyth described it in 1836 as 'bright to the very disc, and but for its pale-blue tint, would be a very miniature of Venus.' Within the larger nebulosity Lassell could detect a brighter elliptic ring. Secchi suspected it to be a mass of small stars; but Dr. Huggins' spectroscope shows it to be nothing but luminous gas. It has an apparent diameter of about twenty seconds of arc, and if placed at only the distance of α Centauri it would more than fill the orbit of Saturn. Examined with the great telescope of the Lick Observatory, Professor Holden found it a wonderful object of a pale-blue

colour, with a central ring, which he compares to a 'footprint left in the wet sand on a sea-beach.'

About four-and-a-half degrees following γ Eridani lies another remarkable planetary nebula. Smyth describes it as 'a splendid though not very conspicuous object, of a greyish-white colour. It is somewhat like a large star out of focus with a planetary aspect.' Sir W. Herschel found it somewhat elliptical and not well defined, and thought it might possibly be a very compressed cluster of stars at an immense distance from the earth. Observing it at the Cape of Good Hope, Sir J. Herschel concluded that it is 'a very distant and highly-compressed cluster.' These views have been confirmed with the spectroscope by Dr. Huggins, who found that the spectrum, although deficient at the red end, like the great nebula in Andromeda—is *not* gaseous. Lassell describes it as the most wonderful object of the kind he had ever seen—an apparently stellar point in the centre of a circular opening which is again surrounded by a fainter nebulosity. D'Arrest thought the edges resolvable, and Lord Rosse considered the nucleus to be granular in his great reflector.

About two degrees south of the star μ Hydræ is a planetary nebula which Smyth describes as resembling Jupiter in 'size, equable light, and colour.' He thought that, 'whatever be its nature,' it 'must be of awfully enormous magnitude.' Webb found it of 'a steady pale-blue light,' and Sir J. Herschel at the Cape found its colour 'a decided blue'—a feature which seems very characteristic of these extraordinary objects. Sir W. Herschel failed to resolve it into stars; Secchi found it broken up into apparently stellar points and a sparkling ring; but Dr. Huggins finds the spectrum gaseous, so that Secchi's points can scarcely be stellar.

Many examples of this interesting class of nebulæ were observed by Sir John Herschel during his residence at the Cape of Good Hope. His descriptions of some of these are given in my 'Scenery of the Heavens' (pp. 210–212).

The gaseous character of most of these planetary nebulæ led Professor Pickering to the conclusion that possibly an examination with the spectroscope might lead to the discovery of objects of this class, which—owing to their small apparent diameters—might escape detection with the telescope, and merely appear like small stars, even when examined with telescopes of considerable power. The light of an ordinary star is seen spread out by the prism into a coloured band of light; but the light of

a gaseous nebula, being chiefly of one colour, forms merely a small point or disc of light. Following this plan a systematic search for such objects has been instituted at the Harvard Observatory (U.S.A.), a direct-vision prism being placed for the purpose between the eyepiece and the object-glass of the fifteen-inch refractor of that Observatory. A large number of stars have been carefully examined in this way, and the search has disclosed the existence of some small planetary nebulæ hitherto unsuspected. In the first sweep, made on the 13th of July, 1880, an object entered the field of view of the observing telescope, having a spectrum consisting of a bright point of light, quite unlike that of the ordinary stellar spectrum. This proved to be a small planetary nebula. It lies in the Milky Way near the star λ Sagittarii, and measures of its light showed that it was about the eleventh magnitude. Its disc is so small that probably its nebulous nature would never have been detected with the telescope. On the following evening a similar object was found in the same vicinity. It was somewhat fainter than the first, but with rather a larger disc. This region of the heavens was selected for observation because it contains four out of the fifty planetary nebulæ previously known to astronomers.

On the 28th of August an object was met with, having a remarkable spectrum with 'two bright bands near the ends of a faint continuous spectrum.' It was soon identified with the star Oeltzen Argelander, No. 17681, which lies near μ Sagittarii. It was observed once by Argelander, and twice at Washington, and on each occasion was recorded as an ordinary fixed star. These observations show that it existed in its present position and brightness over thirty years previously. An examination of the remarkable spectrum shown by this object, indicates that the brighter parts are bands and not lines. One of these bands lies near the sodium line D of the solar spectrum, and another in the blue between F and G. Professor Pickering says the spectrum of this object 'is unlike that of any other source of light as far as is yet known.' 'On the other hand,' he says, 'it resembles a star in other respects, showing no disc, and having a much greater intrinsic brightness than other nebulæ.' *

Another new object, similar to the preceding, was detected on the 2nd of September, 1880, and in the same region of the heavens. It resembles a star of the thirteenth magnitude, and is probably the faintest planetary nebula hitherto discovered.

* 'Observatory,' March 1881.

'A LITTLE FURTHER ON.'

A FRAGMENT.

. . . HE had been an energetic Curate from 1870 to 1880, filled to the brim with all the schemes and methods of his time. He was now, in 1900, an energetic Rector, whose principal thought day and night was for his parish and the Church he served. By his side sat his Curate, a young man with a puzzled and hunted expression of countenance; and on the opposite side of the room another young man, the organist, sat before a small harmonium, turning over a heap of music. The three appeared to be discussing a Harvest Thanksgiving for the following week.

'We begin at the Lord's Prayer, of course,' said the Rector, 'then "Venite," one Psalm—I think it had better be the 117th—a Lesson (and, Smith, I shall only read two verses), the Te Deum, a hymn, the Creed harmonised, an Anthem, one Collect, and a hymn. Will you make a note of it, Brown?'

'You will not introduce a sermon?' asked the Curate.

'Better not,' said the Rector. 'Don't you remember what a fuss they made when you preached on Good Friday?'

'It was not more than five minutes,' said the Curate humbly.

'But,' said his Rector, 'they said it was the thin end of the wedge, and that it took all the brightness out of the service, and you know it is of the last importance to get the young men to church.'

'There *was* a young man at church last Sunday,' said the organist hopefully.

'It was Gubbens, and he yawned,' said the Curate.

'Yawned!' said the horror-stricken Rector, 'that must not occur again! We must leave out the Collect, or something. What can we do to amuse him? He *must* be amused! Brown, can you suggest anything?'

'I *did* stand on my head on the organ-stool at the end of the Lesson,' said the organist, rather aggrieved, 'but some of them didn't notice me, and some of them said they had seen it better done. I can't think of anything else at the moment.'

'You are always kind,' said the Rector warmly, 'and you know how difficult it is to keep up the interest. When I was a Curate, the banjo was one great means of obtaining influence in a parish, but now even the infant school refuses to listen to it.'

'Still a few men used to come occasionally,' said the organist; 'Robinson, for instance.'

'I'm afraid Robinson isn't as steady as he was,' said the Rector. 'He is not as regular at Billiards and the bi-weekly Dances as he used to be.'

The three good men looked at one another, wearied and cast down.

'I spoke to him about it,' said the Curate, 'and he explained that billiards and dancing were too stale; but he would join a balloon club if we started one.'

'Yes,' said the Rector, 'I wish we could; but balloons are so frightfully expensive, and the Duchess won't help, because she says she had to give one hundred pounds to the choir excursion to the West Indies, and she was perfectly certain they were not satisfied; because they heard Parkinson took *his* choir to Khiva!'

'It was the Society for sending everybody to Homburg for a fortnight that spoilt our choir treats,' said the organist. 'Before the S. E. H. F. they were quite contented with Boulogne for a day or two.'

'And you must remember,' said the Curate, 'that the Duke was not encored when he sang a comic song in character at the "Half-hourly Amusement Club."'

"Well,' interposed the organist, 'he could hardly expect it; for since the "Twopenny Ticket Society" was set on foot, not even a breakdown has a chance in the country.'

'I wish,' said the Rector reflectively, 'we could get up enough for a set of these automatic choristers; for since we introduced whist in the vestry before Evensong on Saints' days, it is so difficult to get the men into the choir!'

'Everything is difficult nowadays,' remarked the Curate. 'The Committee of the "Free Clothing Guild" complain that the women will not wear a dress which is not imported from Paris!'

'And,' continued the Rector, 'there was a row at the "Free

Board" to-day, because you put clear turtle on the *menu* two days running.'

'And the "Guild of Amusements" Committee told me,' said the organist gloomily, 'that, unless it was on pain of death, the members wouldn't see another magic lantern; they were so sick of them!'

'Then,' said the Rector, despairingly, 'I do *not* see how Bible truths are to be brought home to them. If they will not be taught dramatically, or operatically, or even by the oxy-hydrogen light, I don't see what is to become of the Church of England. Moreover, if this "Free Recreation and Gratis Summer Tour" Act passes, I don't know how we are to stand out against the Secularists!'

The Curate hesitated. 'Suppose,' said the Curate diffidently, 'we were to try a little religion?' . . .

SPERO.

VENDETTA!

MEMORIALS OF GENERAL CHURCH IN APULIA, 1817–18.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is a quaint little town, clustering round the top of a conical hill, and looking over the sunny plains of Apulia, which bears the appropriate name of Locorotondo. Here, in the beginning of this century, the two principal inhabitants were, the Signor Nardelli and the Signor de Bernardis. They were rivals, and cordially disliked each other, and the reason is not far to seek. Not only each one considered himself, and wished to be considered by his neighbours, as quite the most important citizen of the little town, but the two men were so different in character, in principle, in the way they were regarded, in everything, in fact, but worldly position, that they *could* not be friends! Signor Nardelli was Justice of the Peace for the district, a wealthy, kindly, honourable gentleman, somewhat hasty of temper perhaps, and a little autocratic, but much beloved and respected by all his neighbours, especially the poor. Signor de Bernardis, on the contrary, bore an evil name among the little community, and moreover, was known to be closely connected with the Secret Societies, especially the Carbonari and Decisi, who were the curse of Apulia.

It was a strange and terrible state of things. You had an enemy. Well, you had but to make your bargain with the chief of the Decisi, the Priest Ciro Annichiarico—so much for himself, so much for the assassin—it should be speedily arranged. Your enemy might be guiltless, beloved, loyal—the support of a home, the friend of his fellow-citizens—no matter. Without warning, as he crossed his own threshold, or turned the familiar street corner, or sauntered leisurely through his fields, the blow was struck. A shot from behind the wall which he had passed unthinking, scores of times; a swift, sudden blow from a dagger, struck by a chance loiterer, as it seemed. The body was found,

a thrust in the side, a musket ball through the heart, and was carried home and wept over in secret by those who loved him, but no one dared ask aloud, 'Who has done this thing?' for to be suspected of enmity to the Secret Societies was certain death.

Was not the story well known, and many stories besides, of the fate of Don Blasi, a man of high character and fearless courage? He had dared to express in public his disapprobation of the terrorism in which his country was held, and what happened?

One summer evening he was riding home from his country house to the little town where he usually dwelt with his young son and daughter. A sweet summer evening, following a day of country delights in their much loved *villeggiatura*. Slowly they rode, with happy jests and gay talk, enjoying the perfumed air, the nightingale's song, the dry chirp of the cicala, all the scents and sounds, as they had so often done before, without a thought of harm or evil. The children rode first—they were but fourteen and sixteen—and the father followed. Suddenly a hand was laid upon his bridle; a man in the uniform of a Gendarme bade him stop. Don Blasi recognised the voice.

'Don Ciro!'

'Yes, I am Don Ciro,' was the stern reply. There was a click, a flash, a report, and Don Blasi fell from his horse to the ground without a word, shot to the heart. 'So perish all the enemies of Ciro Annichiarico,' said the murderer.

Half-a-dozen ruffians rushed from the bushes and seized the fainting, horror-stricken girl and boy, but Ciro spared their lives, and left them, after warning the lad that the slightest attempt to avenge his father's death would prove his own doom.

The poor children crouched there in the darkness, numb with terror, and were found some hours later by some peasants, sitting by their father's corpse. The girl had quite lost her wits and never recovered, but died within the year. The lad dared take no steps to bring the murderer to justice, till years after, General Church came into command of the province. Then he went straight to his headquarters and volunteered to join the force which was engaged in hunting down the Brigands. But of this hereafter; and now to return to our story.

De Bernardis, as has been said, bore an evil name. A bad man, they called him, in whispers, in the little town of Locorotondo, unscrupulous, revengeful, avaricious—a man equally feared and detested. And Nardelli had been cautioned to look

to his safety, and told that his life was not secure from such a man. But he laughed at warnings, secure, he said, in his own good conscience and the esteem of his neighbours, until one evening, as he came home from a friendly visit, a ball whizzed past him. He was close by his own house and rushed in, and a bullet struck the door which he slammed behind him, and buried itself in the panels.

Of course this incident caused a commotion, and everybody said that De Bernardis was at the bottom of the affair; but they said it in hushed voices, and there was no proof, and no one was likely to try and find one.

Long afterwards, the whole story came out, and it was known that, having failed in this first attempt, De Bernardis had sent to Don Ciro Annichiarico and bargained with him for Nardelli's murder. Then, one dark night, he brought the assassin into the town behind him on his horse. De Bernardis went to his house, and soon after, on pretence of business, left the town and went on a journey.

The murderer lurked about Locorotondo, but a fortnight passed and Nardelli had never stirred outside his own house, alarmed at the attempt on his life, and moved by the tears and entreaties of his beautiful wife, whom he dearly loved, to prudence.

But there came a day of heavenly beauty and freshness, and Nardelli, as he looked out of his windows and up into the unfathomable blue of the Italian sky, felt that he could bear the imprisonment no longer. Besides, he had heard that his enemy was absent, and that fact seemed of itself a promise of safety.

'My love,' said he to the fair woman who stood beside him, 'this life is unbearable! I have been shut up like a bird in a cage long enough. Let us go out and breathe the air.'

'Is it wise? Is it safe?' she answered anxiously. 'O *caro mio*, I fear even my own shadow! I would rather never quit this house again than that your life should be endangered.'

'Nay,' he said, 'look out for yourself. Not a dog is stirring in the street below. Besides, our enemy is absent. Trust me, he has given up the game. Let us go to our garden and see what this fortnight has done for our roses and carnations.'

'But they say that bad man has sworn to have your life, though you have never wronged him by so much as a *soldo*,' cried the wife.

He laughed and laid a caressing hand on her dark hair. 'Threatened men live long, they say, and I don't fancy De

Bernardis will try that trick twice. He knows that suspicion has fallen upon him, for, thank God, I have no other foe! Besides, he is a coward, who dares not strike, and a miser, who loves not to pay—even for my blood! Come then, our garden is but just outside the town, and I will go no further, nor linger on the way.'

'True, it is but a little way,' she hesitated; 'but the sight of a stranger makes me die of fear!'

'Your nerves are shaken, *cara mia*,' he said, soothingly, 'and no wonder. But I promise we will go no further than our garden. Come!'—and she put her black veil over her head and they went out together. Just along the narrow, crooked, picturesque little streets, and out into the country beyond, where close to the walls of the old town the gardens of the good citizens lay, walled round for the most part; and with straight walks and formal borders, well stocked with fruits and flowers, and each with its *pergola* covered with trailing vines, lovely now with their wealth of greenery, to be lovelier still when the later season should bring the rich harvest of purple grapes. The husband and wife sauntered along, stopping here and there to observe the progress of some favourite shrub or flower, enjoying the sense of freedom after a fifteen days' captivity, and feeling safe within the high garden walls.

Presently they saw a man, who held papers in his hand, approach the garden gate and open it. All sense of fear had now been dissipated, blown away by the sweet evening air, and the idea that they had been watched and followed never entered their heads.

'Some poor fellow who has a petition to present,' murmured the Justice of the Peace to his wife, as he stepped forward. The words were few that followed.

'Are you the Justice of the Peace for Locorotondo?'

'Yes.'

'Then die (*mori dunque*)!'

There was the flash of a stiletto, and Signor Nardelli fell to the ground, just muttered, 'È finito—povera mia moglie—Vendetta——' and died.

The poor wife stood for a moment as if turned to stone, and then shriek after shriek rang through the summer air, and the neighbours rushed in, crowding into the open gate, so that the assassin, who had turned to fly, was speedily surrounded and struck down with sticks and stones, till he lay bleeding on the

ground beside his victim. He lived long enough to confess that he had been sent by Don Ciro, the mysterious and dreaded chief of the Decisi, to do the deed, and that he had received seventy ducats to slay a man who not only had never done him any injury, but was absolutely unknown to him, even by sight.

CHAPTER II.

YEARS passed away. Ciro Annichiarico and his band of ruffians had met their deserts under the stern justice of General Church's rule, and the provinces of Apulia, relieved from terrorism, breathed a new atmosphere of peacefulness and quietude. It was like the burst of sunshine which sometimes follows a thunderstorm, when the wet flowers lift up their heads, and the birds sing like escaped prisoners. People felt that they could talk freely, without anxious glances as to who was within earshot, and loiter and laugh along the road, with no thought of a possible danger behind every wall. The plains and forests were free from marauders, the white-walled cities held no lurking assassins within their picturesque streets; and all this was the doing of the English officer, whom they feared for his quick, uncompromising temper and iron determination, yet trusted for his absolute justice and kindly heart. His headquarters were at Lecce, the bright little capital, with its broad streets, down the middle of which ran clear little streams, its houses of the yellow stone of the country, its civil and cheerful townsfolk.

One evening he was enjoying a well-earned rest after the multifarious labours of the day. The long shadows lay on the plain that stretches between Lecce and Otranto, with here and there a golden gleam, where the setting sun caught the tops of the great olives and caroub-trees; the cloudless horizon was one mist of rose and gold, melting upwards into the blue of the Italian sky. The General sat on his terrace, a cigar between his lips, and his eyes—such keen dark blue eyes!—gazing with quiet appreciation over the fair scene before him, with a contented sense that he had been instrumental in rendering it so peaceful and so fair.

There was a step on the terrace, and his aide-de-camp came out and informed his Excellency that a lady desired to see him. His Excellency, stern disciplinarian though he was, was always chivalrously courteous and gentle to women or little children, and

he straightway threw aside the half-smoked cigar, and rising from his seat, went into the house to receive his visitor. A tall lady, closely veiled and in deep mourning, acknowledged his salutation by a low courtesy with such an air of grave dignity, that it was clear she was a person accustomed to the manners of society. Pardon me, Eccellenza,' she said. 'I have dared to intrude upon you at this hour in the name of Justice.'

General Church was a perfect Italian scholar. In fact, he was as familiar with French, Greek, and Italian as with his native tongue. He answered readily, 'Signora, I have nót the honour of knowing to whom I am speaking, but be assured that what you ask in the name of Justice it will be my duty to grant. Speak without fear; my time is yours.'

The lady threw back her veil and showed a face pale indeed, and worn by years of suffering and sorrow, yet still bearing traces of the beauty for which she had once been remarkable, the dark, lustrous, passionate beauty of the South.

'You see before you, Eccellenza,' she said, 'the widow of the unfortunate Signor Nardelli.' Then she seated herself and began to relate all her sad story. She told it simply, fully, graphically, from beginning to end, and the General observed that her account agreed in every detail with the official report which he had already carefully studied. She told how, as soon as she had recovered from the appalling shock of her husband's murder, she had tried to begin a legal Process against those who were suspected of the crime; how it was said that De Bernardis, though the chief author, was not the only person implicated; nay, it was said that among those who were foremost in assailing the hired assassin, some there were whose interest it was that he should die without making fuller confession; how her attempt had failed because no one dared take up so perilous a cause, and at last she had been forced to give it up. Finally how, when she heard that the Englishman had taken the command of Apulia, her hopes had revived, and she had followed his course with anxious prayers for his success, and that when the news was brought to her that the head of Ciro Annichiarico was placed over the gate of Grottaglia, she had resolved to leave her solitude and come to claim punishment against her husband's murderers, and especially against Signor de Bernardis.

There was really no difficulty in finding out who were the authors of the attack on Signor Nardelli. They were perfectly well known, and now that the reign of terror was over, there were

plenty of people ready to point them out, and before long two were taken, convicted, and executed. But where was the chief criminal? No sooner had any stir begun to be made than De Bernardis disappeared.

He disappeared as completely as if he had never existed, leaving no trace behind. Enquiries and searchings, offers of money, were alike useless. Some said he had altogether left the country—perhaps gone to Corfù; some, that so rich a man had great power in his hands! and that the Judges of the Criminal Tribunal were not inaccessible to bribes, and that De Bernardis had friends among the local magistrates. Besides, the shadow of the terror which the Secret Societies had inspired did not quickly disperse, and De Bernardis made the most of their mysterious power while it lasted.

Powerful though he was, however, General Church's vigorous measures struck him with astonishment and alarm. He could not doubt that the spell was broken, and soon after the search for brigands began he went away and hid himself; he fancied that if he kept quiet awhile the hot pursuit would abate, and then he could come back and live quietly at home. 'Bah!' said he, 'we have seen all this before. I have no mind to be hanged, and this confounded Englishman is capable of anything! But it will pass, it will pass! Let him catch Ciro and his band and go home with his glory, and then it is only to keep quiet for awhile and let the tempest blow over, and sneak back to my hole!'

So when things grew quieter, he did creep back literally to his 'hole,' a place of concealment, where he thought he would surely be safe, for as long as any danger seemed to threaten.

Underneath the floor of his house was a secret chamber, the existence of which was known only to De Bernardis himself and one or two chosen friends. It was beneath a bedroom, and reached from thence by a small trap-door and a ladder. The trap-door was easily concealed by pushing an enormous carved wooden four-post bed against it; and as for light, he bribed two masons, Carbonari like himself, with three hundred ducats and the promise of much more to construct a little hidden window and to keep his secret. There had been once an outer door, but he had had it bricked up, and all traces of the new work carefully concealed by these same two masons. Into this subterranean chamber, then, his wife secretly conveyed food and wine, bedding and furniture, and there De Bernardis took up his abode, only quitting it when he was sure his wife would be alone, and was so

entirely lost to view that neither his friends nor his servants had the slightest idea that he had returned. Only his wife and the two masons were in the secret, and at last it became a settled conviction in men's minds that he had escaped to Corfù.

Thus a year passed and there was no trace of the criminal. The General had hunted for him far and near, up and down the country, sometimes starting off on what seemed a promising track, and sorely vexed when it, too, proved fruitless. Several times he and his troops had even entered the house and questioned the servants, but all to no purpose. The search might have been discontinued, but for the imprudence of the poor wife, who on one occasion offered money to the commander of a detachment of troops if he would give up searching, and go away. But bribes were of no avail when offered to the Englishman's chosen troops, and the money was indignantly refused and the matter reported to General Church. 'Ha!' quoth he, 'to give up searching, is it? Then our friend is *not* gone to Corfù!' And thenceforth a watchful eye was kept upon that neighbourhood, and yet months flew by and the end seemed as far off as ever.

CHAPTER III.

IT has been said that De Bernardis, among his other bad qualities, was avaricious, and this it was which at last caused his destruction. Month has followed month, and he was still safe. He had sat snug in his hiding-place and chuckled as he heard the voices of the pursuers, and thought how small a space divided them from him, and how little they guessed it.

His confidence returned as the pursuit abated, and when he heard that the permanent military Commission was dissolved, and the Province was declared quiet again, he began to repent of the high price he had paid to the two masons for his safety. That miserable little window! To think that it had cost him six hundred ducats! Why, one hundred would have been a monstrous price, and the masons would have been lucky to get half the amount. One hundred ducats! It was a fortune. For two working-men to have such a sum to divide between them, Holy Saints, it ought to surpass their wildest dreams!

And, positively, he was fool enough to desire his wife to go to the masons and tell them that five hundred of the six hundred ducats were only lent, not given, and that it was now time they were repaid. He even fixed a certain date when the repayment

was to be made, imagining probably that the General's departure was imminent, and that he, De Bernardis, would soon be in a position to show himself, and to enforce his will upon his inferiors, just as he had been accustomed to do in the bad old times which were past.

At first the two masons took the message as a jest and laughed heartily at the gentleman's wit; but when they found he was in earnest, their tone changed. De Bernardis had not realised how thoroughly the power of the Secret Societies was broken, or that the people, having once tasted of freedom, had become almost like different creatures. The two masons flatly refused payment, and when the message was repeated, '*Va bene*,' said they, 'we will see whose business it is to pay!'

They were careful not to let slip any word which might rouse suspicion in the mind of De Bernardis. They answered his message humbly and civilly enough, promised payment by instalments, without any apparent reluctance, and arranged with the Signora de Bernardis as to the day and hour when they should come to her house to bring the first sum, and receive a receipt. She promised that the receipt should be ready when they called, and so they departed. Then the two masons took their way to the neighbouring town of Fasano, where a detachment of Fusiliers was quartered with the express purpose of looking after De Bernardis, and asked to see the Brigadier in command. Where the General was at this moment does not appear, probably at his headquarters at Lecce, but he had left an officer who could be trusted to carry out this little affair, and proud and delighted he was to have the chance of doing so! The two masons laid their grievance before the Brigadier, and offered to conduct him and his men in safety to the place where the enemy was to be found that very night, and the offer was most eagerly accepted.

The night was cold and dark when they set out, the Brigadier dressed like a peasant, but with arms hidden under his blouse, the Fusiliers, and the two masons as guides. They reached Locorotondo at about midnight, the soldiers silently taking up their stations round the house, except four, who followed their disguised officer and the guides at a distance with stealthy steps, until they had taken a safe and secret position within easy call, under the shadow of the house.

A gentle tap at the door brought the Signora to a little window overhead, asking anxiously, 'Who is there?'

'Friends—you know us, Signora. Open the door.'

Now it happened that, as all the servants were gone to bed, Signor de Bernardis had ventured out of his hiding-place, and was sitting with his wife upstairs.

From this room a flight of wide stone steps led to a large hall on the first floor, and from this hall a narrow, winding staircase gave access to the ground-floor. Here then, in the little upstairs chamber, the Signora stood, and, prompted by her husband, parleyed with her visitors at the door below—a great, heavy door, opening from the courtyard.

'*Di grazia*, Signora, let us in. The night is cold, and it will cause suspicion if any one should chance to see us at your door.'

'But the money—have you brought the money?'

'Yes, yes, certainly we have brought the money.'

'But how much?'

'Well, Signora, Giovanni has brought two hundred ducats; but I could only scrape together one hundred and fifty, and here they are—see, good ducats, good money, and in full number!'

'It is too little,' said the Signora, at her husband's prompting.

'Very well, Signora. If you won't take the money you can leave it alone. We are quite willing to keep it. Good-night, Signora Padrona.'

'*Piano, piano, Signori miei*, how much money did you say?'

'Three hundred and fifty ducats, Signora, well counted. Will you take them, or will you not?'

'It is too little, too little; but, *pazienza!* Let Giovanni bring the money to the door, and I will come down and take it.'

There was some delay before the Signora appeared in the doorway, opening it cautiously half way, drawing back the heavy bolts, turning the great iron key with all precaution, lest the sleeping domestics should be aroused. Meanwhile, De Bernardis had crept downstairs to his hiding-place, and lay there, as he thought, safely ensconced, till the bargaining was over. Truly things had gone well with him! Who would have thought that the masons would have acceded to his demand so readily, and have brought so large a sum, even before the date agreed upon? Well, his imprisonment would soon be over, the country would soon be rid of this pestilent Englishman, who knew so little what was due to a gentleman, and then things would arrange themselves in their proper places.

So the door was opened; but before it could be closed again the two masons and their peasant friend had pushed their way inside,

muttering something about the cold, and answering the Signora's alarmed inquiry with the information that the third person was a friend of theirs, a good fellow, who had joined them on the way, and who also had a little business with the Padrone.

'Come, come—this is folly!' said the Signora. 'What do you mean by such talk as this?'

She was evidently alarmed. Her cheeks grew pale, and her limbs trembled, though she tried to speak authoritatively, poor soul. 'Give me the money, and go your ways, I say!'

'I will carry it upstairs for you, Signora Padrona,' replied Giovanni, who took the leading part. 'Don't trouble yourself about fastening the door—leave that to my comrade, and let us settle matters and get the receipt.'

So they went softly up the wide staircase to the large hall, the Signora first, Giovanni and the disguised Brigadier following, and as soon as they were out of sight Piero, the second mason, admitted the four armed Fusiliers, and they also silently crept up the stairs and took up their positions just outside the door which their friends had closed behind them, and waited there in the darkness till they were wanted. The Signora seated herself in a great carved wooden chair, putting down the flickering oil lamp, which her trembling hands could hardly hold, and tried to speak in a cheerful, assured tone, while the chill and gloom seemed to intensify and creep closer round the one spot of flickering light in the great, unwarmed, gloomy, ghostly apartment.

'Well, now,' she said, 'let us finish the matter. It is late and cold. Where is the money? Give it me quick and go.'

'*Piano, piano,* Signora Padrona!' Giovanni spoke civilly, yet there was something of menace in his voice. 'I must have a receipt, if you please. Yes, we must have a receipt from the Padrone.'

'From the Padrone?' faltered the lady. 'Oh, you talk folly! Leave the money with me and go about your business. O *Madonna mia,* will you not go?'

'*Per Bacco*—no!' and the man stamped on the ground thrice, and at the signal the door of the hall opened, and out of the darkness stepped the four armed men, and stood there silent, ghostlike, yet so terribly real. The poor Signora cried out, 'All is lost; we are betrayed!' and fainted in her chair. Poor soul, her life had been a hard one, yet he was her husband, and perhaps, for old sake's sake, she loved him still. Piero and one

of the soldiers were left as guards and sentinels, and the rest of the party, headed by Giovanni, proceeded on their search.

Giovanni knew the way, and they had provided themselves with lights. Through a little low door, down a narrow, winding staircase, to a large bedroom on the ground-floor, furnished, but unoccupied, intended apparently as a guest chamber. There seemed no place there which might serve for a lurking place. A large dark room, with massive oak furniture, but no corners, no cupboards, no extra doors. Giovanni surveyed the room, and then, 'Help me to move that box,' he said, 'that arm-chair —so;' and he took the light and began a close inspection of the oak-panelled walls, pressing his finger against first one and then another, till he reached the side of the great bedstead. Then there was an exclamation, and he turned and beckoned to the Brigadier. His finger had found the secret spring, and a panel flew back, disclosing an aperture some three feet square, from which a ladder gave access to the hiding-place below, where lurked De Bernardis. He, hearing the trap-door open, naturally imagined that his wife had come to tell him that the affair was concluded, and cried out at once, 'What is it?' expecting an answer in her voice about the money. But it was a man's voice that answered—

'We are here, Signor, with the money.'

'What do you want of me? Why are you here?' he questioned.

'The receipt, Signor. We want the receipt.'

'Then you must get it from the Signora.'

'Are we to understand that you refuse to receive the money, Signor?' and then there came a burst of wild, malicious laughter, which echoed strangely, fiendishly, through the darkness. '*Povero Signore! povero Signore!* He refuses the money! Perhaps he knows he will never want money again;' and then, changing their tone, 'Oh, thou wretch, come out of your hiding-place, or we will blow out your brains!'

Here, however, the Brigadier interfered, putting the mason aside, and taking up the word in an authoritative tone.

'Signor de Bernardis, in the name of the law, and by virtue of this mandate which I hold in my hand, I command you to surrender yourself. We cannot wait. Make haste! Come up this ladder, and save us the trouble of coming down to fetch you. You cannot escape, and resistance is of no avail; I am here at the head of a company of armed men.'

De Bernardis, as has been said before, was a coward at heart,

and as soon as he understood the state of things his courage failed utterly. Repeated calls and exhortations being of no avail, the Brigadier and a couple of his men climbed down the ladder, and found the wretched man crouching in a heap on the floor, half senseless with terror. They bound the abject creature, and contrived to convey him up the ladder, and then to march him off to Lecce, arriving triumphant at daybreak at General Church's headquarters.

Before going, the Brigadier called up the sleeping servants, and left the poor Signora in their care.

As to the people of Locorotondo, they heartily rejoiced at the capture, for they felt that the peace of their pleasant little town was now thoroughly established, and there was no one to mourn when De Bernardis suffered the fate which he had so justly deserved.

CHAPTER IV.

IT is tempting to relate another short story which curiously illustrates the mixture of superstition and crime which went together in the lives of these people, who would commit a murder for hire on one day, and then join in devotional exercises the next. Nay, there were priests among the Carbonari and Decisi who exercised the functions of a priest in the midst of their career of murder and plunder. There was a certain Arch-Priest of Surbo, we are told, who celebrated Mass one Christmas Eve, armed from head to foot. Ciro Annichiarico himself, though an open profligate and unbeliever, published a letter complaining that the mission priests did not teach the pure Gospel to the poor, and at times himself performed services.

There was a certain ruffian, the captain of a band of the Decisi—of all the Secret Societies they seem to have been the most cruel and bloodthirsty, and the condition of admission into their body was that the candidate must be able to show that he had committed at least two murders with his own hand. This ruffian went by the nickname of Picco Pane, and among a long list of his enormities we hear of his absolutely having roasted to death a gentle, pious, old Canonico Chiffi, because the poor old man did not prove to be so rich as the robbers had supposed him to be. Picco Pane went regularly to Confession and Mass, choosing for his devotional exercises some little church, far away from the haunts of men, perched up among the rocks, and

only frequented by the poor shepherds, or by such as himself. The times and churches he chose were only known to his intimate friends, and the hour was always of the earliest.

When the poor old Canoncio Chiffi was dead, and his money and vestments carried away, Picco Pane, for convenience sake, left these last concealed in the cottage of a relation, some miles distant from the town where the murder was committed, and then rode off, meaning, on some future day, to come and claim his own. But, unluckily for him, General Church had sent a detachment of Gendarmes to search the villages around and try whether no trace could be found of this notorious ruffian; and, entering into one cottage, their eyes fell upon a vestment which one of them recognised as having belonged to the Canon.

The people of the house were forthwith arrested for having the articles in their possession, and, in great fear of the consequences to themselves if they were brought to trial, they eagerly offered to give any information as to the best means of getting possession of their cousin, Picco Pane.

'Where was he?' Well, at that precise moment, there was no saying; but it was easy enough to tell where he would be next Sunday. Oh, yes, he would certainly go to the earliest Mass! That was his habit, and he would certainly go to a certain little church in the mountains alone, for he would have no thought of danger. 'Armed?' But certainly, he never went unarmed; and besides, for greater safety, he always wore many relics of the blessed saints on his breast. Oh, he would surely be there.

In the grey of the morning then, Picco Pane, armed, and with his breast covered with relics, entered the little church. He cast quick glances on this side and on that as he stepped along the steep, narrow, stony path. If he had known it, every boulder or bush held an armed avenger; but he did not know it, and he went in, made his confession, heard his Mass—strange and shocking though it sounds, it is true—and came gaily forth, absolved and blessed! There, on each side of the church porch, stood a silent file of armed men. He started back and would have turned to fly, but it was too late. Strong hands seized him, and in a few minutes he was securely bound and carried off to be triumphantly led to the General's headquarters.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXXII. (*continued*).

1715–1716.

THE FIFTEEN.

THE conjunction of English and Scots was unfortunate, for there was no making their counsels agree, for the English would not go into Scotland to join the Earl of Mar, and the Scots would not go into England to encounter General Carpenter, who was an experienced officer. By way of splitting the difference, they took the middle course, which was the worst of all, marching along the Scottish edge of the Cheviots, while Carpenter, following in their track with his dragoons, appeared to be pursuing them.

There was an idea of besieging Dumfries, and Carpenter sent word to the inhabitants that if they could hold out for six hours he would come to their aid. However, the Englishmen declared that the only thing to be done was to return southwards and raise Lancashire and Cheshire ; but this the Highlanders would not do, declaring that they were not going to England to be kidnapped and made slaves of, like their fathers in Cromwell's time. The English horsemen threatened to force them on, whereupon they cocked their musquets, and shouted that if they were to die, it should be in their own country. The Earl of Wintoun managed to appease them, but nothing would induce them to enter England, and at Ecclesfechan, when the march into Lancashire was finally determined on, 500 of them deserted, meaning to get back into their hills, but a good many of them were taken on the way by the Cameronian peasantry. Wintoun went too, but presently returned to the army, though he took no more interest in the councils, and gave himself up to the idle dissipations of the hour, like one despairing of the cause, but bound in honour to share the fate of the rest.

They marched into Cumberland, and at Brampton, a small

village, Forster opened his commission to command in England. The Bishop of Carlisle and Lord Lonsdale, the Lord Lieutenant, had called out the *posse comitatus*, 12,000 in number, but these were mostly rough ignorant peasants, greatly terrified at the first sight of the Highlanders who still remained, and of the gentlemen who formed the cavalry, and they all fled away at once, leaving such arms as they had behind them. Lord Lonsdale was left with only twenty men, and had to take refuge in Appleby Castle, and many prisoners and horses were taken. The men were released, the horses retained.

Most of the Roman Catholic gentlemen of Cumberland and Westmoreland were safe out of harm's way in Carlisle Castle as prisoners; but in Lancashire there was a considerable rising, and about 1200 very ill-equipped people joined the troop at Preston; but during the last year Lancashire had been in such a state of turmoil that a good many soldiers were at hand, with General Wills, who collected them at Manchester, and then communicating with Carpenter, agreed that both would advance on Preston and there fall upon the rebels.

On the 11th of November, the tidings of Wills's advance came to Preston, whereupon Mr. Forster went to bed, and was roused with difficulty by Lord Kenmure to give the needful sanction to measures of defence.

Of course there were no walls, but the Ribble was crossed by a long narrow bridge, which might have been defended. It was, however, decided to defend the streets with barricades, and Lord Derwentwater laboured hard without his coat to encourage the toilers. Four barricades were erected, each protected by two pieces of cannon, and the houses round were occupied by men who shot from the windows.

Brigadier MacIntosh fought bravely all day, and repulsed each attack of Wills with much loss to the assailants. So did all the other three, and the only advantage gained by Wills was that the Cameronian regiment fought their way into two houses. The fight went on all night; but in the morning, the 13th of November, it was reported that General Carpenter was at hand. Forster lost heart, and, without a word to his comrades, he sent off to offer terms of capitulation.

These were refused by General Wills, who considered these unfortunate men as traitors, not enemies; but he finally relented so far as to say that if they would lay down their arms, he would protect them from being cut to pieces by his soldiers.

The tidings caused the utmost fury in the little army, and if Forster had showed himself, he would have been torn to pieces. The Highlanders considered themselves as betrayed, and wanted to cut their way through the enemy; but their chiefs could not agree, and finally Lord Derwentwater and Macintosh—not the Brigadier, but his chief—were given up as hostages, and the royal troops were admitted.

The unfortunate besieged, 1400 in number, were enclosed in the church and churchyard, and very roughly treated, the gold lace on the gentlemen's clothes tempting the soldiery so to strip them that they were obliged to take the green baize of the pews to cover themselves. So ended the miserable battle or siege of Preston, in which seven Jacobites and seventy of their opponents had been killed.

On that very same day, the 13th of November, came the crisis in Scotland. Mar had delayed at Perth, as if for the sake of giving Argyle time to increase his army, once a mere handful, but by reinforcements, increased to 3300 men, of whom 1200 were cavalry. At last, on the 11th of November, Mar set forth with 10,000 men, some gentlemen well mounted and armed, but the greater part wild Highlanders, or peasants in greycoats, and without any approach to the number of available weapons in the other force; besides that, these last were under good discipline, and had a leader who knew his own mind. Moreover, they suffered two great losses. The clan Fraser, 500 in number, had been brought by Mackenzie of Fraserdale, the husband of their direct heiress; but the heir male, Simon Fraser of Lovat, seeing which way matters were about to turn, suddenly arrived in the camp, and carried them all off with him, as they held the heir male to have far more claim to their allegiance than the lady's husband.

A hundred of the Gordon's Highlanders also went off from discontent; but the Gordons who still remained were in high spirits, and thought themselves alone able to beat King George's army. The plan was to march to Ardoch, and send the vanguard forward to occupy the town of Dumblane. However, as the horse were advancing, a lame boy, making the best speed he could, met them, and told their commander, the Master of Sinclair, that the Leddy of Kippendavie, whose husband was in the army, had sent him with a warning that the Duke of Argyle was in the act of marching through Dumblane.

They sent forward a reconnoitring party, and a message back

to the Earl of Mar, and bivouacked on the bank of the river Allan, whither another emissary of the Leddy of Kippendavie found her way, confirming the tidings of the enemy being beyond Dumblane.

All slept on the heath under their plaids, and in the morning of the 13th, they beheld a few officers reconnoitring on the top of the low hills on the opposite side of a bit of open ground, where the Sheriffs had been wont to hold their musters, and which was therefore called Sheriffmuir.

Mar, now it had come to the point, was determined to fight, though there were some who would have drawn back, even now, but the Highland clans were full of fire, and fairly rushed up the higher ground before them, so fast that the horsemen in the rear had to gallop. They met the Duke's columns on the summit, and ought to have charged at once, but the word was not given, though an old chieftain was heard to sigh, 'O for one hour of Dundee!' An old officer, Captain Livingstone, rode up to General Gordon and swore at him for losing the right moment, and Sir John Maclean, placing himself at the head of the clan, shouted, 'Gentlemen, this is a day we have long wished to see. Yonder stands MacCallum Mohr for King George! Here stands MacLean for King James! Bless MacLean and King James! Charge!'

A brief prayer was muttered, the plaids were cast away, the Highland men dashed forward, firing, then dropping their pieces, and drawing their broadswords as they rushed among the bayonets. The young chief of Clanranald fell, but Glengarry, waving his bonnet, cried, 'Revenge to-day! Mourning to-morrow,' and all gave way before the furious charge. Broadswords were far more formidable weapons than bayonets, and all this left wing of Argyle's army was in such a panic that the flight was pell mell, and General Whitham never paused till he reached Stirling.

Part of the centre likewise gave way, and the rest ought to have been charged; but while some of the Jacobite cavalry were pursuing the fugitives, the others, under Lord Huntley and the Master of Sinclair, were inert, either from lukewarmness, obstinacy, or because two regiments of dragoons kept them in check.

On the left wing of the Jacobite army, Mar himself advanced, and tried to outflank Argyle; but the Duke, perceiving that a great morass on his right had been frozen over, ordered Major Cathcart to lead a squadron of horse across, and take the rebels in flank, while he charged in front. This was too much for them,

though they fought bravely, and at last he drove them across the river Allan, when many were drowned. Thus the left wing of each army was defeated by the right wing of the other, and at the close of the day each army was on the field, Mar on the top of a rising ground, Argyle below.

It was said that when some one observed to the latter that his Grace had hardly gained a complete victory, he hummed the burthen of an old song—

'If it was na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit;
If it was na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again.'

He no doubt expected a renewal of the fight, and, indeed, he was in considerable danger, for if Mar's men had only rolled down stones, they could have disordered his troops, instead of which Mar senselessly drew off his men, whereupon Argyle took up his quarters at Dumblane, and returned next morning to the field. Ballads could not fail to treat with sarcasm this drawn battle of Sheriffmuir, overwise the Bob of Dumblane.

'There's some say that we wan,
And some say that they wan,
And some say that none wan at a', man.
But of one thing I'm sure—
That at Sherra Muir
A battle there was that I saw, man;
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
But Florence ran fastest of a', man.'

Florence being Huntley's battle steed.

Another is a conversation between two shepherds on the Ochill hills—

'O cam ye here the fight to shun,
Or had the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherramuir,
Or did the battle see, man?
Pray tell which o' the parties wan,
For weel I wat I saw them run
Both south and north, when they begun
To pell and mell, and kill and fell,
Wi' muskets a' and pistols knell;
And some awa did flee, mon.'

Finally they agree that—

'Scotland has not much to say
For such a fight as this is,
Where both did fight, both ran away,
And very close the miss is
That every officer was not slain
That ran that day and was not ta'en,
Either flying to or from Dumblane.'

The loss of men on either side was nearly equal; but Argyle had captured four guns, thirteen colours, and three standards, including the Royal one, which had been named the Restoration.

The Seaforth Mackenzies ran away without a blow, so did the Stuarts of Appin, and even the Camerons of Lochiel, though they never dared to tell their very aged chief, Sir Evan, who had fought under Montrose and Dundee. Rob Roy Macgregor, the famous outlaw, said, when ordered to advance, 'If they cannot do it without me, they shall not do it with me.'

Mistrust of Mar, and despair of the cause he conducted, were probably the reasons for this tameness. General Hamilton declared, 'If we have not gained a victory, we ought to fight Argyle twice a week till we have;' but there was no stirring up Mar, and besides, the defaulters who had fled at Sheriffmuir never returned, while 6000 Dutch troops were on the way to join Argyle. A deep snow hindered further measures, but just at this most hopeless juncture, young James Stewart landed at Peterhead, on the 12th of December, with six companions, one of whom was the Marquis of Tynemouth, son to the Duke of Berwick.

He arrived safely at Fettersso, the abode of Earl Marischal, who, on receiving the tidings, hurried off to welcome him, together with Mar and about thirty other gentlemen. They found him ill with ague, and they had to tell him of the defeat at Preston, and moreover that they could not hold out Perth, but must retreat into the Highlands.

It was a bad beginning, and the poor young Chevalier was a depressing person, tall, thin, and pale, shy and grave, of few words, and hardly ever seen to smile, altogether spiritless. It was indeed a melancholy state of affairs on which he came, but some men would have put new life into this decaying body, and, indeed, the bare news of his arrival greatly delighted his partizans, and filled them with hope till they saw him.

He reached Glamis Castle on the 4th of January, 1716, and two days later made a state entrance into Dundee at the head of 300 gentlemen. The people thronged to kiss his hands, and he went on to Scone, the palace and crowning place of his ancestors. He appointed a Privy Council, but his first speech was melancholy enough, for he told his friends that he was accustomed to misfortune. He was not to be persuaded to make any proclamation favourable to the Reformed religion, and in consequence only two Presbyterian ministers publicly prayed for him. In one

measure he allowed himself to be overruled, much against his own wishes, namely, that all the villages between Perth and Stirling were burnt down lest they should afford harbour to the advancing army, all the inhabitants being driven out in the depth of a severe winter.

This measure of course made his cause unpopular, and in the meantime Government, thinking Argyle tardy, sent Cadogan, one of Marlborough's generals, to quicken operations. Argyle probably wished to let the rebellion so die out as to save the lives and fortunes of his countrymen, but his inaction was viewed as suspicious, and, on Cadogan's arrival, preparations were made for marching forward upon Perth.

The Highlanders hoped for a battle, sounded their pipes, and were in high glee till they heard that it was decided to retreat. 'If he will die like a Prince,' they said, 'here are 10,000 gentlemen ready to die with him!'

Sullenly then did they on the 30th of January begin their retreat through Dundee and Montrose. The weather was too severe for them to be pursued, but there was nothing but desertion and discontent. The poor Prince himself shed tears, but he was willing to have shared the fate of his party till the last, and only after the very strongest persuasions, was induced to join Mar in creeping out at a back door from his quarters at Montrose, and putting off in a boat for a French vessel which carried him to Gravelines. He left behind him a letter to Argyle, with all the money that remained to him, begging that it might be bestowed on the poor people whose houses had been burnt.

The Highlanders were furious when his evasion was known. The forsaken army under Gordon dragged along, diminishing at every step as one after another went home, until in Caithness they broke up, the gentlemen mostly taking boat to the Orkneys and thence to the Continent, the poorer sort getting back to their farms, very few being made prisoners.

Preston had, however, unhappily afforded many prisoners. Those who had held commissions in the army under Queen Anne were shot at once, Lord Charles Murray hardly obtaining a reprieve. Many were sent to Chester and Liverpool, but the men of condition were taken to London, and at Barnet their arms were pinioned like criminals. The Guards came out to meet them with all the mob, and they were led into London amid hootings, abuse, and clattering of warming-pans by the rabble of the Whig mug-houses, where beer was drunk in opposi-

tion to the ale, which was the Tory beverage. Thus they were taken to the different prisons, Newgate, the Marshalsea, etc., the noblemen, Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, and Nairn being carried to the Tower. It is not, however, the usual habit of the English to insult the fallen, and soon supplies of all kinds, food, money, and drink, were poured in on the captives. The Tories often visited them, and it was said that nowhere was it so easy to get change in gold or silver as in the prisons ; but on the other hand, the jailors charged every room, indeed, every separate bed, at an exorbitant rate, that would have paid the year's rent of the best houses in London.

Parliament met on the 9th of January, and Mr. Lechmere began by impeaching James, Earl of Derwentwater, of high treason. The impeachments of the other noblemen followed and were sent to the Upper House. The seven—two English and five Scottish—were brought to the bar of the House on the 19th ; they knelt, but the Lord Chancellor bade them rise, when they all pleaded guilty except Lord Wintoun, throwing themselves upon his Majesty's mercy.

For those who pleaded guilty, no trial was requisite, and Lord Cowper, the Lord High Steward, had to pronounce on them the sentence of beheading, and the six were taken back to the Tower with the edge of the axe turned towards them.

Great pity and solicitude were bestowed on them. Lady Derwentwater was accompanied by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton when she presented a petition to the King, and £60,000 was offered to the First Lord of the Treasury if he would save the Earl's life. Lady Nithsdale and Lady Nairn obtained access to the palace and sat behind a window curtain, whence they came and met the King, kneeling before him, and speaking French to him. Lady Nithsdale held him by the skirt of his coat, and tried to thrust the petition into his pocket ; but, like a German bear as he was, he marched on, so that the unhappy wife was dragged on her knees as far as the door, when one gentleman took her round the waist, and another wrested the coat from her, while the petition fell down and she almost fainted.

General Stanhope, who had been at Eton with Lord Nairn, made strong intercession for him, and obtained his pardon. In the House of Commons several of the Whigs, among them Sir Richard Steele, pleaded for mercy ; but Walpole was determined on severity, and declared himself indignant that there should be

'unworthy Members of the House who could speak in favour of rebels and *parricides*.'

As if they had ever made a father of George I.! He moved the adjournment till the 1st of March, meaning to have the execution over in the interval; but he only had a majority of seven.

In the House of Lords, the Earl of Nottingham, though in office, led the party of leniency, and an address was sent up to the King, entreating for mercy. The answer was that he would do what was suitable to the dignity of his crown and the safety of his person; but this remonstrance saved the lives of Lords Carnwath and Widdrington, though it hastened on the time appointed for the execution of the other three.

However, Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale, had her scheme for saving her husband. She took two ladies with her to the Tower on the last day, as if to take leave of the Earl. One, Mrs. Mills, was a large, stout person, not much smaller altogether than the prisoner; the other, Mrs. Morgan, was tall and very slender, so that she could, without attracting notice, wear under her riding dress garments exactly like those of Mrs. Mills. Only one might go in with Lady Nithsdale at a time, so she first brought in Mrs. Morgan, who there took off one of her sets of clothes, and left it, the Countess going partly downstairs with her, and begging her aloud to send up her maid quickly with the dress in which to present her last petition. Then Lady Nithsdale received Mrs. Mills, who came in with her handkerchief up to her face, as if crying. She was a light-haired woman, and the Earl was dark; but his wife painted his eyebrows, and put on him a wig, then dressing Mrs. Mills in the gown, cloak, and hood brought by Mrs. Morgan, she took that lady downstairs, not crying this time. Lady Nithsdale again called, 'My dear Mrs. Catherine, pray send my maid to me as quickly as possible. Hasten her as much as you can.'

Then she hurried back, dressed the Earl in Mrs. Mill's clothes, and just at twilight, before the lights were brought, she conducted him down with his handkerchief to his face, while, as they passed the Guards, she reiterated entreaties for the maid to be sent with her dress. The maid Evans was at the bottom of the stairs, and he, bewildered, and incredulous of success, went away with her, while the brave wife returned, and talked aloud, so that the Guards might not suspect his absence. Finally she bade farewell to the supposed prisoner, saying that as Evans was not come,

she must go and find out the cause, and telling the servant that he was not to take in lights till his Lordship called for them, went downstairs and called a coach, driving back to her own lodgings.

The Duchess of Montrose went to Court and saw the tidings received of the escape. She said the King was very angry; but another account says that he declared it was the best thing a man in that position could do!

The Nithsdales were hidden in a tiny garret, with no provision but a loaf and some wine, brought by Mrs. Mills in her pocket, from Thursday to Saturday, when that good friend conveyed the Earl to the Venetian Ambassador's, without the knowledge of that personage himself; but one of his suite smuggled the fugitive to Dover, in a livery as one of the servants accompanying the coach and six sent to meet his Excellency's brother.

The Countess in her hiding-place must have heard the death-knell of her husband's friends, Derwentwater and Kenmure, who were led out to die on the 24th of February, the very morning after her exploit. Derwentwater was the first to be led up to the scaffold covered with black on Tower Hill. He turned very pale as he put his foot on the stair; but with a firm voice read aloud a paper, declaring himself to die a Roman Catholic, owning no sovereign but James III., only intending to have done his duty, and averring himself to be in charity with all men.

He took off his coat and waistcoat and bade the executioner not strike till he gave the signal, by the third repetition of 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' Then his head was struck off at a single blow.

Lord Kenmure, a much elder man, belonged to the Church of Scotland, and was attended by two English clergymen as well as by his son. He died with the same piety and dignity. Tradition tells that Lord Derwentwater's remains were carried down to Westmoreland by a solemn procession, moving only by night, and resting by day in Roman Catholic chapels, where masses and requiems were said till nightfall, when the procession moved on again. It is also said that the little daughter born after his execution bore blood drops on her neck. His estates were granted to Greenwich hospital, and the family is extinct.

The Earl of Wintoun, who had pleaded 'not guilty,' was put on his trial on the 15th of March. Of his having been with the insurgents and with the Chevalier there was no doubt, but he hoped to prove that it had been on compulsion, and declared that

he had plenty of good witnesses in Scotland, if their Lordships would only send for them and wait. Lord Cowper answered roughly that there had been delay enough.

'I hope, my Lords,' said Wintoun, 'that you will do me justice and not give me what we call in Scotland cupar law—hang a man first and try him afterwards.'

He was sometimes considered as under witted, and this shrewd pun amused the Peers the more. He, however, was found guilty, but there was no intention of carrying out the sentence, and he was allowed to escape after a time.

In April a commission was opened for trying the commoners. Forster, Brigadier MacIntosh, and twenty more of the Preston prisoners were found guilty of treason, but Forster and MacIntosh with seven more found means of escaping to the Continent. Four were hanged in London, twenty-two in Lancashire, a thousand submitted to the King's mercy, and were shipped off to the plantations. This was thought extraordinary leniency at the time.

Of those who had escaped, some hung about St. Germains, or the Court of James, hoping for some fresh attempt. The wiser went into foreign service, French, Spanish, Austrian, or Prussian, where the Earl Marischal was especially distinguished.

James himself had at first hurried to reassure his mother of his safety, and to hold a private interview with the Regent, in which he did not succeed. Bolingbroke came to see him, and advised him to go back to Bar le Duc; but he had to wait for permission from the Duke of Lorraine. In the meantime he quarrelled with Bolingbroke and dismissed him. Queen Mary Beatrice tried to mediate, but received from Bolingbroke the polite answer that he wished his right arm might rot off if he ever used gun or sword again in the service of her son.

James took up his abode in the papal city of Avignon. His mother never saw him again. She died at St. Germain on the 17th of May, 1718, in her sixtieth year, after thirty years of exile, and sixteen of a widowhood spent in pious exercises.

'THE TREASURES OF THE SNOW.'

FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION.

'Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?'—*Job xxxviii.* 22.

DARE I venture, can I enter,
Search the treasures of the snow?
Sin-stained to my being's centre,
How can I such pureness know?

How can I, like Eve beguilèd,
As a lost sheep gone astray,
Picture Her, the undefilèd,
Walking in the Lord's own way.

Picture Her, the two doves bearing,
'Soul and body,' clean and white,
Virgin pure, yet meekly sharing
In the God-appointed rite.

Can I 'search out all perfection?'
Are these treasures seen from far?
In a glass, no dim reflection,
Each fair flake a crystal star!

Wash me, wash me, make me whiter,
Whiter than the driven snow,
So the vision shall be brighter,
So may I such pureness know.

W.

THAT STICK.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER IV.

HONOURS WANING.

'AND who is the man!' So asked a lady in deep mourning of another still more becraped, as they sat together in the darkened room of a Northmoor house on the day before the funeral.

The speaker had her bonnet by her side, and showed a kindly, clever middle-aged face. She was Mrs. Bury, a widow, niece of the late Lord; the other was his daughter, Bertha Morton, a few years younger. She was not tearful, but had dark rings round her eyes, and looked haggard and worn.

'The man? I never heard of him till this terrible loss of poor little Mikey.'

'Then did he put in a claim?'

'Oh, no, but Hailes knew about him, and so, indeed, did my father. It seems that three generations ago there was a son who followed the instincts of our race further than usual, and married a jockey's daughter, or something of that sort. He was set up in a horse-breeding farm and cut the connection; but it seems that there was always a sort of communication of family events, so that Hailes knew exactly where to look for an heir.'

'Not a jockey!'

'Oh, no, nothing so diverting. That would be fun!' Bertha said, with a laugh that had no merriment in it. 'He is a clerk—an attorney's clerk! What do you think of that, Lettice?'

'Better than the jockey.'

'Oh! very respectable they say'—with a sound of disgust.

'Is he young?'

'No, caught early, something might be done with him, but there's not that hope. He is not much less than forty. Fancy

a creature that has pettifogged, as an underling too, all his life.'

'Married?'

'Thank goodness, no, and all the mammas in London and in the country will be running after him. Not that he will be any great catch, for of course he has nothing—and the poor place will be brought to a low ebb.'

'And what do you mean to do, Birdie?'

'Get out of sight of it all as fast as possible! Forget that horses ever existed except as means of locomotion,' and Bertha got up and walked towards the window as if restless with pain, then came back. 'I shall get rid of all I can—and come to live as near as I can to Whitechapel, and slum! I'm free now.' Then looking at her cousin's sorrowful, wistful face, 'Work, work, work, that's all that's good for me. Soberly, Lettice, this is my plan,' she added, sitting down again. 'I know how it all is left. This new man is to have enough to go on upon, so as not to be too beggarly and bring the title into contempt. He is only coming for to-morrow, having to wind up his business; but I shall stay on till he comes back, and settle what to do with the things here. Adela and I have our choice of them, and don't want to leave the place too bare. Then I shall sell the London house, and all the rest of the encumbrances, and set up for myself.'

'Not with Adela?'

'Oh, no! Adela means to stick by the old place, and I couldn't do that for a constancy—oh, no!' with a shudder.

'Does she?' in some wonder.

'Her own people don't want her. The Arlingtons are with her now, but I fancy she would rather be sitting with us—or alone best of all, poor dear. You see she is a mixture of the angel that is too much for some people. How she got it I don't know, not among us, I should think, though she came to us straight out of the schoolroom, or I fancy she would never have come at all. But oh! Lettice, if you could have seen her, how patient she has been throughout with my father, reading him all about every race, just because she thought it was less gall and wormwood to her than to me, and going out to the stables to satisfy him about his dear Night Hawk, and all the rest of it. When she was away for that fortnight over poor little Michael, I found to the full what she had been, and then after that, back she comes again, as white as a sheet, but all she ever was to my father, and more wonderful than all, setting herself to reconcile

him to the notion of this new heir of his—and I do believe, if my father had not so suddenly grown worse, she would have made us have him up to be introduced—all out of rectitude and duty, you know, for Adela is the shyest of mortals, and recoils by nature from the underbred far more than we do. In fact, I rather like it. It gives me a sensation. I had ten times rather this man were a common sailor, or a tinker, than just a stupid stick of a clerk!'

'Then Adela means to stay at the Dower House?'

'Yes, she has rooted herself there by all her love to her poor people, and I fancy, too, that she does not want to bring Amice up among all the Arlington children, who are not after her pattern, so she intends to bear the brunt of it, and not leave Northmoor, unless the new-comers turn out unbearable.'

'She goes away with her brother now.'

'Oh, yes, she must, and Lord Arlington is fond of her in a way! Can't you stay on with me, Lettice?'

'I wish I could, my dear Birdie, but I am anxious about Mary; I don't think I must stay later than Sunday.'

'Yes; you are too devoted a mother for me to absorb. Never mind, you will be in London, and I shall soon be within reach of you. You are a comfortable person, Lettice.'

CHAPTER V.

THE PEER.

POOR Miss Lang! After all her care that her young pupils' heads should not be turned by folly about marriage and noblemen, the very event she had always viewed as most absurdly improbable had really occurred, and it was impossible to keep it a secret; though Miss Marshall did her very best to appear as usual, heard lessons with her accustomed diligence, conducted the daily exercises, watched over the instructions by masters, and presided over the needlework. But she grew whiter, more pinched, and her little face more mouse like every day, and the elder girls whispered fancies about her. 'She had no doubt heard that Lord Northmoor had broken it off!' 'A little pokey attorney's clerk, of course he would.' 'Poor dear thing, she will go into a consumption! Didn't you hear her cough last night?' 'And then we'll all throw wreaths into her grave!' 'Oh, that was only Elsie Harris!' 'Nonsense, Mabel,

I'm sure it was her, poor thing. Prenez garde, la vieille Dragonne vient.'

That Lord Northmoor was to come back by the mail train was known, and Miss Lang had sent a polite note to invite him to afternoon tea on the Sunday. The church to which he had been for many years devoted was a district one, and Miss Lang's establishment had their places in the old parish church, so there was not much chance of meeting in the morning, though one pupil observed to another that 'she should think him a beast if they did not meet him on the way to church.'

It is to be feared that she had to form this opinion, but on the other hand, by the early dinner-time, tidings pervaded the school that Lord Northmoor had been at St. Basil's, and sung in his surplice just as if nothing had happened! The more sensational party of girls further averred that he had been base enough to walk thither with Miss Burford, and that Miss Marshall had been crying all church time. Whether this was true or not, it was certain that she ate scarcely any dinner, and that Miss Lang insisted on administering a glass of wine.

Moreover, when dinner was finally over, she quietly crept up to her own room, and resumed her church-going bonnet—a little black net, with a long-enduring bunch of violets. Then she knelt down and entreated, 'Oh, show me Thy will, and give me strength and judgment to do that which may be best for him, and may neither of us be beguiled by the world or by ambition.'

Then she peeped out to make sure that the coast was clear—not that she was not quite free to go where she pleased, but she dreaded eyes and titters—out at the door, to the corner of the lane where for many a Sunday afternoon there had been a quiet tryste and walk. Her heart beat so as almost to choke her, and she hardly durst raise her eyes to see if the accustomed figure awaited her. Was it the accustomed figure? Her eyes dazzled so under her little holland parasol that she could hardly see, and though there was a movement towards her, she felt unable to look up till she heard the words, 'Mary, at last!' and felt the clasp of the hand.

'Oh, Frank—I mean——'

'You mean Frank, your own Frank; nothing else to you.'

'Ought you?' And as she murmured she looked up. It was the same, but still a certain change was there, almost indescribable, but still to be felt, as if a line of toil and weariness had passed from the cheek. The quiet grey eyes were brighter and

more eager, the bearing as if ten years had been taken from the forty, and though Mary did not perceive the details, the dress showing that his mourning had not come from the country town tailor and outfitter, even the soft hat a very different article from that which was wont to replace the well-cherished tall one of Sunday mornings.

'I had not much time,' he said, 'but I thought this would be of the most use,' and he began clasping on her arm a gold bracelet with a tiny watch on it. 'I thought you would like best to keep our old ring.'

'If—if I ought to keep it at all,' she faltered.

'Now, Mary, I will not have an afternoon spoilt by any folly of that sort,' he said.

'Is it folly? Nay, listen. Should you not get on far, far better without such a poor little stupid thing as I am?'

'I always thought I was the stupid one.'

'You—but you are a man.'

'So much the worse!'

'Yes; but, Frank, don't you see what I mean. This thing has come to you, and you can't help it, and you are descended from these people really; but it would be choice for me, and I could not bear to feel that you were ashamed of me.'

'Never!' he exclaimed. 'Look here, Mary. What should I do without you to come back to and be at rest with. All the time I was talking to those ladies and going through those fine rooms, I was thinking of the one comfort I should have when I have you all to myself. See,' he added, going over the arguments that he had no doubt prepared, 'it is not as if you were like poor Emma. You are a lady all over, and have always lived with ladies; and yet you are not too grand for me. Think what you would leave me to—to be wretched by myself, or else—— I could never be at home with those high-bred folk. I felt it every moment, though Miss Morton was very kind, and even wanted me to call her Birdie. I *did* feel thankful I could tell her I was engaged.'

'You did!'

'Yes; and she was very kind, and said she was glad of it, and hoped soon to know you.'

'Oh, Frank dear, I am sure no one ever was more really noble-hearted than you,' she almost sobbed; 'you know how I shall always feel it; but yet, but yet I can't help thinking you ought to leave it a little more unsettled till you have looked

about a little and seen whether I should be a very great disadvantage to you.'

'Seen whether I could find such a dear, unselfish little woman, eh? No, no, Mary, put all that out of your head. We have not loved one another for twenty years for a trumpery title to come between us now! And you need not fear being too well off for the position. The agent, Hailes, has been continually apologising to me for the smallness of the means. He says either we must have no house in London, or else let Northmoor. He cannot tell me yet exactly what income we shall have, but the farms don't let well, and there is not much ready money.'

'Every one says you ought to marry a lady of fortune.'

'My dear Mary, to what would you condemn me? What sort of lady of fortune do you think would take an old stick like me for the sake of being my Lady? I really shall begin to believe you are tired of it.'

'Stick! oh, no, no. Staff, if'—and the manner in which she began to cling was answer full and complete, indeed, as she saw that her resistance had begun to hurt him as much as herself, she felt herself set free to throw herself into the interests, and ask, 'Is Northmoor a very nice place?'

'Not so pretty as Cotes Kenton outside. A great white house, with a portico for carriages to drive under, and not kept up very well, patches of plaster coming off; but there is a beautiful view over the woods, with a purple moor beyond.'

'And inside?'

'Well, rather dreary, waiting for you to make it homelike. They have not lived there much for some time past. Lady Adela has lived in the Dower House, and will continue there.'

'Did you see much of them?'

'Not Lady Adela. Poor lady, she had her own relations with her. She had not by any means recovered the loss of her little boy, and I can quite understand that it must have been too trying for her to see me in his place; I understand from Hailes——'

'Your Mr. Burford,' said Mary, smiling.

'That she is a very refined, rather exclusive and domestic lady, devoted to her little girl, and extremely kind to the poor. Indeed, so is Miss Morton, but she prefers the London poor, and is altogether rather flighty, and what Hailes calls an unconventional young lady. There was a very nice lady with her, Mrs. Bury, the daughter of a brother of the late Lord, a widow

and very kind and friendly. Both were very good-natured, Miss Morton always acted hostess, and talked continually.'

'About her father?'

'Oh, no, I do not think he had been a very affectionate father, and their habits and tastes had been very different. Lady Adela seems to have latterly been more to him. Miss Morton was chiefly concerned to advise me about politics and social questions, and how to deal with the estate and the tenants.'

He seemed somewhat to shudder at the recollection, and Mary certainly conceived a dread of the ladies of Northmoor. It was further elicited that he meant to help Mr. Burford through all the work and arrangements consequent on his own succession, indeed, to remain at his post either till a successor was found, or the junior sufficiently indoctrinated to take the place. Of course, as he said, six months' notice was due, but Mr. Burford has waived this. During this time he meant to go to see 'poor Emma' at Westhaven, but it was not an expedition he seemed much to relish, and he wished to defer it till he could definitely tell what it would be in his power to do for her and her children, for whose education he was really anxious, rejoicing that they were still young enough to be moulded.

Then came the tea at Miss Lang's—a stately meal, when the two ladies were grand; Lord Northmoor became shy and frozen, monosyllabic, and only spasmodically able to utter; and Mary felt it in all her nerves and subsided into her smallest self, under the sense that nobody ever would do him justice.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WEIGHT OF HONOURS.

THE next was a fortnight of strange and new experiences. Lord Northmoor spent most of his days over the papers in the office, so much his usual self, that Mr. Burford generally forgot, and called to him as 'Morton' so naturally that after the first the other clerks left off sniggering.

There Sir Edward called on him, and in an interview in his sitting-room at the office asked him to a quiet dinner, together with the solicitor; but this was hardly a success, for Mr. Burford, being at home with the family, did all the talking, and Frank could not but feel in the presence of his master, and had not a word to say for himself, especially as George and

Freda looked critical, and as if 'that stick' was in their minds, if not on their lips. The only time when he approached a thaw was when, in the hot summer evening, Lady Kenton made him her companion in a twilight stroll in the terraces, when he looked at the roses with delight, and volunteered a question about the best sorts, saying that the garden at Northmoor had been much neglected, and he wanted to have it in good order, 'that is'—blushing and correcting himself—'if we can live there.'

Lady Kenton noted the 'we' and was sorry to be here interrupted. 'We shall do nothing with him till we get him alone,' she said. 'We must have him apart from Mr. Burford.'

Before this, however, they had to meet him at a very splendid party, given with all the resources of the Burford family at their villa, when the county folks, who had no small curiosity to see the new peer, were invited in full force, and the poor peer felt capable of fewer words than ever to throw at them.

Lady Kenton ventured on asking Mrs. Burford to introduce her to Miss Marshall, taking such presence for granted.

'Oh! Lady Kenton, really now I did not think that foolish affair should be encouraged. It is such an unfortunate thing for him, and as Miss Lang and I agreed, it would be so much better for both of them if it were given up.'

'Is there anything against her?'

'Oh, no, not at all, only that, poor thing, she is quite unfitted for the position, and between ourselves, in the condition of the property, it is really incumbent on his Lordship to marry a lady of fortune. At his age he cannot afford romance,' she added with a laugh, being in fact rather inferior to her husband in tone, or perhaps in manners. Indeed, she was of all others the person who most shrivelled up the man whom she had always treated like a poor dependent, till her politeness became still more embarrassing. Among all the party, Sir Edward and Lady Kenton were those with whom he was most nearly at ease, for they had nothing to revoke in their manners towards him, and could, without any change, treat him as an equal whom they respected; nor did they try to force him forward into general conversation—as did his host—with the best intentions.

Lady Kenton, under cover of Miss Burford's piano, asked him whether she might call on Miss Marshall, and saw him flush with gratitude and pleasure, as he answered, 'It will be very kind in you.'

Lady Kenton knew enough of the ways of the school to

understand when to make her visit, so as to have a previous conversation with Miss Lang, whom of course she already knew. That lady received her in one of the drawing-rooms, the folding doors into the other were shut.

'I have told Miss Marshall,' said Miss Lang, 'that the room is always at her service to receive Lord Northmoor, though, in fact, he never comes till after business hours.'

'He is behaving very well.'

'Very honourably indeed; but poor Miss Marshall is in a very distressing position.'

'Indeed! Is she not very happy in his constancy?'

'She is in great doubt and difficulty,' said Miss Lang, 'and we really hardly know how to advise her. She seems sure of his affection, but she shrinks from entering on a position for which she is so unfit.'

'Is she really unfit?'

Miss Lang hesitated. 'She is a complete lady, and as good and conscientious a creature as ever existed; but you see, Lady Kenton, her whole life has been spent here, ever since she was sixteen, she has known nothing beyond the schoolroom, and how she is ever to fulfil the duties of a peeress, and the head of a large establishment, I really cannot see. It might be just misery to her, and to him, too.'

'Has she good sense?'

'Yes, very fair sense. We can trust to her judgment implicitly in dealing with the girls, and she teaches well, but she is not at all clever, and could never shine.'

'Perhaps a person who wanted to shine might be embarrassing,' said Lady Kenton, rather amused.

'Well, it might be so. The poor man is certainly no star himself, but surely he needs some one who would draw him out, and push him forward, make a way in society, in fact.'

'That might not be for his domestic happiness.'

'Perhaps not, but you have not seen what a poor little insignificant creature she is—though, indeed, we are both very fond of her, and should be very much relieved not to think we ought to strengthen her scruples. For, indeed,' and tears actually came into the good lady's eyes, 'I am sure that though she would release him for his good, that it would break her heart. Shall I call her? Ah!' as a voice began to become very audible on the other side of the doors, 'she has a visitor.'

'Not Lord Northmoor. It is a woman's voice, and a loud one.'

Presently, indeed, there was a tone that made Lady Kenton say, 'People do scent things very fast. It must be some one wanting to apply for patronage.'

'I am a little afraid it is that sister-in-law of his,' said Miss Lang, lowering her voice. 'I saw her once at the choral festival —and—and I wasn't delighted.'

'Perhaps I had better come another day,' said Lady Kenton. 'We seem to be almost listening.'

Even as the lady was taking her leave, the words were plainly heard—

'Artful, mean-spirited, time-serving viper as you are, bent on dragging him down to destruction!'

CHAPTER VII.

MORTONS AND MANNERS.

'SHILLYSHALLY,' quoth Mrs. Charles Morton over her brother-in-law's letter. 'Does he think a mother is to be put off like that?'

So she arrayed herself in panoply of glittering jet and nodding plumes, and set forth by train to Hurminster to assert her rights, and those of her children, armed with a black sunshade, and three pocket-handkerchiefs. She did not usually wear mourning, but this was an assertion of her nobility.

In his sitting-room, wearing his old office coat, pale, wearied and worried, the Frank Morton, 'who could be turned round the finger of any one who knew how,' appeared at her summons.

She met him with an effusive kiss of congratulation. 'Dearest Frank! No, I must not say Frank! I could hardly believe my eyes when I read the news.'

'Nor I,' said he.

'Nor the dear children. Oh! if your dear brother were only here! We are longing to hear all about it!' she said, as she settled herself in the armchair, a relic of his mother.

He repeated what he had told Mary about the family, the Park, and the London house.

'I suppose there is a fine establishment of servants and carriages?'

'The servants are to be paid off. As to the carriages and the rest of the personal property, they go to Miss Morton; but

the executors are arranging about my paying for such furniture as I shall want.'

'And jewels?'

'There are some heirlooms, but I have not seen them. How are the children?'

'Very well! very much delighted. Dear Herbert is the noblest boy. He was ready to begin on his navigation studies this next term, but of course there is no occasion for that now.'

'It is a pity, with his taste for the sea, that he is too old to be a naval cadet.'

'The army is a gentleman's profession, if he must have one.'

'I must consider what is best for him.'

'Yes, my Lord,' impressively. 'I am hoping to know what you mean to do for your dear brother's dear orphans,' and her handkerchief went up to her eyes.

'I hope at any rate to give Herbert the education of a gentleman, and to send his sisters to good schools. How are they getting on?'

'Dear Ida, she is that clever and superior that a master in music and French is all she would want. Besides, you know, she is that delicate. Connie is the bookish one; she is so eager about the examination that she will go on at her school; though I would have taken her away from such a low place at once.'

'It is a good school, and will have given her a good foundation. I must see what may be best for them.'

'And, of course, you will put us in a situation becoming the family of your dear brother,' she added, with another application of the handkerchief.

'I mean to do what I can, you may be sure, but at present it is impossible to name any amount. I neither know what income is coming to me, nor what will be my expenses. I meant to come and see you as soon as there was anything explicit to tell you; but of course this first year there will be much less in hand than later.'

'Well,' she said, pouting, 'I can put up with something less in the meantime, for of course your poor dear brother's widow and children are your first consideration, and even a nobleman as a bachelor cannot have so many expenses.'

'I shall not long continue a bachelor,' was the answer, given with a sort of shy resolution.

'Now, Lord Northmoor! You don't mean to say that you intend to go on with that ridiculous affair; when, if you marry

at all, it ought to be one who will bring something handsome into the family.'

'Once for all, Emma, I will hear no more on that subject. A twenty years' engagement is not lightly to be broken.'

'A wretched little teacher,' she began, but she was cut short.

'Remember, I will hear no more of this, and' (nothing but despair of other means could have inspired him) 'it is for your own interest to abstain from insulting my future wife and myself by such remonstrances.'

Even then she muttered, 'Very hard! Not even good-looking.'

'That is as one may think,' said he, mentally contrasting the flaunting, hardened complexion before him with the sweet countenance he had never perceived to be pinched or faded, and as he heard something between a scornful sniff and a sob, he added, 'I am wanted in the office, so, if you have no more to say of any consequence, I must leave you, and Hannah shall give you some tea.'

'Oh! oh! that you should leave your poor brother's widow in this way,' and she melted into tears and sobs.

'I can't help it, Emma,' he said, distressed and perplexed. 'They want me about some business of Mr. Claughton's, and I can't keep them waiting. These are office hours, you know. Have some tea, and I will come to you again.'

But Mrs. Emma swallowed her sobs as soon as he was gone, and instead of waiting for the tea, set forth for Miss Lang's. On asking for Miss Marshall she was shown into the drawing-room, where, after she had waited a few minutes, nursing her wrath to keep it warm, the small figure appeared, whom she had no hesitation in accosting thus—

'Now, Miss Marshall, do I understand that you are resolved to attempt thrusting yourself on his Lordship, Lord Northmoor's family.'

Mary, entirely taken by surprise, could only faulter, 'I can only do whatever he wishes.'

'That is just a mere pretence. I wonder you are not ashamed to play on his honourable feelings, when you know everything is changed, and that it is absolutely ridiculous and derogatory for a peer of the realm to stoop to a mere drudge of a teacher.'

'It is,' owned Mary; but she went back to her formulary, 'it must be as he wishes.'

'If he is infatuated enough to pretend to wish it, I tell you it is your simple duty to refuse him.'

Whatever might be Mary's own views of her duty, to have it inculcated in such a manner stirred her whole soul into opposition, which was shown, not in words, but in a tiny curve of the lips, such as infuriated her visitor, so that vulgarity and violence were under no restraint, and whether all self-command was lost in passion, or whether there was an idea that bullying might gain the day, Mrs. Morton's voice rose into a shrill scream as she denounced the nasty, mean-spirited viper, worming herself——

The folding doors suddenly opened and in a dignified tone Miss Lang announced, 'Lady Kenton wishes to be introduced to you, Miss Marshall.'

Mary made her little formal bend as well as her trembling limbs would allow her. Her cheeks were hot, her eyes swam, her hand shook as Lady Kenton took it kindly, while Mrs. Morton, too strong in her own convictions to perceive how the land lay, exclaimed, 'Your Ladyship is come for the same purpose as me, to let Miss Marshall know how detrimental and improper it is in her to persist in holding my brother, Lord Northmoor, to the unfortunate engagement she inveigled him into.'

To utter this with moderate coolness cost such an effort that she thought Mr. Rollstone could not have done it better, and was astonished when Lady Kenton replied, 'Indeed, I came to have the pleasure of congratulating Miss Marshall on, if it be not impertinent to say so, on a beautiful and rare perseverance and constancy being rewarded.'

'As if she had not known what she was about,' muttered Mrs. Morton, not even yet quite confounded, but as she saw the lady lay another hand over that of still trembling Mary, she added, 'Well, if that is the case, my lady, and she is to be encouraged in her obstinacy, I have no more to say, except that it is a cruel shame on his poor dear brother's children, that—that he has made so much of, and have the best right——,' and she began to sob again.

'Come,' said Miss Lang, as if talking to a naughty girl, 'if you are overcome like that, you had better come away.'

Wherewith authoritative habits made it possible to her to get Mrs. Morton out of the room; while Mary, well used to self-restraint, was struggling with choking tears, but when warm-

hearted Lady Kenton drew her close and kissed her, they began to flow uncontrollably, so that she could only gasp, 'Oh! I beg your pardon, my lady.'

'Never mind,' was the answer, 'I don't wonder! There's no word for that language but brutal.'

'Oh! don't,' was Mary's cry. 'She is *his*, Lord Northmoor's sister-in-law, and he has done everything for her ever since his brother's death.'

'That is no reason she should speak to you in that way. I must ask you to excuse me, but we could not help hearing, she was so loud, and then I felt impelled to break in.'

'It was very, very kind! But oh, I wish I knew whether she is not in the right after all!'

'I am sure Lord Northmoor is deeply attached—quite in earnest,' said Lady Kenton, feeling rather as if she was taking a liberty.

'Yes, I know it would grieve him most dreadfully, if it came to an end now, dear fellow. I know it would break my heart, too, but never mind that, I would go away, out of his reach, and he might get over it. Would it not be better than his being always ashamed of an inferior, incompetent creature, always dragging after him?'

'I do not think you can be either, after what my daughter and Miss Lang have told me.'

'You see, it is not even as if I had been a governess in a private family, I have always been here. I know nothing about servants, or great houses, or society, not so much as our least little girl, who has a home.'

'May I tell you what I think, my dear,' said Lady Kenton, greatly touched. 'You have nothing to unlearn, and there is nothing needful to the position but what any person of moderate ability and good sense can acquire, and I am quite sure that Lord Northmoor would be far less happy without you, even in the long run, besides the distress you would cause him now. It is not a brilliant, showy person that he needs, but one to understand and make him a real home.'

'That is what he is always telling me,' said Mary, somewhat cheered.

'Yes, and he could not help showing where his heart is,' said the lady, 'now the holidays are near, are they not?'

'The 11th of July.'

'Then, if you have no other plans, will you come and stay with

me? We are very quiet people, but you would have an opportunity of understanding something of the kind of life.'

'Oh! how very kind of you! Nobody has been so good to me.'

'I think I can help you in some of the difficulties if you will let me,' said Lady Kenton, quite convinced herself, and leaving a much happier woman than she had found.

(*To be continued.*)

TWENTY-ONE.

PAUSE here awhile, young soul; look back and see
How time hath passed for thee.
Childhood and boyhood lie behind thee; try
That path with earnest eye.
Waver the footprints as without a clue?
Or run they straight and true?

Then turn and face the great To Come. Beware!
For many ways lie there,
Dazzling with possibility. Do thou
Make thy brave choice e'en now;
And in thy youthful strength climb thou that one,
Whose end shines out—'Well done!'

TERRA-COTTA.

The Slaves of Sabinus, (by C. M. Yonge). This is not a story of Christian martyrdom, but of the much less hackneyed theme of the effect of Christianity on men of various nationalities in the performance of the duties of life. Telamon dies because he is a Christian, though not for his Christian faith. The studies of the high-class Jew, the Roman noble, and the Gentile slave are very interesting, and also instructive. The sacrifice to Apollo recalls Mr. Andrew Lang's clever picture of the Greek Island in *In a Wrong Paradise.*

STUDIES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.
1770-1832.

II.

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK (1724–1803) was born at Quedlinburg; his father was a thoroughly religious man, and the young Klopstock early turned to the study of religious subjects for the works by which he intended to earn a lasting fame. He went to one of the Saxon 'Fürstenschulen,' and then to Jena and Leipzig, but took up no particular line of study. He had read Milton, and wished to be the 'epic poet' of Germany.

Very early this desire took shape, and he chose 'The Messias' for his theme. In 1748 the first three cantos appeared in the 'Bremer Beiträge,' and were enthusiastically received.

Bodmer, the leader of the Swiss School, and translator of Milton, was delighted with them, and invited the writer to Zürich, where he stayed some months. He was afterwards offered a pension by the King of Denmark, went to live at Copenhagen, and, soon afterwards, married Meta Möller, to whom he was much attached. She died in 1758. In 1792 he married a widow, who had long been a friend, but he never forgot his first wife.

He passed the last years of his life at Hamburg, and was buried with great funeral honours beside Meta.

His epic-poem, 'The Messias,' written in Hexameters, was begun when he was nearly twenty-one, and the last part of it was not published till he was in his forty-ninth year (1773). The first part of it is much the best, but it is altogether too long; there is not enough action, the number of characters brought in is most confusing, and every one of them must make a speech! A great part of Canto X., and Cantos XI. to XX., are made very tiresome in this way, and the characters are so mixed up that it is impossible to have a clear idea of them; but the poem is written in a reverent, Christian spirit, and contains many very beautiful passages. Its fault is that the accessories are not subordinated to the main interest, and in many places the main interest is lost sight of entirely.

The poem only commences shortly before the Crucifixion; all the

first part of the life of Christ is told incidentally, in conversations between the different characters, or just referred to in other ways.

Cantos II. to X. contain some account of Christ's life on earth, either told directly, or indirectly, in conversations and speeches. The first of the miracles given is that worked on the man 'possessed with devils,' who wandered in the tombs. Klopstock gives him the name of 'Samma,' and tells that once, when he was wandering among the tombs in a fit of madness, his little son, Benoni, begged to be taken to him; the mother gave way to the child and took him; he sprang to his father, and the father seized him and killed him.

Now the father is represented as weeping and lamenting over Benoni's grave, while another son, Joel, stands by, sorrowing over his father and his dead brother.

Satan attacks Samma, but, foiled by the appearance of Christ, returns to hell, and then follows a long description of some of its inhabitants; Adrammelech, Moloch, Belial, and Magog, who, when they come to meet Satan, are accompanied by a mob of evil spirits, singing to cracked harps about their own crimes.

Satan gives an account of Christ's birth and life up to this time; says that, being mortal, He can be killed, and then he, Satan, will triumph. Abbadona, a fallen angel, who has always repented joining in Satan's rebellion, opposes Satan's plan of killing the Messias, and so, he thinks, taking away the last hope of restoration from himself and other lost spirits. Adrammelech answers him, and then the whole assembly, except Abbadona, agree to Satan's plan. Adrammelech, in a long soliloquy, says that Satan may kill Christ's body, but that he intends to destroy His soul, and so become greater than Satan, and the king of all evil spirits.

Then we are brought back to earth; the disciples are described, each by his guardian angel. Judas is represented as having given way to jealousy of the other disciples. Satan comes to him in his sleep, in the form of his father, telling him what treasures are prepared for the rest in Heaven. The supposed father then advises Judas to betray Jesus to the priests, not out of revenge, but so that their persecution may drive Jesus to establish His kingdom more quickly, and then, although the share of Judas is to be small and poor, he can improve it by industry, and, to this end, make use of the gold which the priests will give him. Judas believes that this vision which he has seen was really his father, and determines to follow his advice, though still troubled with some doubts and misgivings. Satan next goes to Caiaphas to stir him up against Jesus, and Caiaphas calls an assembly of the elders and priests, and tells them that Aaron has appeared to him, cursing him for allowing Jesus to go unpunished.

A priest, Philo, speaks with vehemence against Jesus, while Nicodemus and Gamaliel defend Him; Judas comes, offers to betray

Him, and receives a reward, and the assembly disperses. After this Judas is forsaken by his guardian angel.

The disciples are sent to prepare a room for the Passover, and Mary comes, seeking Jesus, accompanied, among others, by Lazarus, the daughter of Jairus, and the son of the widow of Nain; and the miracles worked on them are recounted.

The Last Supper is described, almost in the words of the Bible. After Judas has left, Jesus gives His 'new Commandment'—'Love one another'—and offers the prayer for His disciples from John xvii.

Then God comes down to judge Christ; His progress through the stars is described, and one star is represented as inhabited by men who have never fallen. God comes to Mount Tabor; the seraph Eloa blows a trumpet, and asks who will appear at the throne of judgment for the human race? And Christ goes forth to Gethsemane 'with a hastier footstep.'

Adrammelech comes to Gethsemane, but is silenced by a look. Abbadona comes, seeking for Jesus, finds Him at last, recognises Him as the Son of God, and laments that He has come to die for men and not for angels.

Christ's betrayal, Peter's denial of Him, and the suicide of Judas are then described.

Philo, the priest who had spoken against Jesus from the first, sends Pharisees among the people to influence them against Him, and himself makes a long speech, and the rabble cry out for Barabbas.

Then the sorrow of Christ's followers is described, especially the sorrow and repentance of Peter.

Abbadona comes, drawn by a faint hope of pardon, but flies when recognised by Abdiel.

Satan and Adrammelech know that the Christ is dying, and know not 'the most fleeting shimmer of the great secret,' but yet feel no triumph, but the most horrible pain and misery.

Now Jesus looks upon the souls of the men who are yet to be—

> 'And a ray from the Light there,
> Which, in their sojourn on earth, should work for their sanctification,
> Into their souls softly sank.'

And so comes the end.

Cantos XI. to XX. contain fine passages, but most of this part of the poem is very tedious and very confused. There is a great deal about the spirits of the dead, as when Joel, the son of Samma, laments over the grave of his brother, Benoni, while the spirit of Benoni and his own guardian angel converse near him.

Joseph goes to Pilate to beg the body of Jesus; while He is being wrapped in the linen cloth, the choir of angels sing the song from Isaiah lxiii., "Who is this that cometh?" and Jesus is laid in the grave.

The Roman soldiers are set to watch the tomb of Christ; Philo kills himself when they come to tell the priests that the tomb is empty.

Christ's appearances on earth after the resurrection are recounted at length; and there are long descriptions of the dead who rose from their graves and appeared to the living. Then Christ stands upon Mount Tabor and judges the souls of men.

The spirits of children are told to pass from star to star, ever learning, until they are fit for Heaven. Those who had sinned from ignorance are sent, some to one star, some to another (more or less distant), there to be taught the truth.

Abbadona tells of his sorrow and repentance, and begs, not for mercy, only for death; he is refused this, pleads again, and at last the answer comes: 'Come to Him Who has mercy on thee.'

The 19th Canto ends with an account of Christ's Ascension. The 20th is devoted to the praises sung by choirs of men and angels.

Klopstock wrote also religious and patriotic dramas. The religious dramas are: 'Der Tod Adams,' 'Salamo' (his worship of idols and repentance), and 'David' (the counting of the people and its punishment). His three patriotic dramas are: 'Hermannsschlacht,' 'Hermann und die Fürsten,' and 'Hermanns Tod' (written in prose, with choruses). These were written with the intention of introducing a national German drama, with a German hero. As plays they were failures.

Klopstock was a lyric rather than an epic poet, and his odes and hymns are really his best writings. In many of his odes he imitates antique metres very successfully. One of these is 'Der Zurchersee.' His Kriegslied, 'Heinrich der Vogler' has plenty of fire and action. Like most of his poems, it is unrhymed.

Klopstock's influence on German Literature was very great. He developed the resources of the language immensely, and fostered patriotic and religious feeling, and the influence of his blameless life went with that of his writings.

He tried to live as a man should who had chosen so great a theme as his life-work. In the first Canto of 'The Messias' he says, 'Pure may my heart be, so that I may, although with the trembling accent of mortal, sing of the God-Reconciler.'

In conclusion, I must quote a few lines from Gostwick and Harrison's 'History of German Literature.' 'Klopstock and Lessing were literary reformers. The writer of "The Messias" kindled enthusiasm, the author of the "Laocöon" wrote to unite deep thought with artistic beauty.

'These men represented the kindred powers of warmth and light, of life and order. Klopstock suggested that poets should employ their powers on worthy themes, and Lessing taught them how to write. The inspiration of the poet and the enlightenment of the critic were

derived from one source and employed to one end. They were ideal men, and had thoughts that united their labours with the interests of a future literature.'

Read the first ten Cantos of 'The Messias,' and some of the 'Odes.'

Christoph Martin Wieland (1733–1813) was a very different man from either Klopstock or Lessing; receiving impressions readily, losing them as readily; in his youth he was an admirer of Klopstock, a religious enthusiast, a dogmatic theologian, and when he left this period behind him, it was to fly to the opposite extreme. In his riper years he wrote more soberly, with a genial satire, only touched here and there by coarseness; but his writings were for the world as it was, and consequently he enjoyed an immense popularity. He wrote of men as he found them, and believed in no possible 'Utopia.' In 'The Abderites' he makes Democritus say: 'Perfect equality, perfect content with the present, and enduring harmony, can only be in a land where the partridges will fly ready-cooked into the mouth.' Wieland was the son of a Swabian pastor, and was born at Oberholzheim, near Biberach. His life may be divided into three periods. 1st, a decidedly religious; 2nd, a worldly and frivolous; 3rd, a more serious period, in which he wrote his best works. In the first period he was influenced by the piety of his home; he was taught by his father till 1747, when he was sent to Klosterbergen, a very pietistic institution near Magdeburg.

He was also influenced at this period of his life by the study of Klopstock's 'Messias,' which he greatly admired. In a poem, 'Von der Natur der Dinge, oder der Vollkommensten Welt,' he combated Pantheism and Materialism from the stand-point of the Bible.

At seventeen he went to the University of Tübingen to study law, to which he added the study of Philology, Philosophy, and History. Here his wonderful fertility and adaptability were apparent. He wrote, among other things, 'Moralische Briefe' and an anti-Ovid. His ideals of nature, freedom, and virtue came from Klopstock, but his style is without Klopstock's confusion and diffuseness; it is clear, measured, and harmonious. He was also indebted at this time to Thomson's 'Seasons' and Richardson's novels.

In 1751 he sent his heroic poem, 'Hermann,' to Bodmer for his opinion, and the consequent interchange of letters led to an invitation from Bodmer. So far, Wieland was following in Klopstock's footsteps.

While staying with Bodmer he wrote the 'Geprüfte Abraham' (the offering up of Isaac), 'Sympathieen,' and 'Empfindungen des Christens,' in which he attacked Gleim, Uz, and others, as writers of worldly songs, and placed the merit of the worst hymn above that of the most charming

song. But Wieland's piety was only caused by his education and surroundings, and, withdrawn from Bodmer's influence, he soon threw off his religion, and plunged into frivolity and worse.

In 1759 Wieland went to Berne; in 1760 to Biberach. After losing his heart many times, and finding it again as easily, he married the daughter of an Augsburg merchant, and the weak, fanciful, easily influenced young man settled down into an exemplary husband and father.

Wieland, meanwhile, had reached his second period. He had left his religious enthusiasm behind him, and gone to the opposite extreme. Bodmer's pupil became a follower of Voltaire! This was brought about by the study of English and French Rationalistic literature, especially Shaftesbury, Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert. He had a public post at Biberach, and was near enough to the residence of Count Stadion, a cultivated and experienced man of the world, to be drawn into his circle, where French taste was paramount. He gave himself up entirely to follow the prevailing fashion, and wrote to suit his company, as in 'Don Sylvio von Rosalva,' an imitation of 'Don Quixote,' and others.

In 'Agathon' he describes the change that had taken place in himself. 'An enthusiastic Platonist, Agathon, is opposed to a Sophist, Hippias, who tries to convince him of the falseness of his ideal, and turn him to the grossest materialism; insisting that the only spring of human action is a selfish desire after advantage and enjoyment. Agathon indignantly refuses to believe this, but falls before the lovely and charming Danæ. Thus giving to the cheerful French Philosophy a triumph over atheistic Materialism as well as over Christian enthusiasm.*

In laying the scenes of his romances in Greece and other countries, his object is not to describe the life in those countries, but by making use of foreign names and forms of speech, to represent German life more freely. In his poem, 'Musarion' (1768), a middle course is recommended between sensual enjoyment and excessive pious enthusiasm.

The death of Count Stadion broke up the circle at Warthausen, and Wieland joyfully accepted a call to the University of Erfurt as Professor of Philosophy (1769).

At this time Wieland's third period begins, and to this period belong his best writings. He turned his attention to the philosophy of History and wrote the didactic romance 'Der goldene Spiegel,' in which he gives his ideas of state's government, home and foreign politics. He also wrote the 'New Amadis' in 1771.

In 1772 Wieland left Erfurt and went to Weimar as tutor to the sons of the widowed Duchess Amalie von Wiemar. The Crown Prince, Karl August, was the same who became such a patron of German Art and Literature, the friend of Goethe and Schiller.

* Kluge, 'National-Litteratur.'

After 1775, when Karl August took the government into his own hands, Wieland lived on at Weimar, with pleasant leisure to devote to study, writing, and friendly intercourse with Goethe, and, later, with Herder and Schiller. Wieland was an enthusiastic admirer of true genius.

He established at Weimar his literary journal, 'Der deutschen Merkur,' and wrote 'Die Abderiten,' one of his best romances, and his greatest poem, 'Oberon' (1780), which was much admired by Goethe, and praised by Lessing. The story is taken principally from the old French romance of 'Hüon de Bordeaux,' and from Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' It is composed of three principal actions: the adventures which Hüon undertakes at the command of the emperor; the story of his love for Rezia; and the reconciliation of Oberon and Titania; each part is dependent on the other.

Wieland also wrote 'Peregrinus Proteus,' a romance in the form of a dialogue, and 'Aristipp,' in the form of letters between Aristippus and the important men and women of his time. He translated Shakespeare's plays, Lucian, Horace, etc.

After a long, prosperous life Wieland died at Weimar, January 20th, 1813, and was buried at Osmanstadt.

Although 'Die Abderiten' is one of the best of Wieland's prose works, it should be read, as he says himself, when one has nothing else to do. 'Busy readers are seldom good readers; now they are pleased with everything, now with nothing; now they half understand us, now not at all; and now (which is worse) wrongly. He who wishes to read with pleasure and profit must have nothing else to do or to think about.' Bearing this in mind, the story of the Abderites, or the city of fools, will be found most entertaining. The portraits are excellent. Salabanda, the political lady, who arranged all the affairs of the town at her garden-parties, and whose husband was only known *as* her husband; Thryallis, the beauty, who fancied herself irresistible; the short, fat 'Rathsherr,' who laughed at everything; the zealous patriot, who says that, rather than see one of his fellow-citizens take from another by force, even the shadow of a hollow nut, he would see the whole town burnt to the ground! The High Priest of Latona, who 'sat in the centre of a web of his own thoughts and words, spinning out the few ideas which he had been able to acquire in his isolated life into a fine-spun web, large enough to cover over and over the countless empty cells of his own brain,' and who wrote such a treatise in defence of the sacred frogs of Latona, that it took two strong porters to carry it.

But these people of Abdera were not only fools, some of them were knaves as well, and of some of them there was some doubt as to whether they were too foolish for knaves, or too knavish for fools. The lawyers are rather severely dealt with.

'If one wanted facts falsified, or the laws turned and twisted, one had only to give the thing into the hands of a "sycophant," and one might

generally be quite easy as to the result. I say "generally," for certainly there were instances in which the "sycophant," having first been handsomely paid by his own client, secretly helped the opponent to his rights; but that never happened except when the latter gave him at least two-thirds more than his client had done!'

The first part of the book exposes the folly of the Abderites generally, in their intercourse with the philosopher Democritus, whom they find so different from themselves that at last they think he must be mad, and send for Hippocrates to confirm their opinion, so that his property may be appropriated by one of his relations. Their surprise is great when they are told that Democritus is the only sound man in the place!

Then Wieland goes on to satirise the theatre, where every performance is received with immense applause, because all the pieces are composed by Abderites, and each must applaud the other to win applause in his turn. Here there is, I think, a hit at the rival schools of the 'Hainbund,' which advocated the representation of peaceful, natural scenes and events, opposed all flights of imagination and extravagance, and considered themselves followers of Klopstock; and the men of 'Sturm und Drang,' who thought all rules of Art unnecessary, and admired everything that was wild, fantastic, and extravagant. Both these schools opposed Wieland; the former, because he had introduced the evils of the French romance into German literature; the latter, because he did not admit that the neglect of all rules of Art constituted genius. 'It occurred to Thlaps to bring pieces on the boards, which were neither comedies, tragedies, nor farces, but a kind of living family portraits of the Abderites, where neither heroes nor fools, but good, honest, domestic Abderites came forward, carrying on their daily town, market, household, and family business, and who acted and spoke exactly as though they were in their own houses, and were the only people in the world.' And Hyperbolus, criticising the works of Sophocles, is made to say: 'But the streams of fire, the lightning-thought, the thunder-claps, the tearing hurricane; in short, the gigantic strength, the lion's rage, the *Sturm und Drang* which make the true tragic poet, where are they?'

The account of the law-suit is very amusing. A dentist hires an ass to ride to a neighbouring town. The driver goes with him to bring the ass back. It is a very hot day and they have to go by an open heath, where there is not a morsel of shade. At last the dentist can bear the heat no longer; he gets off the ass and lies down for a few moments to rest in its shadow. The driver does not approve of this, says he let the ass, but not the shadow, and demands additional payment. This the dentist refuses, and the driver insists on his returning to Abdera to lay the case before the courts. The whole town takes it up, and divides itself into 'asses' and 'shadows.' The case is carried from court to

court, and ends by the unfortunate ass being torn to pieces by the populace, as the cause of all the disturbance.

Finally the Abderites are driven from their own town by a plague of mice and rats, and by the frogs, which they considered sacred, and cherished till the place was covered with ponds for their accommodation.

Wieland says this story of the Abderites will be read until such time as it will affect no one, entertain no one, vex no one any more. In short, when the Abderites will no longer resemble any one, so their actions will no longer be understood. Which time, he says, from the rapid increase of wisdom among the boys, and of educational works, which promise great things, cannot be far distant.

Kluge says in his 'National-Litteratur,' 'Wieland lent a smoothness and grace to the German language, and by this means attracted to it the higher classes, who had till now preferred the elegance of the French language. He brought rhyme (banished by Klopstock) again into fashion. He restored irony, wit, and humour to their proper place, and re-opened to German poetry the territory of the Romance.' But, at the same time, he introduced the evil tendencies of the French romances into Germany, and he had many imitators in this, who carried these evils to an excess which greatly disgusted Wieland himself.

Read 'The Abderites,' and first five Cantos of 'Oberon.'

Johann Gottfried Herder (1744–1803) was born August 25th at Mohrungen, in East Prussia.

He was the son of a poor schoolmaster, and his early life was passed in poverty. He studied at Königsberg, where he attended Kant's lectures. Johann Georg Hamann, the 'Magus of the North,' assisted greatly in his development. He was a very original thinker, and one of the 'Mystics'—that is, one who defended Faith against Reason, and maintained that reason alone was not sufficient for the knowledge of the deepest truths. He wrote, from time to time, fragmentary essays with peculiar titles, as 'Æsthetica in Nuce,' etc. By him Herder was led to the study of the Greeks, Shakespeare, and Ossian.

After leaving Königsberg Herder went to St. Petersburg to study medicine, but fainted at sight of his first 'operation,' so gave up medicine and took to theology. In 1764 he went to Riga as teacher at the Cathedral school, and preacher. Here he published 'Fragmente über die neuere deutsche Litteratur' (1767), and 'Kritischen Wälder' (1769). The style of the latter somewhat resembles that of Lessing, of whom he always showed himself an observant, enthusiastic, but critical reader.

In 1769 Herder left Riga in order to study the methods of education among foreigners. He went to Nantes, and from there to Paris. In Paris he accepted an invitation to accompany the Prince of Holstein to Italy. He went to Hamburg, where he met Lessing, and to Kiel, where

he was presented to the Prince. In the summer of 1770 he started with the Prince, and went by Hamburg, Hanover, and Göttingen, to Darmstadt, where he met his future wife, Karoline Flachsland. From there they went to Strassburg, and here Herder remained, giving up the post of companion to the Prince in order to be cured of an affection of the eyes. Goethe was studying law in Strassburg at this time, and became a pupil of Herder's, and his firm friend.

In 1771 Herder went to Bückeburg as Court Chaplain to Duke Wilhelm, married in 1773, and in 1776 received, through Goethe's influence, the appointment to the post of 'General-Superintendent' of the Church-district of Weimar, and Chaplain to the Court. Wieland had come to Weimar in 1772, and Goethe in 1775, so Herder was the third important poet to settle there.

For some time his friendship with Goethe flourished, but in his later years a coolness grew up between them. Herder exalted out of all proportion the productions of the past century, and he was much hurt by some of the epigrams which Goethe and Schiller wrote together, thinking they were an attack upon him. His violence against Kant also isolated him. He attacked Kant's philosophy in the 'Metakritik' and 'Kalligone.'

Herder's original poems are not so good as his translations, which are among the most classic works of German Literature. His art rested upon the deepest insight into language and poetry, their origin, their development, and their connection. Here he showed himself the scholar of Hamann, who said: 'Poetry is the mother-tongue of the human race.'

Herder's 'Stimmen der Völker' (1778–9) is a collection of the ballads of many nations, and is considered one of his best works. It comprises songs from the North, South, North-West, Scandinavian, and old German songs, and some specimens of half savage tribes. The old Scotch and English ballads in 'Songs from the North-West' are very interesting.

The 'Geist der Hebraischen Poesie' was written in 1782. In 1784–91 Herder wrote four volumes of the 'Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit.' 'A grand picture of nature and humanity, beginning with the position of the Earth in the Universe—"a star among stars"—and rising from the Earth to Man; his organisation and its meaning, and his dependence on nature; the beginning of his culture, and the peoples by whom it was developed. Rich material, arranged with a cultured hand' (Scherer). The work ends with the Middle Ages.

In 1793–7 he wrote 'Briefe zur Beförderung der Humanität.'

Perhaps his most popular work is his 'Cid,' from the Spanish. It is written in a very interesting style, in simple, easy German.

Herder lived at Weimar till his death in December 1803, nine months

after the death of Klopstock. Herder studied the literature of all peoples and times, and tried to re-create the authors whom he criticised —tried to place himself in their position as to time, place, and feeling. He awakened a taste for the imaginative literature of all nations, and, so far, belonged to the time of 'Sturm und Drang,' in that he tried to open out new paths, and belonged to the enthusiastic, forward-pressing spirit of the times.

His theology varied considerably at different periods of his development, and was not what was considered orthodox at any time. Like Lessing, he drew a strong distinction between the 'Christian Religion' and the 'Religion of Christians.' 'Humanity' is his last word in History and Religion.

Read 'Stimmen der Völker in Liedern' and 'Der Cid.'

M. W.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—II.

Questions.

6. Give a sketch, with dates, of the life of Klopstock.
7. What is Klopstock's most important work?
8. What are his best writings?
9. Give a sketch, with dates, of the life of Wieland.
10. What are Wieland's principal writings? and to what periods of his life do they severally belong?
11. From what source is 'Oberon' drawn?
12. What was the influence of Wieland on the German language?
13. Give a sketch of the life of Herder.
14. What is the tendency of his writings?
15. What is considered his best work?
16. What are his principal writings?
17. In what respects may Herder be said to belong to the time of 'Sturm und Drang'?

Answers to be sent not later than March 4th, to Miss Watson, Brightwell, Tetsworth, Oxon.

Church History Society.

THE CRUSADES.

Questions for February.

5. Enumerate the Crusades, with their dates, Preachers (when known), one or two Leaders, and the result of each stated in two or three lines.*

6. Give a full account of the First Crusade, showing the attitude maintained by the Eastern Church or Empire.

7. Mention any famous British Crusaders, with a longer account of one.

8. How far were the Crusades a success or a failure?

* There are several numberings, mention what authority you follow.

N.B.—Though Cox's 'Crusades' are very useful and handy, the spirit is not all that is desired for the C.H.S., and should be mentally corrected. 'Landmarks of History' (Middle Ages), would help here.

November Class List.

First Class.

Etheldreda, Water Wagtail . . 39	Papaver, De Maura, Blue-bell 34	Firenze, Sycorax, Sophy 31
Andromache . . . 35		
Ierne 33		

Second Class.

Malacoda 29	Verena 25	Καθολικος, Maidenhair . . . 23
Honeysuckle . . . 28	Hegesippus . . . 24	
Charissa 27	Veritas 23	Fidelia 20

Third Class.

* Violets 15

* Two answers only.

REMARKS.

37. Bog-Oak regrets that this month's subjects did not come before last month's, as dealing with the questions in general, which there were dealt with in one national Church. The character of Hildebrand has been done with most insight by *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Blue-bell*, and *Andromache*. The points none should have omitted were: 1. Purity and unselfishness of his aim. 2. Iron strength of purpose, or intellectual courage. 3. Untiring energy in act. 4. Influence over others. 5. Moderation, or 'serpent wisdom,' arising from a sense of responsibility. 6. His pure life of interior devotion and humility. Besides these, several Members notice his physical calmness; imaginative belief; affection; enthusiasm; and love of justice. All the first six are capable of demonstration from his life, though

not always in the most desirable ways. His sense of responsibility, e.g. leading sometimes to such moderation as seemed weakness; at others to a tact, called by his foes (perhaps not unjust) craft. Truly his love of righteousness and hatred of iniquity, *as he understood them*, are the keep to a character otherwise inconsistent, and explain the severity and cruelty towards his enemies, who were to his mind the foes of God and His Church.

38. *Etheldreda's* and *Water Wagtail's* accounts of the battle on the marriage of the clergy are learned and comprehensive, starting from the decretal of Siricius and Council of Elvira. We must recollect that this question then and now is on different grounds. 1st. It was then against Old Canon Law, and so against the conscience of the clergy and the sense of the laity. On the whole, it was not the best men who did violence to their consciences and took wives. They too often took advantage of the doubtful status of their wives, and were not the moral class which ultra-Protestant writers make them out to have been; while the best and greatest men of the day were Celibates. 2nd. It was only in the days of Feudalism that the clergy could have run the risk of becoming not only a close but an hereditary caste. We cannot compare 11th-century married clergy with ours, who have a clear conscience as to law, and for whom there is no danger of being an hereditary caste. It is curious how very early limitations on their liberty began. Only in quite primitive times, and since the Reformation in our Church, has the liberty of other 'children of God' been accorded to the clergy. *Firenze:* It is said that St. Paul, as a member of the Sanhedrin, must have been married. *Fidelia* only gives the struggle in Milan. *Sophy* and *Honeysuckle:* The Eastern Church forbids the marriage of priests as strongly as the West, but requires it as a previous qualification for Orders.

39. Accounts of St. Peter, Damian, etc., best done by *Water Wagtail*. *Etheldreda* and *Papaver* omit his friendship for Hildebrand. Καθολικος and *Maidenhair:* Matilda's first husband was Godfrees of Lorraine, son to her stepfather. *Papaver*, *Sycorax*, and *Maidenhair:* It is most doubtful whether the Emperor was really subjected to the awful test of asking to be struck dead at his Communion if guilty. As Bog-Oak gave the date of the *Concordat* of Worms, 1122, Καθολικος need not have given a Diet half a century before, which was anything but a *Concordat*.

40. The Ideal of the Papacy meant was, first, the magnificent, if aggressive, idea of a Spiritual Head for all Christendom. Next, that this Spiritual Power was much greater than the Temporal; following this, by a fallacious argument it was proved that the greater must include the less. This was evolved in several directions. The Papacy took the place of that Eternal Wisdom Which alone can say, 'By Me kings reign and princes decree justice.' The two swords were St. Peter's; the Spiritual wielded by the Pope himself; the secular handed *by him* to this or that Prince, who could be deposed at his discretion. In another direction this notion covered all that is understood by the 'Temporal Power' of the Popes, when they ruled as earthly sovereigns. Had they but realised that the Hierarchical and Monarchical office are both Divine, both immediately from above—and that the Spiritual Power was their true strength, they might have held a united Christendom in Spiritual fetters to this day. The Temporal Power was the rock on which they split. *Firenze* sees no bad points in the mediæval Papacy, yet we cannot turn one page of History without seeing the evils into which the above Ideal led in the strife of Popes with Emperors and National Churches. And is not *Firenze* confusing the validity with the efficacy of the Sacraments, when she says Milman errs in saying that Gregory VII. decreed all Sacraments invalid, which were performed by simoniacal or married priests? This he did—but an invalidly performed act is not always inefficacious. It is the efficacy of the Sacraments which depends not on the Priest, the validity does in many ways. But Bog-Oak confesses, from Milman's remarks, he seems a little confused about the two ideas. The Ideal of the Papacy has been well worked out by *Etheldreda* and *Sycorax*.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

Rules for Prize Competitions to be found in January Number.

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is it well to encourage amusements for working girls, or to teach them to go without?

(The subject divides into two parts :

1. Amusements provided by philanthropic agencies.
2. Amusements provided by themselves or their equals.)

Chelsea China supposes that the Debaters have been so busy in providing amusements that they have had no time to discuss them, as very few papers on the subject have come in.

Recent discussions in a contemporary periodical especially devoted to the welfare of working girls suggested the idea to Chelsea China's mind.

With regard to the first division of the subject, she does not suppose that many people would maintain in *theory* that any young creatures could be expected to do without amusements, though of course there would be a great difference of opinion as to *what* amusements were safe and desirable. But there is no doubt that hard fate, or the selfishness or thoughtlessness, not to say the stern necessities, of employers, do often turn, for the first years of many poor little drudges, 'the books and work and healthful play' of Dr. Watts, into the 'work, work, work—work all day,' by which the schoolmistress in the 'Old Curiosity Shop' travestied it for poor little Nell. When a woman never has any play herself, she must be a very good Christian to realise that it is necessary for her maid-of-all-work, and Chelsea China certainly thinks that in providing such amusement, consideration should be had to the hard pressure of this work-a-day world. But she believes that play, and some one to play with, is a necessity of life from beginning to end. When you have outgrown dolls, you join a tennis club, perhaps that gives place to a 'Browning Society.' Don't elderly gentlemen get conversation and company at their clubs? And is it quite certain that charitable committees, etc., don't sometimes form a refreshing diversion to ladies whose duties are domestic and social.

She considers the first division of the question as pretty well settled in itself, though open to discussion as to the kind and manner of amusements provided.

But the second part of the subject is open to much more discussion, and Chelsea China hopes that experienced hands may take it up. It is hedged about with difficulty. On the one hand, a good working girl is likely to take

a severer view than the kind young lady who only wishes her to have similar pleasures to her own, and hardly knows the drawbacks. On the other, any genuine gaiety got up by working folk would probably jar too much on a lady's notions for her to be able to share or even authorise it, if she knew all the details. Yet, is it necessarily harmful in its place and degree? Don't people know what they want themselves?

And, if all a girl's lawful amusements are connected more or less with her religious duties, her membership of a guild, for instance, or attendance at a Bible Class, hasn't that sort of thing its own evil?

Let *Undine's* maidens discuss the question, and wiser folk answer it next month.

COMING OUT OF THE BIBLE CLASS.

Maud. Our tea on the 31st. That's three outings I shall get. Guild, G.F.S. Temperance, and Bible Class; and I paid to the Wesleyan and the Baptist, so that makes five!

Ada. La, Maud, how can you belong to such a many societies? I could never keep them up.

Maud. 'Tis the only way as girls like us can get a bit of fun, respectable.

Florence. It isn't much of fun, only among each other. I like to go where I can have a 'friend.'

Maud. So you can at the Temperance, anyhow.

Ada. It's just as respectable to go down to the Recreation Ground, or to the theatre, with a 'friend' that you've agreed to walk with, when you knows all about him.

Lucy. Well, I like a dance now and then, and when mother doesn't see any objection——

Maud. I'm not going to any more dances without I know who's going to see me home, nor then, without they're strict Temperance, anyhow.

Ada. There's Bank Holidays and excursions.

Lucy. My! I did get a wetting last Easter Monday, and spoiled my new spring hat, and Kate and Polly Jones were that noisy, I was ashamed of them at tea at the coffee tavern.

Maud (dejectedly). Well, you can go making objections to anything. It's very hard if we can't have a bit of fun. I declare I get the jumps all over sometimes for want of it, and if we come every Sunday, wet or dry, to our class, I think we deserve a little pleasure. Not that I'd go away from Miss Lee, who's been a kind teacher, because other classes have bigger treats. That's mean!

Girls in chorus. Oh, downright shabby! One ought to consider a teacher's feelings.

Ada. Well, if I never got a little change any other way, I won't say what I'd do!

Working girls require amusements more than most people. After being on the strain all day long they need relaxation. Why should they be debarred from everything that makes life pleasant? Very few of them have their homes in the towns where they work, and they will feel very little pleasure in their work if they have nothing else to think about.

Thus, I think working girls ought to have their lives brightened by amusements, which, if of the right kind and taken in the right spirit, will make them all the fitter for their work.

(1.) Part of their amusements should be provided by philanthropic agencies, because they can better give them a higher standard than the girls themselves could do, and they can elevate and instruct as well as entertain.

(2.) The girls themselves ought also to provide amusements for *each other*, as it is a great joy to give pleasure to one's friends, and this would establish that bond of union which ought to exist between fellow-workers. NIHIL.

Is happiness dependent on temperament, character, or circumstances?

Certainly not on *circumstances:*

'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.'

A soul at rest can do with its circumstances as that good, practical St. Guthlac of Croyland did with the devils which infested the fens. He could not get rid of them, so he pressed them into his service and sent them to Barnack to fetch stone wherewith to build his Abbey. True happiness is independent of circumstances. It is much more, in some people, a matter of *temperament:* some would even say the liver has much to do with it. A sensitive temperament suffers and enjoys tenfold more than one that is phlegmatic. But temperament does not *make* happiness. Those to whom happiness it most necessary are the very people whose sensitiveness would make it impossible if they allowed themselves to be slaves to temperament. Nor does it depend entirely on *character.* Character, taken as the whole moral and spiritual tone of a person, rises above the stumbling-blocks of a sensitive temperament and adverse circumstances, but does not necessarily make a person happy.

Happiness is *self-effacement.* When a person cannot only say, but realise, the force of the words—

'None of self, and all of Thee,'

then *real* happiness begins to grow and thrive. It has it's root in love to God: it has its fruit in love to man—it is, in fact—

'A great love and much serving.'

DAME MARY.

Postscript, cruelly suggested by *Dame Mary's* sister:

'It would be *impossible* to be happy if living *in debt.*'

'Certainly,' agrees *D. M.*, and feels rather squashed.

In her squashed condition she suddenly thinks and feels sure that if she were obliged to live in utter poverty and squalor she could not be happy; and as she certainly would not be happy *in debt*, she is vanquished, and owns herself a victim to *circumstances.*

It is slightly humbling. DAME MARY.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

Some of us think the New Year Article a little hard upon the generality of the girls of the present day when she says they heed no knowledge which is not to be utilised in an examination. When examinations were new, and the examinees were chiefly schoolgirls who came from uncultured families, and went in for them as a good commercial speculation in prospect of a teacher's career, it is very possible that this may have been the case. It is not, however, the case now; every one knows that the Junior Cambridge is the only examination in which the memory of facts alone will secure a good pass, and small handbooks would be of little use in the Senior, of no use in the Higher, while for University work the fundamental authorities themselves have to be read up and commented on; and this thorough work cannot be done without branching out into the side issues which the Editor conceives to be neglected. The conscientious working up of a play of Shakespeare's at school, which is generally supposed to turn the divine Williams into a distasteful lesson book, has not in my experience had that effect—it has, on the contrary, made Shakespeare's language so intelligible to High School girls of twelve and fourteen that they have begged to read a play in parts instead of having a story read to them, and have greatly enjoyed it.

Yours faithfully,
DRAGON.

QUESTION FOR FEBRUARY.

Chelsea China thinks that a debate on a literary subject may make a pleasant change.

Is Robert Browning one of the greatest teachers of this generation?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before March 1st.

SECOND SHELF.

EGG-SHELL CHINA.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

SECOND COMPLICATION.

Write a letter from an elder sister, in charge of motherless children, to a clever young daily governess, who teaches them well, but is untidy, and talks slang. N.B.—She does not want to part with the governess.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

1. What was the saddest pun that ever was made?
2. When did a globe flower help to break a heart?
3. Who had pleasant memories connected with an old ruin half way up a hill?
4. What heroine was once sadly disappointed by a gentleman's washing bills?
5. What Prince was nearly too late for supper from too intense an interest in the history of his country?
6. Who were Ereenia, Roswal, Godfrey Cass, Flapsey, Mrs. Batseyes, Katie Willows?

THIRD SHELF.

CUPS AND SAUCERS AND ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Chelsea China will remember *Periwinkle's* suggestions. Correspondence, Queries, Odds and Ends, Scraps in verse and prose, are all welcome for the Third Shelf.

Bird of Ages invites answers.

Thanks to *Dame Mary* for kind wishes.

Will Miss Emily Taylor and the Author of the 'Mistress of Bythorpe Hall' send their addresses.

Bog-Oak would be very grateful for any books, old or new (especially stories), suitable for (*a*) Junior Y. M. L. S., mostly errand boys; (*b*) Industrial girls, which might be sent to her, care of Messrs. Brown & Gradidge, Jubilee House, Andover. Carriage gladly paid.

Could any of your readers kindly give me the second and third Stanzas of Crashaw's beautiful translation of S. Thomas Aquinas' 'Hymn on the Nativity?' It begins.

'Gloomy night embraced the place]
Where the noble Infant lay;
The Babe looked up and showed His face—
In spite of darkness it was day;
It was *Thy* day, sweet, and did rise,
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.'

Sister Emily, C.H.C., Holy Cross House, 2 Connaught Gardens, Dover.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ALL-ALONE STONE.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

I perceive that your Cupboard is becoming the arena of competitions, and I am rather anxious to get some questions solved concerning them, though not for myself, for I am the remnant of a departing race, not apt to try their wings against one another, as perhaps you will say they had very little wing to try.

What I want to know is how perfect fairness and honour is secured where there is no test.

Is it only fair to answer questions merely by one's own knowledge off-hand?

Is it fair to consult books?

Is it fair to ask friends, and make the answer a combination of their knowledge?

Is it fair to bind a friend over to help nobody else?

My unsophiscated nature would draw the line after the first two, in all matters of competition *where anything is to be gained.* Indeed, I should feel it honourable to confess my authority even in the second instance, unless the terms were otherwise expressed, so as to call for study.

But no conditions are affixed to your questions, and no doubt this is best, where there is no means of knowing that they are fulfilled.

No doubt you trust the honour of English girls, but I have had reason to think that what I should think the code of uprightness and truth and justice in all dealings is so often disengaged in perfect innocence and *gaiété de cœur*, that I really should like to understand whether the idea is merely success by any means; or whether there is a law of honour to be observed, for one's own sake as well as other people's. BIRD OF AGES.

Will the author of an odd chapter, signed '*Meg*,' send the rest of her MS. and address?

REVIEW.

A Girl of the People, by L. J. Meade (Methuen), is one of the best books we have read this new year. Bet—handsome, splendid, defiant Bet Grainger—flies into her sick mother's room, furious at finding 'Jane Eyre' has been burnt. But on her mother's face is a look Bet knows at once, and in an instant a softened expression comes into her beautiful eyes, and, with her head thrown back, she makes her dying mother a promise which very nearly changes her whole life. Paradise Row, where Bet takes the little Cap'n and Gen'ral from their drunken father, is so life-like, that Hester, with her wonderful voice and sweet face, Will Scarlett, with his honest love, and Dent, with his wicked, unscrupulous designs, all stand before us as real people. As we read it, Mother Bunch, wielding her powerful 'Ah-rum,' becomes so vivid, that we do not wonder at her compatriots succeeding where even judge and jury failed. We very unwillingly leave the book while the prisoner is making his confession, accompanied by the frequent uplifting of Mother Bunch's 'Ah-rum' and a triumphant noise of Irish jigs and scrapings of fiddles; and upstairs, in the little Cap'n's sick room, we hear, 'I believe in God Almighty,' coming with a grateful, earnest sound from Bet's trembling lips.

FRENCH COMPETITION.

November List.

Aslauga	105	Geduld	99	Doris	70
Mignonette . . .	102	Faria	95	Southern Cross . .	63
Phil	100	Feu-Follet . . .	90		

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

MARCH, 1891.

LILIAN AND LILI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' 'A CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION,' ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

'My gracious!' said Elizabeth Pease, between her teeth, and she looked with alarm right and left as they drove along, lest any one should be passing.

Lili had brought a little hand mirror and a brush and comb out of her travelling bag, and, taking off her hat, was proceeding to inspect herself and arrange her hair and neck tie. She gave a final little brush to her eyebrows, refreshed herself with some eau de Cologne, put on her hat again, and leant back in the carriage with a sign of relief.

'One looks such a fright if one appears after a journey without making a little end of toilette,' she observed. 'If I had known we were so near the last station I would have arranged myself earlier.'

'Miss! before all them ladies and gentlemen!'

'Why not? But is the country here all as villainous as this?' asked Lili, looking out with some dismay. She saw nothing on either hand but brown moorland, rising at times into wave like swells, and then again sinking low enough to give a glimpse of the sea on her left, whose gloomy waves she could hear all the while, whether visible or invisible, tumbling on the sands.

'Miss?' said Elizabeth, considerably puzzled by the French-English word which Lili had used.

'Is it as frightful, I mean?'

'Frightful, miss!' repeated Elizabeth, almost more offended than when she heard Chris called vulgar. 'Well, I never heard any one call our parts frightful before, and I shouldn't have thought as no one who was any ways of the family would have said such a thing. There never was a Bruce yet that wasn't proud of Rescar—this is Rescar land all the way as far as you can see, and further for that matter; the Bruces have lived here over seven hundred years, as I've heard tell, one generation after another, and none of 'em cared to live nowhere else, not even in Yorkshire,' she added, with emphasis, as if no proof of local affection could go beyond that. Indignation had unlocked her tongue, and she looked so surprised and shocked that Lili was almost ashamed of herself, and felt that she had shown herself no true daughter of the house.

'I have always lived abroad; it looks horribly sombre to me,' she said, between petulance and apology.

'Ah, to be sure, miss,' answered Elizabeth, compassionately. 'That's it, no doubt.' She felt that Lili's shortcomings were only natural, considering her misfortune in being brought up abroad, and that she ought to be judged leniently.

'All Rescar property! And is the Yorkshire estate large too?' Lili asked.

'Yes, miss, so I have heard; I have never been there. The house is let, but Mr. Chris looks after the farms and all that.'

'There seem no houses anywhere,' said Lili, still looking out ruefully.

'Yes, miss, there are,' answered Elizabeth, jealous for the honour of Rescar. 'Down yonder by the sea is Muston, where plenty of people come in summer for sea-bathing, and out there, beyond those cliffs, is Mr. Egerton's house; he built it himself, but it is on Rescar land, and beyond that there is quite a town growing up; you'll see it one day, no doubt.'

'A town! that is well,' said Lili, cheering up, and little imagining what a town arising under such circumstances would be like. 'The country is detestable,' and she shivered as the strong sea wind blew over the moorland, and vainly tried to keep it out by wrapping her travelling cloak around her.

'Well, I'll not say but I like York better than the country,' Elizabeth admitted, feeling for the first time some sympathy with this outlander, 'this Captain's daughter.'

'There's our house, miss,' she said presently, and Lili, standing

up hastily in the carriage to look, saw a dwelling whose grey strength and solidity gave it something of the look of a fortress as it stood upon the cliffs immediately above the sea.

Everything looked grey in the evening light, sky and sea and mansion, and the gulls which flew overhead, and the sails of a great ship upon the horizon. Lili's heart sank low and lower; she was very sensitive to her surroundings, and she began all at once to be afraid of meeting the cousin whose portrait she had drawn so unflatteringly for Petite, and quite believed in. The carriage stopped; the footman handed her out; the hall door opened, and Lili, looking past the old butler, saw some one standing in the hall, Miss Bruce, no doubt, but one so unlike what she had expected that she stood quite still in bewilderment. Instead of the angular Englishwoman, with long teeth and drooping ringlets, she saw a girl younger than herself advancing to meet her.

'I am glad you have got here safely,' she said, with shy friendliness. 'Miss Bruce thought, perhaps, I could help to make you welcome.'

'Are you not my cousin, then?' said Lili, always slow to free herself from a preconceived idea, and now doubly confused by the sight of some one so unlike what she had expected, and then by finding it was not Miss Bruce after all.

'Oh, no; I am Pearl Egerton. I live about three miles from here. Will you come and see Miss Bruce, or would you rather go to your room first?'

'I should prefer to change my dress before seeing my cousin, thank you; one looks one's worst after a journey, and it is a pity to begin by making a poor impression,' said Lili.

Pearl opened her grey-blue eyes and arched her dark brows a little. Her quick sympathy told her that Lilian was nervously anxious to have the first meeting over, but she did not know how to insist in the face of this unexpected view.

'Then let me show you your room; your boxes will be taken up at once,' she said, and Lili silently followed her up the oak staircase, which swept right and left into the lofty hall, noting the family portraits on the walls as she ascended, and observing Pearl Egerton.

'Why is she here?' she thought. 'She seems quite at home. She is very English; she has no figure'—Lili had successfully cultivated a waist like a wasp—'and she does not know how to walk, but she is aristocratic; she has race.'

On her part Pearl was reflecting, 'She is pretty, but what tight lacing, and how comical those little, tripping steps are, and—oh,' dear, I am afraid she is rather underbred! What a pity!'

'Is that your picture?' Lili asked, stopping abruptly before a portrait by Gainsborough on the first landing.

'Mine! No; that is Miss Bruce's great grandmother.'

'It is like you,' Lili said, evidently not quite pleased. She felt it presumptuous of some one who was not a Bruce to resemble a family portrait, and indeed, Pearl Egerton, with her brown hair drawn up off her forehead, her oval face and high-bred air, looked very much as if she had sat for one of Gainsborough's or Sir Joshua Reynold's portraits. Pearl was pleased; she loved Rescar and all belonging to it; all the happiest hours of her life had been spent there, and for Lilian Bruce she felt the warm and chivalrous devotion, which she seemed unconsciously to awaken in every one who came in contact with her. 'I should like to fight dragons for her!' Chris Thorley had been heard to say.

'Miss Bruce has a miniature of the same ancestress,' Pearl said.

'Where is my cousin?' asked Lili, with a little offence.

'Miss Bruce? Do you not know that she can only move from her bed to a sofa since her accident?' answered Pearl, sadly.

'She did not say so when she wrote. Really?'

'She says so little about herself. This is your room,' said Pearl, opening the door of a bedroom with two oriel windows, one looking to the sea, and the other down on what seemed like a bowling green, sunk so far below the level of the house that a flight of steps led down to it; while the high, steep, turfed slopes enclosing it on the other three sides, with narrow openings at the angles facing the house to give admittance to the lawn, gave the effect of surrounding glacis, and indeed they were intended as fortifications, but it was against the tremendous winds from the sea, which at times raged as if they would uproot the house itself. Lili glanced round the room, and her face expressed approval. She liked the little bed with its pretty curtains, the soft carpet, and the fresh and tasteful furniture.

'Miss Bruce had it all done up when she heard you were coming,' Pearl said, noticing the look. 'I hope you like it.'

'Oh, yes, all is very nice,' answered Lili, indifferently, afraid that to show too great satisfaction might imply that she was not

used to equally pretty surroundings, and thinking to herself, 'This girl seems very much at home here, this Miss Egerton; I do not see that it is her affair to hope I like it.'

'Can I help you?' Pearl asked. 'No? Then I will go and tell Miss Bruce that you have come, and fetch you presently.'

She was glad to escape, but a little uneasy as to how she should answer if Lilian asked her impressions of the new-comer. Lilian was lying on her couch, a little flush on her cheeks, and Pearl could see that her hands trembled as she worked. She asked nothing at all except whether the traveller seemed very tired.

'It must be a trying time for her, poor child,' she said, compassionately, 'coming among unknown faces, and everything strange to her.'

Pearl thought, though she did not say it, that Lili appeared quite equal to the situation; but in truth Miss Bruce had guessed her feelings not incorrectly. Unused to feel or to reflect much, she had at first hardly taken in any wider view of her visit to Rescar than that it might be to her ultimate advantage, and therefore she must go, but she would take care and make it clear that she would not be put upon, and was no dependant; Rescar ought to have been her own, and she should show that she knew it. She had too little power of realising anything not immediately before her eyes to have imagined what Rescar might be like, or to have any but the vaguest idea of the position and consequence of her family. Her mother had detested England and all connected with it, except her husband, to whom, with all his faults, she was devoted, and not without reason, for his marriage had been the best and most generous action of his life, though it was the one that old Squire Thomas could least forgive. Probably her experiences had not been happy ones as a nursery governess, and she had always spoken of England and English life with contempt and aversion. Captain Bruce, on the other hand, had rarely talked of his family or of the inheritance which he had profoundly regretted, though his careless good temper prevented him from visiting its loss on his wife. Now that Lili found herself in the old family home where all was so silent and decorous and entirely outside anything in her small experience, her heart failed her; in spite of what Pearl Egerton had said, it seemed unaccountable to her that Miss Bruce did not come to greet her; she thought that it must be more because she would not than that she could not. Her own fancy portrait of Lilian

still kept possession of her imagination. Elizabeth grimly unpacked her boxes and helped her to change her dress, disapproving of her all the time, as Lili felt, though usually she was not in the habit of perceiving or troubling herself about the opinion of her inferiors. She was inspecting herself anxiously and critically in the long glass of the wardrobe when Pearl knocked, and asked if she would come to Miss Bruce's sitting room. Lili followed her quaking, and wishing with all her heart that she were anywhere else, even in Pension Lobineau. Everything seemed to dance before her eyes for a minute, as she heard a sweet, welcoming voice say, 'My dear child! I am so glad you are come,' and then the walls and chairs stood still, and she saw a fair, delicate face, two slender white hands held out to draw her nearer—some one, in short, as bewilderingly unlike her expectations as Pearl Egerton herself. She let herself be drawn down for a kiss—on the lips, not the cheek as she expected, and sat down in the low chair beside the couch, only to spring up with a piercing scream, as something large and furry and soft, which she had vaguely perceived and taken for a Chinchilla muff, lifted a head and looked at her with a kind of calm inquiry.

'A—h, a cat!' she cried, starting away. Miss Bruce had been very much startled, far more than was good for her, as Pearl Egerton saw very well. Her colour came and went; like Lili, she had been unusually wound up by the expectation of the meeting, but Lili was well and strong, and perfectly able to bear both the excitement of the interview, and the alarm caused her by Mitchell.

'My dear, I am so sorry. My puss is very gentle; there is nothing to be afraid of,' said Lilian. 'You were not really frightened?'

'Oh, yes, terribly; I cannot bear cats, and that one looks so fierce,' said Lili, edging away as Mitchell slowly rose, standing on his mistress and waving a feathery tail.

'He is nothing but a bundle of fur. See! Pearl, dear, will you move him? He must go to you until Lili gets used to him.'

'Oh, I never shall; I am miserable if there is a cat in the room. I detest them; they are so false and have no affection.'

Like all lovers of cats, Miss Bruce resented this conventional view, but she refrained from challenging it, though she could not quite make up her mind to banish Mitchell, who, indeed, ruled the whole household, and was waited on by those important

personages Mrs. Benson and Dobson the butler, without their dreaming that it was derogatory to their dignity. Lili came and sat down, rather pleased to have produced such a sensation.

'Thank you, my cousin,' she said. 'It may be that I am silly'—a sentiment which Pearl Egerton, vainly trying to keep Mitchell where he did not wish to be, entirely endorsed—'but it is too strong for me. What would you have?'

'I hope you do not dislike dogs as well as cats?' said Lilian, patting her colley, which was sitting with his head on her couch.

'Yes, I do not love any beasts; I think them all disagreeable, unless, indeed, a parrot.'

Involuntarily Miss Bruce and Pearl exchanged a laughing look, which Lili surprised and resented.

'I amuse you?' she said, stiffly.

'Only because Pearl and I would have said just the opposite; we both like animals—excepting parrots.'

'Indeed!' said Lili, still in the same huffy tone, changing suddenly into a startled, 'Oh, there is that creature again! He is coming! he is coming!'

'Mitchell, you are really too indiscreet!' said Miss Bruce. 'Why cannot you stay with Pearl whom you like so much? Cats never will do as one wants,' she added, rather as if this were an ample apology, 'but I think he must go and take a walk in the garden.'

'Not till he has had his milk,' said Pearl, calmly; 'Dobson will bring it directly.'

She thought Lili a little bundle of affectation, and had no intention of disturbing the even tenour of Mitchell's life on her account. Lili gave her a look of surprise and displeasure, and inwardly resolved that during the long visit which she meant to pay, both Mitchell and Pearl should learn their proper place. Fortunately, at this moment Dobson came with a saucer of warm milk, and the cat, after looking at it for a moment as if it had no interest for him whatever, descended from Lilian's lap with lordly dignity, and proceeded to lap it up, after which he signified that he would accompany the butler downstairs, and Lili ceased to shrink and look ostentatiously miserable, and sat upright, waiting to be talked to.

'Had you a good crossing?' asked Miss Bruce, unable just then to think of anything else to say. There was a little tremble of laughter in her voice; she had a keen sense of the

ludicrous, and the whole scene was so absurd, and so unlike anything that she had anticipated that she dared not meet Pearl's mischievous eyes.

'Excellent, my cousin.'

'You are a good sailor then?'

'I found myself so.'

Conversation did not flow, though both Lilian and Pearl knew how to talk. It was a relief when the gong sounded, Dobson threw open the sitting-room door, and announced dinner.

'I am sure you must be hungry after your long journey, dear; Pearl must take care of you, and by and by you will come and say good-night to me. I am afraid I cannot sit up to night,' said Lilian, who had suffered from the day's excitement. 'Pearl, my sweet, the carriage shall take you home.'

Lili noticed how tender Miss Bruce's tone was when she spoke to Pearl, and how sweet a look came over the girl's face as she went up to the couch and kissed her, saying—

'Thank you; Papa and Mamma dine out to night, and they could not well send for me. Shall we go downstairs?' she added to Lili, who followed her without replying, a pang of jealousy darting through her heart.

'This Miss Egerton is nothing at all to her, and yet she treats her like a relation. I should like her to look at me as she does at that girl,' she thought, and when they were seated at the dinner table, and Lili had got over her first surprise at the silver plate, the fruit and flowers, the silent, respectful attendance of the butler and footman, and the size of the room, so much too large now for any party ever gathered in it, she said abruptly—

'My cousin is beautiful.'

'Indeed she is,' answered Pearl, with full assent, but at the same time an uncomfortable consciousness that servants were present, which belonged to a training quite unknown to Lili.

'She looks very ill,' was Lili's next comment.

'She was overtired to day and had a bad night; your coming was an event, and it is so seldom that anything happens here.'

'Perhaps that is why she is an invalid; she is *ennuyée*. People get into the way of believing themselves invalids; one ought not to encourage it; and then they find out that they were only fanciful.'

'There is nothing fanciful about Miss Bruce,' said Pearl, with hauteur, and it is not certain that the old butler was not so far

moved as to make an audible murmur of assent. 'I—I suppose you never travelled a great deal,' she added, saying the first thing she could think of to change the subject. 'Have you seen many foreign cathedrals?'

'No, I do not care about them,' said Lili, though she had silenced Elizabeth by a hasty assertion of acquaintance with countless numbers. 'Do people talk of nothing but cathedrals in England? A gentleman whom I had never seen before pointed out one as we came from London, just as if it were an introduction, and the maid who accompanied me teased me to stop and see what she called the Minister at York—do you not call it so?'—seeing Pearl smile—'but I refused. I like shops and theatres and concerts.' Lili paused and wondered what a dish was which the footman just then offered. '*Merci.* Brussels is very nice; it is gay, the shops are pretty. Not the old part, you know, that is sombre and villainous. Your English towns look dull. Ah, yes, I was going to say, only I forgot, at York we met someone who pretended that he was a relation of my cousin's. That was why I permitted him to speak to me; you will perhaps know him.'

'Pretended?' repeated Pearl, and then recollected the sense which Lili would probably give to the word.

'Yes, he called her his cousin. I do not think he had good manners, but the maid said he was a gentleman.'

Pearl so little recognised Chris by this description that she inquired in wonder whether Lili knew this 'pretender's' name.

'It was a singular name, very English, I think he called himself Creese Torley,' answered Lili, and wondered why the young footman suddenly turned to the sideboard, and stood with his back to them, his shoulders visibly shaking.

'Chris!' repeated Pearl, her rose-leaf colour deepening. 'Did you see him at York? Of course he is Miss Bruce's cousin—her second cousin.'

'You know him? Is he—what shall I say?—genteel?'

This time Pearl laughed outright. 'He certainly is a well born gentleman, if you mean that,' she said; 'there is no one Miss Bruce consults or trusts more than Mr. Thorley.'

'You know him well I suppose? Do you love—no, like, you would say—this Mr. Thorley? I shall see much of him, I imagine; I want to know.'

Pearl might be forgiven if she were inwardly exclaiming 'Insufferable girl!' conscious as she was that even Dobson had

smiled, and that John the footman enjoyed every word, while Lili was looking at her calmly, with wide-open eyes, in which Pearl suspected mischief, unjustly however; Lili was thinking of no one but herself with regard to Chris.

'I have known him all my life, as well as my own brothers,' Pearl answered. 'Every one likes him, I believe.'

'I am glad of that,' and then, perceiving Pearl's look of haughty surprise, 'you know it may be of consequence to me, supposing my cousin intends—but I imagine she would not talk to you of that,' said Lili, checking herself, or Pearl might have been considerably more astonished even than she already was.

'If you will not have any more fruit, I think we had better go upstairs,' she said, desirous to escape, though she did not dream of the risks she had run; 'the carriage will be here directly, and I must not keep it waiting.'

She rose, and returned to the sitting room to bid Miss Bruce good-night.

'What hot cheeks!' said Lilian, stroking them with a slender, cool finger, as Pearl bent over her, and said good-night.

They were hot still as Pearl drove home. 'Oh, what a girl!' she was saying to herself, 'and Lilian so fastidious, so refined! how will she stand her? Rescar will be quite spoilt as long as she is there. What a nuisance Chris will think her! Talking as she did before the servants!' Pearl blushed all over as she thought of it even in the darkness.

Meanwhile Lili was exchanging good-nights with Miss Bruce.

'I hope you will sleep well, my dear,' Lilian said, 'and be sure to ask if you want anything. You are at home, you know, and you must consider Elizabeth your maid, and tell her what you wish. Why, what is the matter?' for Lili had shrunk back and clasped her hands with far more genuine dismay than she had displayed at the sight of Mitchell.

'Oh, not Elizabeth, I implore you, my cousin,' she exclaimed. 'I cannot support her, she is so icy—so—so English! I am afraid of her; it would make me miserable to have her as my maid, and I know you do not invite me here to be miserable, dear cousin. Pray, pray, not that woman. I would rather—yes, truly I would rather—even wait on myself!'

It did cross Miss Bruce's mind to wonder if the girl had ever done anything else, but she was too much perplexed and distressed to stop to consider that question while Lili stood before her with tearful eyes and imploring looks, and Benson the

housekeeper was waiting to begin her lady's toilet for the night, and of course silently commenting on all that passed.

'I really don't know. Elizabeth will feel it a slight if I alter the arrangement now, after settling it all with her,' Lilian said, partly to herself and partly to Benson.

'That she certainly will, ma'am,' Benson answered drily.

Elizabeth was an old and valuable servant, but she had a temper. She had felt it a favour on her part when she consented to take higher wages and add the office of waiting on Lili to her ordinary work, but she had agreed to do so, since Lilian wished it, and now to change the plan, deprive her of the additional wages, and put some one else in her place, was a thing which neither Lilian nor Mrs. Benson could contemplate without dismay. Elizabeth would hear of it without a word beyond 'Just as you choose, ma'am,' and then she would sulk respectfully, and the whole house would be pervaded with discomfort for no one could say how long.

'I am afraid poor Elizabeth will feel hurt,' said Miss Bruce to Lili, and she is such an old and excellent servant that——'

'Oh, my cousin, you will not put the feelings of a servant in comparison with mine?' pleaded Lili; 'and I am your guest!'

'I suppose Ruth must be your maid then, dear; but she is only an inexperienced girl, and it will not be so comfortable for you, I am afraid.'

'Oh, I shall not mind that at all!' said Lili, at once reviving, and drying her eyes. 'Thank you much! Will you send her to me then?'

'To-morrow, my child; I cannot settle it to-night!'

'No, ma'am, you are not fit for anything but your bed,' interposed Benson with decision. 'You will have one of your bad headaches and be laid up all to-morrow unless you get soon to sleep.'

'I will go then, and I suppose that Elizabeth must help me to-night,' said Lili, again tearful, 'but oh! you will give me the other one to-morrow?'

'Yes, dear! good-night. I hope you will not be miserable, but very happy at Rescar,' said Miss Bruce, kissing her.

Some deeper chord than often vibrated in the girl's heart was stirred as Lili returned the embrace. 'You are good to me, my cousin,' she said, earnestly, 'I am glad to have come; it is nice to have some one to belong to.'

The words touched Lilian much. She held Lili close, thinking what a lonely, uncared-for life she must have had. If she could win her young cousin's love, surely her childish petulance and faults would be easy to deal with. Her 'good-night, dear one,' was so tender that Lili's heart leapt.

'She said that almost as if I had been Pearl Egerton,' she thought.

CHAPTER VII.

THE plunging waves kept Lili awake as she believed for half the night, though as she could not remember having heard the clock over the stable strike after eleven, it is probable that she had a fair allowance of sleep. Elizabeth brought her an early cup of tea. 'I have not a cold! I don't want it,' Lili answered. Pension Lobineau was not fashionable enough to regard tea as anything but a kind of tisane; 'and it is the other maid who is to wait on me; my cousin said so.'

'I don't know what you mean, miss!'

'Can't you understand English? There is another servant who is to be my maid.'

'Indeed, miss! All I know is that I've heard nothing about it,' said Elizabeth, and marched off in a huff to the housekeeper's room.

'Mrs. Benson,' she said, in her most formal manner, 'perhaps you'll explain what the young lady means by saying I'm not to wait on her. I understood it was to be my business, which I undertook it to please Miss Bruce, not myself, and if things is to be altered without a word to me——'

'Well, Elizabeth,' said the housekeeper, in a conciliatory tone, while feeling as if she could have boxed Lili's ears with pleasure; she had planned how to break the matter carefully to Elizabeth, and here were her hopes of a peaceable solution of the difficulty blown to the winds—'I am sure Miss Bruce was as much put about by Miss Lili's fancies as anyone, and to say it's foolish is saying too little, but it seems she wants to have Ruth, as is near her own age you know,' the hypocritical woman added soothingly, 'and it will spare you attending to her fads, and that's something.'

'Ruth!' said Elizabeth, her face charged with storm, and Benson hastened to add—

'Miss Bruce meant to speak to you about it; she was sadly

vexed, I can tell you, but she is so tired out this morning, she is fit for nothing, and I am sure I hope nothing more will happen to worry her, Miss Miller away and all,' Benson said, with a feeble hope that Elizabeth might be moved to spare Lilian the expression of her feelings. But Elizabeth, though a faithful servant, was not one to consider her mistress when her dignity was hurt.

'Miss Bruce can settle it as she likes,' she answered, 'but after fifteen years' service here, and always doin' my best for Mrs. Bruce and her, as I may honestly say as I have, and that you'll bear me witness, Mrs. Benson, I expected to be treated different to what I am. You'll give Ruth her directions, if you please, but as long as I'm here I'm not goin' to have her neglec' her proper work under me for no one, and I should like that to be understood.'

Elizabeth's face was like a thundercloud as she walked away, but Mrs. Benson sympathised too much with her to be severe. 'It's what I should feel myself,' she admitted. 'I can't blame her.' And calling Ruth, she bade her see to the young lady's bath and get to her dusting as quickly as she could. Lili did not add to her misdeeds by delaying her; she had no real need of a maid, and presently came out of her room, wondering at the silence in the house. In Pension Lobineau its owner would have been driving her *bonne* about or counting the faggots outside the kitchen door, to make sure none had been abstracted, or scolding loudly, while she brandished a knife with a bit of butter on the end of it; and Marie, the *bonne*, would have been shrieking back to her, and there would have been a perennial odour of soup all over the pension. Here everything was silent, and fresh, and decorous; Ruth was sweeping the stairs with as little sound as possible; Elizabeth was dusting the drawing-room; everything seemed to go by clockwork. Lili was not prepared for the English breakfast to which she was ushered, and it disconcerted her to find that she was to have it alone. Miss Bruce sent a message of regret that she was not able to see her until the afternoon; she had slept ill and was very tired, none the less so, probably, for the impending interview with Elizabeth which Lili had, unawares, rendered doubly difficult. Benson brought the message; she was very angry with her, holding her responsible, as she indeed was, for Lilian's bad night and Elizabeth's ill temper, but she felt herself obliged to suggest some entertainment for her.

'It is a lovely morning, miss,' she said, 'you might like to go

on the shore. The sands are beautiful, and the tide is out now.'

'Who will go with me?' asked Lili, to whom the idea of a walk was altogether alien, and a solitary one out of the question.

'Why, I'm afraid there's no one who could, miss.'

'You do not imagine I should think of going alone?'

'I'm afraid it would be dull for you, miss, but you see there's nobody here to be a companion for you, I'm sorry to say.'

'Dull! It would be unheard of! A girl go out walking alone? And what is the use of taking a walk in the country?'

'Why, you don't mean you are afraid, miss? Why, Miss Egerton comes by herself all the way from Moulton Hall along the sands, and never thinks twice about it.'

'We do not do such things abroad; I do not think it is right or proper. Could not that girl who brought my bath accompany me?'

'Not at this hour, I'm afraid, miss,' answered Benson, who, housekeeper and chief authority though she was, dared not contemplate Elizabeth's wrath if deprived at this time in the morning of her underling. 'She has work to do.'

'I should think there could be nothing to do in this empty house.'

'Indeed there is, miss,' answered Benson, smiling. 'Well, perhaps you would like to see the drawing-room and library, or go into the garden.'

Lili agreed, *faute de mieux*, and strayed into the library, but the laden shelves said nothing to her; she glanced carelessly round, and went into the drawing-room, which was only used when Miss Miller received some occasional visitor, and had the empty and deserted look so soon acquired by a room rarely inhabited. There were no books lying about, no work-basket, no magazines on the table. Miss Miller's absence added to the solitude and silence of the lower part of the house, which Miss Bruce could never now visit. There was a piano, and Lili was glad to see it; music and French were the two things in which she felt she could shine superior over anyone in or near Rescar. Pearl Egerton had owned that though she read French, she spoke it with difficulty, and she had not seemed to know the songs and 'pieces' which Lili named. These were two definite advantages which gave Lili standing ground, even if English girls knew some things which she did not. Lili had the vaguest

idea as to what education girls of good position got. Her own had been as indifferent as it could well be; her mother possessed only the very slenderest stock of knowledge which could suffice even for a nursery governess, who, in fact, is little more than a *bonne*, and could teach her nothing thoroughly; they had never lived long enough in any place during the time that their wanderings lasted to enable Lili to attend classes or a day-school, and when the girls came to Pension Lobineau, Lili thought herself too old to attend the school where Petite went, or rather, an unavowed feeling of her deficiencies made her unwilling to betray them to girls of her own age. For music, however, she had some faculty, and an old professor, who had had some name in his day, offered lessons which she willingly accepted, having sense enough to desire to learn something which one day might turn to account. Knowing hardly anything, she was naturally proud of what she did know, and she rated her music very highly.

She fetched her exercises and a number of musical gymnastics which called themselves studies, and sat down to practice without considering whether the sounds would be agreeable to a tired invalid. Fortunately Miss Bruce's room was in a distant part of the house, and when she caught a faint sound of scales she was glad to know that her guest had found something to do.

By and by Lili shut the piano, and opening a window, stepped out on the broad terrace before the house, and leant on the stone balustrade to look over the sea, not grey now, but azure, a network of ripples under the sunlight. Even on this summer day the wind blew 'shrill, chill, with flakes of foam,' over her uncovered head, but she forgot to shrink from it. Some instinct inherited from the forefathers, who had so loved and prized Rescar and its wild ocean, stirred in her; she suddenly felt that hitherto she had been a waif and stray, with no root anywhere, and that this was home—the home of her family for generations, and that it was something to be a Bruce of Rescar. She was no longer in her own eyes and those of others Madame Lobineau's niece whom M. Charles wanted to marry, and for whom M. Boulard was a match only too good, but Miss Lilian Bruce, with all the honoured name and ancient descent of her family behind her. Her small aims, often pursued without much care as to how they were attained, appeared to her in a new light; for the moment she felt a wholesome shame, mingled with a certain

anger, poor child! against her father, whose life had marred hers, and made her, as she said to herself, so much less good, and refined, and sweet than Lilian—Lilian who had her place, and yet whom already she could not feel as a supplanter. It was a passing feeling, for Lili's good opinion of herself was not easily shaken, but it made her a less frivolous, small minded creature than she had been. As she looked, she saw a lady and gentleman riding fast on the broad, firm sands, and wished she were doing the same, or were in a boat which had put out from Muston, the little village on the left, where the rugged spit of land ran out into the sea.

On the right the ground rose into cliffs, crowned with sward which came down the sides a little way, sparse and thin. Behind, the bleak brown moorland stretched mile after mile, sometimes sinking into hollows where a copse could grow, green and sheltered, a delightful contrast to the bare swells of treeless moorland, to which even the purple of the heather bloom gave only a dim and dusky colouring, and the only sign of life was a small farmhouse at long intervals, with peat stacks and a plot where cabbages and herbs were grown, or a few small black-faced sheep, lean and active, browsing on such scanty grass as they could find, and starting away if a traveller chanced to cross the moor, as if at the approach of a beast of prey, feeling as little friendly towards a stranger as their owners would have done. It was a wild part of the world, and one which outsiders were not likely to covet, unless for the riches which lay deep beneath the soil, but the Bruces held it dear, and Lili found herself feeling like her forefathers.

A flight of steps at the end of the terrace led into the garden, if garden it could be called, on which her bedroom window looked. She descended, and found that behind the slopes of turf ran a wide path, surrounded by other slopes, so that on the stormiest day a sheltered walk was secured. Nut-trees grew on the top of the embankment furthest from the sea, low and crouching from the prevailing wind, and very old; the last Squire had vainly tried to make young bushes take root; they refused to prosper any more. He inwardly thought it was like the history of his family.

At the back of the green, on a rather higher level, Lili found a walled garden and hothouses, with men at work. No one took any notice of her, as she stood looking at the head gardener cutting flowers in a conservatory. She began to feel lonely, and

turned to go, when a door in the opposite wall opened, and a little, grey old man came in, and spoke to one of the men at work. He was not a gentleman, neither was he a working man, and he had an air of authority. Lili guessed that he must be the steward, of whom Elizabeth had spoken. Espying her, he advanced quickly, saying in a broad local accent—

'Why, here she is! They told me she was somewhere about. So you're the Captain's daughter, my dear? I knew your father as well as I do my own sons—recollect the rejoicings when he was born. Ah, well, well! But I'm glad to see you here, my lass, that I am. We were great friends when he was a boy, Algernon and I—poor Algernon!'

This was the first time that any one had spoken kindly of her father, and the old steward's was the first face which had worn a friendly look for Lili, except Miss Bruce's, since she came to Rescar, and she was pleased.

'I think you are Mr. Sturt,' she said.

'Yes, I am. Now, how did you guess that? Look here, my dear, put down that parasol, and let me have a look at you.'

Lili did as he wished, laughing, but the old man did not laugh; he looked at her earnestly and sadly, trying to trace something of features which he had loved much.

'No,' he said at last, with disappointment, 'not that I can see. It is a pity.'

He was evidently greatly disappointed. Lili knew that she was like her mother, but did not say so. She suspected that it was wiser not to talk about the wife of Algernon Bruce at Rescar. 'Though I think she was a great deal too good for papa,' the girl reflected.

'Come along and see the stables,' Sturt suggested; 'there never was a Bruce yet who was not fond of horses.'

'I wonder my cousin keeps them, since she cannot use them,' said Lili, walking beside her companion.

'Well, you see, Miss Miller drives out and returns calls—people have begun to call again now they find they are admitted, and Miss Bruce would hardly find in her heart to sell the horses; they are like part of her family to her. I never saw a prettier creature than her own chestnut, and she was one of the best riders in the whole county—took after her father. Ah, well! Here are the stables.'

Lili's dislike to animals did not extend to horses; she showed a true Bruce's delight in them, and when Miss Bruce sent for her

in the afternoon, she appeared in a glow of eagerness, exclaiming—

'My cousin, Mr. Sturt says if you will permit it, the coachman will teach me to ride, and I have been out in a boat all the morning!'

Lilian smiled, glad to see the bright and natural look on the girl's face, which formed a pleasant contrast to her guarded and artificial air of the previous evening.

'Nothing could be better,' she said, 'and I think you could wear a habit of mine which I only put on once, with a little alteration. There is a clever little old tailor at Weston who could do whatever is wanted.'

'Oh, my cousin, make that he comes at once!'

Although the tailor could not be brought at once, he appeared that evening, and had a terrible time of it before Lili could be satisfied with the fit of her habit.

'Sturt says you looked like a queen on horseback,' she said to Lilian. 'I wish of course to look well also.'

Her naïve vanity made Lilian laugh; the girl was quite a new study to her; she had feared what she might be, and now she hoped to like her much. It rested with Lili whether this impression would continue.

'And this afternoon—what shall I do this afternoon?' Lili asked.

'Would you like to go for a drive, and call at Moulton Hall, where Pearl lives?'

'I should like to drive, but I do not care to go and see Miss Egerton. She has too much hauteur to please me; she looks down on me.'

'Nonsense, my child,' said Lilian, with a little secret wonder whether this might not, however, have a spice of truth in it. She knew that over fastidiousness was a fault of Pearl's. It vexed her a little; she wanted the girls to become friends.

'It is so, my cousin, though I do not see what right she has. Sturt says her father was a—how do you say it—only *le fils de ses œuvres*, and that her mother married him because she was poor. Girls must do that sometimes, of course. I used to think, till you invited me, that I should have to marry M. Boulard, a notary in Dieppe, who wanted me; I could not remain unmarried always, you know.'

'And did you like him?'

'Like him? He is elderly and dull—oh, very dull; he would

have made me what you call bored, but I should have married him, unless, indeed——'

'Indeed, what? Or must I not ask?'

'I will tell you, my cousin; I never said it before, except to Petite, but I will tell you, for you will understand. There is a M. Carette, he has a bureau for a shipping company, and his wife and mother keep a pension, a large, good one, not like my aunt's, and I always thought that when his wife died, I should like to marry him and be at the head of it. He is clever, and if he had a wife who was a good manager that would be the most fashionable and the best pension in all Dieppe. But I know he would expect a dowry.'

This was so totally unlike the kind of confidence that Lilian expected, that she was speechless with suppressed laughter. Lili continued in the same serious, business tone—

'I do not know that he has ever thought of it; his wife is still alive, but she must die soon, the doctors say, and of course he must marry again. How could he conduct his affairs else?'

'And that is your ideal?' said Miss Bruce, recovering voice at last.

'I do not know about an ideal, but I should like it. I want a spear of my own.'

'A *what?* Ah, a sphere. And that sphere would content you?'

'Yes,' said Lili, 'I should like it very much.'

Lili had her drive, and enjoyed it; her day had passed very pleasantly. As she went to Miss Bruce she saw Mitchell walking in the same direction. 'Shoo, you vilain beast!' she said. Mitchell, who had never been so spoken to in his life, looked at her with grave surprise, as who should say, 'What ill-bred person can this be?' and moved on with dignity. Lili lost her temper at this contempt, snatched him up, and hustled him into the nearest bedroom. 'There, if you are as clever as they say, you can open the door and come out!' said she, spitefully, and went on. She forgot all about him in five minutes, and his absence caused no remark, as he was known occasionally to be, what Benson called, 'out on the rampage.'

After dinner, Miss Bruce asked Lili if she sang or played.

'Oh, yes. I have had lessons from M. Hammel, the best master in France; he was a friend of mamma's, so he gave me lessons for nothing. Of course, I would not say that to any one else, but you know all about us. He was not at all a good man or he would have got on magnificently; but, of course, a

professor has to be so discreet if he has to go where there are girls. Shall I sing to you?'

She put her music on the piano with a little air of preparation and consequence, sure of admiration, though, as Lilian was English, she could be no real judge of music. It had been one of Miss Bruce's great losses that after her accident she could neither play nor hear any one else do so, for even if Miss Miller had been a musician, Mrs. Bruce would never have allowed that her nerves could now bear 'the piano.' Such a thing would have seemed to her an admission that her sorrow was lessening. Only, as Pearl Egerton grew up, in her constant visits to Rescar, she would play to Lilian while Mrs. Bruce was away for a drive, and her lovely touch and sweet voice gave her listener the greatest pleasure she could now receive.

Lili's metallic touch as she executed a difficult piece jarred on her, and 'I do not know whose that is,' was all she could say when the girl turned round on the music stool to await her comments.

'Don't you? Every one plays it in France, but I suppose new music does not get to England. Shall I sing to you now?' and without waiting for a reply she struck up a French song, with a clear, shrill, reedy voice, a voice which had been well trained, and which would have been valuable in concerted music, but which Miss Bruce felt to be terribly unsympathetic. She was a musical coward; what did not please her sensitive ear was inexpressibly trying to her; she did not know how she should ever have courage to ask Lili to perform again.

'I can always practise here, you know,' Lili said, 'and then, since you are fond of music, you can have as much as you like.'

Lilian actually shivered. 'I am afraid my head would not bear practising,' she said. 'Now come and talk a little to me, and tell me something about your sister Abeille.'

The household at Rescar kept early hours. Towards half-past ten, as Benson was leaving Miss Bruce's room, a loud and distinct mew sounded through the silent passage. Benson stood in the open door. 'Why, wherever is Mitchell?' she said, recognising the voice of the master of Rescar. Another mew guided her to the room where Mitchell had passed some hours, asleep on the bed, and comfortable enough until he got weary of captivity, and appealed for help.

There was a great deal of discussion as to how he got shut up, which amused Lili very much, until Elizabeth cleared it up.

'I suppose, ma'am, this belongs to Miss Lili; none of us don't wear hair-pins like that,' said she, entering the sitting-room, and speaking in the distant manner which she had worn since Lili affronted her.

'Where did you find it?' Miss Bruce asked, surprised at her taking the trouble to bring a hair-pin in this ceremonious way.

'On the floor of the blue bedroom, ma'am, where Mitchell was shut up.'

Elizabeth withdrew, and Miss Bruce looked at Lili, who was laughing and reddening, and said with a smile, 'I am glad that you have got over your fear of Mitchell enough to carry him about. But you must play no more tricks on my dear Milly's favourite.'

'I hate him!' said Lili, with vehemence. 'You pet him and talk to him.'

'Of course I do; what do you mean, silly one?' said Lilian, not at all understanding the odd jealousy in the girl's tone.

'I hate Mitchell,' was all Lili's reply.

(*To be continued.*)

WORK AND WORKERS.

BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

II.—COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

I HAVE been asked to write a few pages on the subject of Ladies' Colleges, and I do this with some reluctance, because I am a believer in the proverb that 'Lookers on see most of the game.' Even the great Duke found it difficult to give an account of the battle of Waterloo. How much more must this be the case with humble persons like ourselves who are only subalterns in a movement, of which the magnitude can scarcely as yet be accurately measured!

I must own at the outset that, like Mrs. Malaprop, 'I began with a little aversion!' In my younger days, if I had been told at a party that a young lady belonged to a Ladies' College, I should have preferred occupying the stiffest of upright chairs in a thorough draught, to sitting by her on the most comfortable of sofas. And even now, I heartily wish we were in a state of society where no such things were needed. My ideal woman is always graceful and beautiful, better with her hands than her head, but best of all with her heart. She has many admirers, but is constant to one, whom she marries at five-and-twenty. She has at least five children, all healthy and good like herself. She can cook and sew, and dance and sing—she is very likely accomplished and well informed. She is not a bore, because she has never overworked her brain, and is really interested in all she knows. She has an income, if a lady, of from £500 to £1000 a year; if a poor woman, of from 20*s.* to 30*s.* a week. She is a grandmother at sixty, and sings 'John Anderson my Jo' at seventy-five! I need hardly say that my pattern woman is religious, but not at all controversial. She cannot argue, but she *lives*.

Such is my own, and I fancy many other person's ideal.

Meanwhile what are the facts? Our modern young woman finds herself in a very unpatriarchal state of society. First of all, she may very likely live up to and beyond five-and-twenty or even thirty without having any matrimonial chances at all. Secondly, she is (happily) far harder to please than her great grandmother. Pepys in his 'Diary' speaks of getting a husband for his sister because she is growing old and ugly, very much in the way we should talk now of getting a new umbrella because the winter was coming. The average person of either sex—I am speaking now of the educated classes—is far more fastidious, far more inclined to insist on *some* approach to 'elective affinity' in marriage than was formerly the case. And the comparative lateness of marriage adds to the difficulty. People in former days hardly knew they had got 'characters' any more than many of the poor do at this day. Now, we take great interest in our own characters; have them told by our handwriting, or go to some one to have our 'bumps' felt. A sense of incongruity or incompatibility is a definite, recognised evil in marriage. Any woman cannot put up with any man, and *vice versâ*, save perhaps when they have the misfortune to be Royal personages. People still marry for *love*, at least as much, if not more than they did, but it may be doubted if love is quite so blind as he used to be. Perhaps on that account he may be all the more constant!

The money difficulty, again, is ever increasing. Not only because of the much talked-of overcrowding, but, as has often been said before, because of our luxurious habits. Never was celibacy so caressed and *choyé* as at present! Not only single men, but single women, have their lives made a great deal too comfortable. Everywhere one sees little suites of apartments and clubs springing up, nice little sets of tea-things and cozy contrivances, for making a single, or at least a dual life as easy and self-indulgent as possible. Even the great increase of hansom cabs in London is, I think, a sign of the times. There is the large Continental hotel or *pension*, where, with a very modest income, one can be very comfortable if one chooses to live exclusively by and for oneself. Our high civilization does not smile upon family life. Much as children are petted and 'made of,' yet Paterfamilias, with band boxes and perambulators on the brain, and Materfamilias, with her basket of sandwiches and two squalling infants at her side, is a never-failing butt for the comic artist. That phrase so often heard now, 'my people,' seems to tell a story in itself. One can never quite help feeling

that there is a faint ring of false shame about it. Those to whom it is used are supposed to care little for the individuals whom it represents by a conveniently vague noun of multitude. It means something very different from the same phrase on the lips of Ruth.

Meanwhile, how many young women grow, or rather fade, into middle life without ever having fully developed what was in them! What half melancholy, half ludicrous tales ladies' doctors could tell us of hysteria, melancholia, all the long train of evils which come from 'fulness of bread and emptiness of employment!' What provincial town is without some humiliating story of a foolish woman setting her unoccupied affections on some member of the cathedral, collegiate, or parochial staff, and possibly pursuing him with an infatuation which, if told in fiction, would hardly be believed? How many large families of daughters seem overrunning one another in middle class households? How petty are the interests by which many women's lives are bounded! That clever little story, the *Autobiography of a Slander*, scarcely exaggerates the mischievous stupidity of the average tea-table talk of many circles, lay and clerical. Again and again the question meets us, 'What *are* we to do with our young women?'

Do not suppose that I am going to reply, as one who offers a panacea for all evils, 'Send them to Ladies' Colleges.' Far from it. There are a great many girls for whom the life would be absolutely unsuitable. But among the alleviations to the present 'congested' state of things, I do honestly think Ladies' Colleges may not unfairly be reckoned as holding an important place, not only as finding occupation for unmarried women, but as affording—may one dare to say it?—excellent training for future wives and mothers. Why should stupidity or ignorance be taken as a qualification for married life, as some people seem to think? Even Thackeray evidently felt, when writing the last pages of *Vanity Fair*, that William Dobbin would be considerably bored by Amelia; and speaking for myself (though I know it is comparing small things with great), from the Pinkertonian point of view, I should *like* to have had Becky Sharp for a student! Very likely something might have been made of her if she had been taken in time, and her future husband might have reaped the advantage.

But to return. There are, it seems, three classes whom Ladies' Colleges might benefit.

First, of course, the *born* scholars; women or girls who may be found in schoolrooms, peering, like our old friend Ethel May, into their brother's books, trying their hands at Latin or Greek —or it may be at mathematics or science, picking up crumbs from beneath the tables of their masculine belongings, and blushing beautifully whenever detected. It is rather hard to grudge these women what is often lavished on men without a third of their abilities, or a tenth part of their enthusiasm, especially as they are very frequently women who would be hard to provide for satisfactorily in married life.

A second class is that of young girls of somewhat more than average, or with good average ability, whose home does not seem to offer adequate employment for them. In some ways a Ladies' College is more needed for them than for those mentioned above. A very clever woman has pronounced tastes, and can generally set herself to work, though she is a great gainer by being properly taught; but the rank and file will probably fall into idleness when they are left to be their own, or very nearly their own mistresses; and this is perhaps especially the case with girls who live more or less 'in society,' and who would very probably drift into a course of balls and tennis matches, for lack of having ever been taught habits of application, and to love work for its own sake. Any one who passes a few weeks at a fashionable watering-place will need no further comment on this text! While, on the other hand, experience has shown us that some of the best and most business-like charitable work of the day is being done by women* who have been trained at Oxford or Cambridge.

I may add here, that so far as our experience goes, some of the best friendships are formed between a brilliant and original nature on one side, and a somewhat matter-of-fact, plodding, but unselfish character on the other; each does the other good; the clever one becomes less self-conscious and eccentric, the more ordinary nature is raised and stimulated, and has a higher ideal given her of life and work.

A third class consists of women of perhaps thirty years of age, more or less, whose youth has denied them the opportunities of training and culture which they are now thankful to embrace. Women of this type are usually in earnest, and may gain very much from seeing something of organised and duly

* May I instance the 'Women's University Settlement' at Southwark? Other instances might be drawn from missionary or colonial life.

subordinated work. They understand taking care of their own health, and utilising and economising their time, and are brightened up by the high spirits of the younger students, to whom they, in their turn, may sometimes be extremely useful as advisers or sympathisers.

In many cases these women find themselves thrown on their own resources at the breaking up of their homes, and discover the need of some definite training before they can undertake educational or literary work. It would be well, however, if parents, whose daughters were likely to have to earn their bread, faced the fact *before* the home was broken up. A girl of nineteen or twenty is a far more plastic creature than she will be ten years later; she has less to unlearn, even physically it is an advantage to her to begin early. Little provincialisms of accent or manner get insensibly corrected, shyness is less of a burden, the eye and ear lend themselves more readily to the influences of culture, the power of self-adaptation and assimilation is far greater, and blunders are sooner got over.

From the money point of view, there can be no doubt that the training of a College or Hall is advantageous. Directly, it is obviously so for intending High School mistresses; but besides that, it acts as a kind of introduction to the educational world. A tutor is interested in a promising pupil (and I may here say that I have rarely seen instances of kindlier interest than some Oxford tutors, very busy men, have taken in their lady-students), and does his best to push her on, perhaps educationally, perhaps by getting her literary occupation. One High School teacher recommends another to a head-mistress, or the Principal of the Hall or College has perhaps an opportunity of doing so. Personal knowledge is worth many certificates, and I may add that, when all is said and done, the fact of being 'a lady,' or a good imitation of one, goes at least as far as the most exhaustive knowledge of the vagaries of ἵστημι, or the most thorough familiarity with 'Grimm's Law.'

Another advantage offered by Ladies' Colleges is peculiarly important in these days when classes are so much less definitely distinguished than formerly. Who has not known the nice young gentlemanly curate with the hopelessly vulgar wife? They belong by birth to the same class, but one has had an education and the other has not. In old days a 'real lady' was educated by the very atmosphere she habitually breathed. She was taught by the walls of her room, the books that lay about,

the people she met, etc. But how little of this unconscious education can be got in many outwardly prosperous circles!

Many women go through the world without ever hearing as much good conversation as might be picked up at any breakfast table on a week's visit at some privileged house; that 'heart affluence in discursive talk,' of which Tennyson speaks in 'In Memoriam,' and in so doing they lose a good deal more than a mere intellectual luxury, and should they marry future judges, bishops, physicians, M.P.'s, or other public men, society suffers very much by their loss.

A Hall or College offers, indeed, a very poor substitute for the best home-made article; but still there are generally two or three cultivated and clever students, or possibly a lady 'coach' or 'tutor,' who possesses the gift of rousing and stimulating others. I have heard from time to time really very respectable talk among young women and girls, and can imagine it would have been better still in my absence. Again, the mixture of classes is very useful. The lady of old family and the daughter of a business or professional man do one another good, ideas are exchanged, points of view are shifted, theological, political, or social questions are presented in a new light, sympathies are widened, misunderstandings are corrected, and a larger charity and a wiser judgment is the result. Liberals find there is some good in Conservatives; Church people discover that even Nonconformists are not utterly devoid of faith or principle.

And this leads me to mention another distinct gain—what is popularly known as 'finding one's level.' The figure is very familiar to most of us of the 'clever girl of the family,' brought by her admiring parents, who gently hint in lowered tones that *this* time we have really secured a prodigy, and may consider ourselves fortunate in the selection which was made of her future place of education. As a rule she is conceited (or at least it is much to her credit if she be not so) at first. By the end of her first term she is thoroughly disliked; in her second she is miserable; in her third some of the nicer girls are sorry for her and make friends; in her fourth people begin to like her; in her fifth she *really* distinguishes herself, after which time a reaction sets in, and the rest of her career, culminating in a First Class, is all that could be wished; but she never is *quite* so conceited again!

This word 'conceited' at once lands us in the enemy's country, and suggests to us one or two of the probable objections to Halls and Colleges for Women.

'They'll none of them ever be able to talk to a Guardsman,' I was amused to hear was once remarked in an early stage of the movement.

'If they can't,' we may reply, 'there are plenty of other girls who will be delighted to do so.' But I think some Guardsmen might like for a change to have a young lady of this type next them at a dinner-party. They *might* never discover how she had been spending her time; and yet they might find her very good company.

Again, on the principle so well expressed by the proverb, 'A man is what a woman makes him,' may we not say that it is just as well for men that they should sometimes come across women who have a high and independent moral and intellectual standard of their own? The stronger sex, strong as it is, cannot afford to dispense with the knowledge that women who are best worth pleasing will not tolerate any defalcation from that standard; and some of us at least have known instances of women, young, attractive, and well-born, whose influence has been splendidly and fearlessly used in the good cause.

But that word 'conceit!' Are girls made more conceited by going to Oxford or Cambridge? To be quite honest, I should say the danger was not so much of conceit as of being absorbed in new pursuits and new friendships to the temporary exclusion of old ones. This is an evil that will always have to be carefully guarded against; it is almost inseparable from any mode of life in which a person of either sex is usefully and happily employed away from home. But one of two things happens. Either a girl settles down happily again at home (with a superadded desire to make herself useful, and more power of doing it than formerly), or if she *cannot* afford to live at home, or is strongly drawn to the vocation (say) of a teacher for its own sake, it is happy for her that the severance has been so gently and gradually made, and that she feels some enthusiasm for her work, instead of saying, in an injured tone, 'I suppose I must teach.'

Conceit is very often cured by friction with others, and often also by the survey of the wide extent of the field of knowledge. Here again the danger is perhaps of an opposite kind; a despair seems to come over the original worker when confronted with the masterpieces of literature or science. Everything seems done already, and better done than he could do it! But a *genuine* gift thrives in the atmosphere which kills off less sturdy ones.

The trophies of Marathon do not suffer Themistocles to sleep. A great masterpiece is a stimulus to some, a narcotic to others. In either case it does good to society. And I do not believe a genuine Themistocles has ever been killed off by the previous existence of any Miltiades.

Here we may notice another favourite objection. 'You teach girls Latin and Greek, and you introduce them to all the abominations of classical literature.' Experience has taught us that the real danger, so far as it goes, is on the modern and not the ancient side. The language of Zola is the passport to at least as many impurities as the language of Plato, and to make a fuss about the classics, while for a few francs, or their equivalents, one can purchase not only French novels, but some English ones, which, despite their lack of refinement, certainly do not show much acquaintance with Greek or Roman literature, is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Of all the difficulties raised about the Higher Education of Women, this is the one at which those who see the thing in actual working find it most difficult to repress a smile.

How many women read (say) the *Confessions of Rousseau* (I certainly never have) because they know French, or Caroline dramatists, or even some Victorian 'shilling shockers,' because they know English? if 'the tongue which Shakspere spake' can be said to be that in which the writers of these nauseous works express themselves. Then why must we be supposed to lose delicacy and discrimination *only* when we come in contact with the dead languages? Because we read Homer, Virgil, or Sophocles, is it necessary that we should read all Aristophanes, all Lucretius, all Catullus, or even all Tacitus? If we go to stay in Grosvenor Square or Kensington, does it follow that we can find our way about in Whitechapel or Billingsgate? For my own part, I believe that a *judicious* classical training is the very best a young person of either sex can have; not only intellectually, but religiously. No one can apprehend what Christianity has done for the world, till he sees what the world was like before Christianity, both in what human thought could, and what it could *not* do.

This suggests another objection: 'Don't you find the "atmosphere," "training," "education," or whatever else it may be called, shakes their faith?' Yes, perhaps it does—for a time; but shaking does not mean upsetting. Some of us may have felt our faith a good deal 'shaken' when we first read *Butler's*

Analogy, just as corn is shaken in a sieve. There is a good kind of shaking and a bad kind of shaking; and my contention is that the sifting which advanced education cannot fail to bring about is really very profitable in the long run; it clears and strengthens our faith. How much better it is to have our difficulties sifted and cleared up than to go on not knowing the chaff from the grain, and always having misgivings that the grain *may* turn out to be but chaff after all!

I may be allowed to add here an earnest hope that as time goes on religious and theological study will be more definitely recognised as parts of education; for although our difficulties are partly met by University sermons and occasional lectures and addresses, yet it must be owned that there is still very much to be done in this department.

The majority of women are, however, and let us hope they will always continue to be, instinctively religious. They feel—perhaps without owning it to themselves—that in religion, and religion only, they can find that balance and self-control which highly-stimulated and sensitive natures can least of all afford to dispense with. It is evident, too, that the very absence of family ties and home duties must be compensated for by some power which exerts upon a larger scale the same influence and gives scope for the same exercise of the affections as those ties and duties formerly did; and it is no less obvious that the Church is the only body capable of so doing. Even when home ties exist, we cannot afford to dispense with the higher life; much more is this the case when there is no natural bond of union, and an artificial membership of a conventional society has to be substituted for the life of home. But, again, what is to be done? What mockery it is to talk of 'home life' for many young women nowadays, when the choice practically lies between starvation, a *mariage de convenance* (or it may be a lot even more degrading), and doing something for oneself? And how providentially has it been ordered that, in an age of so much inevitable disintegration of the family life, the Church should step in and offer to these and other homeless ones—young men in the Colonies, for instance—the substance of which all earthly homes are but shadows! Such might echo the words—

> 'Fathers may leave us or forsake,
> God's foundling's then are we;
> Mother on child no pity take,
> But we shall still have Thee.

We may look home, and seek in vain
A fond fraternal heart;
But Christ has given His promise plain
To do a Brother's part.'

One other topic must be touched on, the question of Health.

Now I am going to be quite honest over this, and to say that I am fully aware that some girls do knock up. Among ourselves we have a current phrase which speaks of a particular age as 'silly seventeen.' And seventeen is generally, we find, *very* silly. It sits in wet boots, has an insane passion for draughts, thinks it interesting and refined to give up animal food, or indulges in the strongest tea (if procurable) at the most unseasonable hours, glories in working till 2 A.M., and in fact in doing everything that mothers, maiden aunts, and governesses have hitherto been able to prevent. Were it not that some girls are much older, and some much younger than their years, we should make a hard-and-fast rule never to admit students till at least eighteen years of age, and even as a general rule should be disposed to prefer nineteen.

Again, there are a good many well-meaning people who seem to think cleverness can be produced like sausages by some infallible mechanical process. And there are very many plodding girls who think if they only work nine hours a day they will be sure to distinguish themselves in the end. Now experience shows that six hours (*including lectures*) are quite enough for any one to work daily. As a rule a clever girl will easily get on on this allowance. Every hour after that counts in most cases for loss and not for gain. It is one of the great misfortunes of the age that hardly any one seems to see no amount of rubbing will make tin into silver. Nothing makes people of everyday abilities more surely into bores than overmuch plodding, and we know it may be added to our cost that even the best silver gets thin and worn out in time if subjected to too much friction.

On the other hand, we could point to many cases where regular, moderate, and congenial study has had the best possible effects. For one woman who breaks down from over work, how many are there who fret themselves into fancied illnesses? Here, again, Nature should be our guide. If a girl loves study, let her have it; if she does not, give her something practical to do. There is a 'vocation' for a student's or a teacher's life as distinct as that for an artist's, a physician's, a nurse's, or a missionary's. Scores of girls who have no real aptitude are forced into the

teaching-market now, or driven through a course of lectures and examinations; they often crowd out those who have real gifts, and add portentously to the sum of human dulness. Their grammar is faultless, their subjects all properly got up, they know all about Oxford and Cambridge locals, sections, time-tables, but they cannot kindle a spark of enthusiasm, and even when reading the lines—

> 'Erquickung hast Du nicht gewonnen
> Wenn sie Dir nicht aus eigner Seele quillt,'

probably they only notice that substantives ending in *ung* are as a rule feminine, and that *eigner* is to be taken with *Dir*, and not with *sie*.

Should one word be added about Dress and Manners? I think we are improving here. We are not so defiant and self-conscious as we used to be. There is not so much of the *fœnum habet in cornu* about us; in fact, the wisps of hay are getting so small as to be almost invisible. Experience shows us that no woman who has to live with her fellow-creatures can afford to 'make a figure of herself,' and that whereas not one person in five hundred is qualified to sit in judgment on our attainments, every one is a critic of neat dressing, courteous, and modest manners, and that real high breeding which can only spring from the heart. Mothers, it is found, do not like their little girls to be taught by gawky, untidy, slovenly women. A lady can keep a class in order where a merely well-crammed teacher can do nothing. And it may be added that in a community of women living together, *without family ties*, good manners are the very salt of life. With regard to Oxford and Cambridge, I may add here that we have on the whole found that it does rather good than harm for students to have brothers 'up' at the same time with themselves. As Goldsmith said long ago, 'The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities adapted for mutual inspection,' and a sense of possible masculine criticism is by no means an unwholesome element in a girl's consciousness. Otherwise why do we not usually have some families all boys, and others all girls? But it is time to bring these remarks to a close. I have not ventured to discuss the *examination* question, which would in itself consume all the space allotted to me, and I fear I may have exceeded my limits already. But I cannot refrain from adding in conclusion what I really consider to be the whole truth of the matter in a nutshell. It could easily be reduced to a series of syllogisms.

There are a good many women in England with spare time and faculties.

God must have meant them for something.

How are we to find out *what* He meant them for?

Clearly by (*α*) educating them, and thus giving them a chance to develop their natural gifts, whether to be used in their own homes or elsewhere.

And (*β*) by training them to work in concert with others, especially perhaps with a view to some of the great charitable movements of the day.

I may also add that no system of education is adequate which does not constantly keep in view the end which Bacon put before us long ago: 'The glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.'

'Self-improvement' for self's sake is foredoomed to disappointment. On the other hand, the cultivation of talents, involving in some cases the pursuit of study *as a means to a higher end*, is surely not a matter of choice—a thing to be done or left alone as we please, but obedience to an imperative call from our Maker, which we cannot disregard, and which must affect in the long run, not only our well-being, but that of others known and unknown, from whom we cannot disconnect ourselves, 'for we are members one of another.'

E. WORDSWORTH.

WHAT THE VISION SAID.*

'HADST thou stayed, I must have fled,'
That was what the vision said,
Vision of the Lord of Love,
Sent His servant from above.
Not Thyself alone, oh, Lord,
Seen in vision, and adored;
But all 'broken lights' of Thee
Will from fruitless worship flee,
From dreamers fade—for workers stay,
A light ahead through all the day.

Artist! on whose soul hath struck,
By God's grace and thy good luck,
That which only thou canst see,
That which thou canst make to be,—
Do not stand at gaze, and stare
At the vision that is there.
Go, and work by rule and line,
Train thy hand to cunning fine,
Learn the trade thou dost not know,
The Vision waits; it will not go.

Lover! in the loved one's eyes
Is thine earthly Paradise?
Not alone in word and kiss
Is unchanging, perfect bliss.
Do thy work, and live thy life,
Go, if need be, to the strife.
Turn thy back upon thy sun,
Wait, till the day's work is done;
Do not fear for length of way;
The Vision waits—the Love will stay.

* See Longfellow's Legend 'Beautiful,' in which the monk leaves the Beatific Vision, that he may go and attend to the wants of the poor.

Youth! before thine eager look
Life unrolls its promised book,
Joyful years and honoured age,
Happiness on every page.
When the pages all are shut,
When one leaf alone is cut;
Read by letter, word, and line,
Learn the lesson stern and fine,
Dreams of youth are out of date,
That Vision also—will it wait?

Soul! to whom no visions come!
Ears, eyes, lips, deaf, blind, and dumb;
Ears, that never hear a sound
From shining height, or depth profound;
Eyes that never see the glow;
Lips that cannot say, 'I know.'
Soul, climb the hill to Heaven's gate,
There does the Revelation wait;
There are the 'might have beens' of youth,
For lovers', Love; for artists', Truth;
For, face to face, in bliss adored,
There is the Presence of the Lord.

C. R. COLERIDGE.

MSS. ON THEIR TRAVELS.

CHAPTER I.

IN former days, to describe a large household of brothers and sisters meant to describe a large family of children; but now, somehow, this is no longer the case, and boys and girls grow up out of childhood, and yet remain attached to the central home of their parents, without finding mates for themselves. This was the case with the Espines of Alder Royal Vicarage, the personages of the story I am about to tell. The youngest girl was sixteen, and though two smaller creatures belonged to the household, they were the children of an Indian cousin and did not count. There were three boys, Cuthbert, Laurence, and Basil, and four girls, Constance, Monica, Beata, and Katie. Cuthbert and Laurence came first; Cuthbert was in the Civil Service, and Laurence preparing for orders; then came Constance, then Basil, and then the three younger girls. The two little ones were Dick and Rosie Callender, and were aged eight and ten.

I do not know whether the health of mothers has improved during the present generation; but certainly, in story books, when I was a girl, it was very dangerous to be the mother of heroines. Either you died, or were permanently invalided, or suffered from premature old age; anyhow, you always required nursing, and your daughter, as a matter of course, had to take the housekeeping off your hands. Now there was not the least thing in Mrs. Espine's face to indicate interesting health, or that she stood at all in this perilous position. She was spare, active, and wiry, with faded but healthy roses on her middle-aged cheeks, and bright twinkling eyes. She did a great deal in the parish, where her chief assistant was her eldest girl Connie. They were both of the same make in this respect, that beneficent activity was their highest ideal of happiness, and that neither of them was ever tired as long as anything remained to be done. For the

rest, Connie was a bright-faced, rosy girl, with black eyes and very little love for books.

Monica and Beata had always been inseparable as little girls. There was only a year between them, and they had dressed alike, played the same games, and learnt the same lessons, till they were twelve and thirteen. Monica was the slowest, the most yielding, and the gentler of the two, and followed her younger sister's initiative in everything. When they had arrived at that age, Beata's godmother came to pay them a visit, and was so much struck by the clever little black-eyed godchild, who seldom let her light be hidden under a bushel, that she offered to undertake Beata's education till she was eighteen. So Beata went to school, and now, full of prizes and honours, she was just returning home for good. She was a bright, handsome girl, with a full conviction of her own capabilities, and many intentions of doing well by her family ; and her black eyes, with black lashes and eyebrows, brilliant colour, and the clever, good-humoured face that looked out under her curly black hair made her a very striking young person.

Monica was much less effective. The vivid colouring of the rest of the family made her look wan and washed out at first sight ; she had very little colour in her cheeks, her eyes were grey, and her hair of that ashen fairness which wants a tint of gold. She was very quiet, too. The Espines talked fast and rather loud, and Monica had a gentle voice and a somewhat hesitating manner. Her features, however, when you came to consider them, were pretty, and had a very sweet expression, and though it was the family custom to say, 'Monica is so shy, she never will do anything,' and even Katie found it easy to talk her into silence, the family knew pretty well that Monica's silence did not mean that she was crushed, but merely that she reserved the expression of her opinion. Her work in the household was to teach Dick and Rosie, who slept in her room, and whom she mothered generally. There were only two people in the household whom Monica was said to 'take after;' one was her father, whom ill-natured neighbours suspected of having been talked stupid by his talkative wife and daughters, and the other was Basil, the obviously dull one of the family, who had not yet found footing in any profession. Basil's reputation for dulness somehow reflected itself on Monica in the family. The way in which Beata had surpassed her in quickness and readiness in her childhood and her extreme quietness had given her a

family reputation for intellectual incapacity, which she would probably not have had if her mother and Connie had been of a more cultivated type of mind. What, for intance, Mrs. Espine enjoyed as poetry was homely verse, such as some people have the gift of writing for the uneducated, dealing with the simpler relations of life and obvious pathos, such as a child's or mother's death; and on one occasion when Monica avowed that she liked 'Lycidas' better than 'Mother's Last Words,' her mother and Connie agreed that no one could have such taste naturally, and that Monica only said so because she had been told Milton was a poet. But as Monica grew up, though her family did not think her clever, they came to be aware that she was valuable in her way. What she did was done with accuracy and finish, and Dick and Rosie got on very well under her teaching—patience and good temper being, as Mrs. Espine truly remarked, more needful in teaching little children than brilliancy of intellect. But they all looked forward to Beata's return from school as to the time when they would really have an intellectual prodigy in their midst—all, perhaps, excluding Monica, who held her tongue. For this quiet girl had enough critical power to think in her own mind that however far beyond her own attainments Beata might have gone in arithmetic, or music, or German, yet that the stories and poems which she wrote in the holidays and read to the assembled family were really not better than Monica could write herself. But Monica was not called upon to read out her effusions; rather, when she was found at work writing, it was generally understood that she was imitating Beata at a humble distance, and thought rather a joke that she should take a fancy that way. It never struck any one that her quiet persistence in the pursuit under such frequent showers of family cold water was more than could have been produced by imitative ambition. Monica sometimes wondered herself why she went on, and whether it was not waste of time; but the impact of a new idea upon her brain drove her irresistibly to her pen. 'I can't help it,' she said to herself.

'What will Beata do with herself when she is at home for good?' said Connie to the assembled family at tea the evening before Beata's return.

'Set us all to rights,' said Katie, who, being the youngest, said and did pretty much what she pleased.

'Well,' said Mrs. Espine, 'I hope she will. Your education has been shockingly desultory, Katie, since Miss Burns went away, and I shall ask Beata to take you in hand.'

'People say,' said Basil sleepily, 'we all talk at the same time. What a row there will be when Beata's at home as well; she talks louder and faster than any of you.'

'Where is Beata to sleep?' said Mr. Espine, in a slow, gentle voice—a great contrast to his wife's. 'In Monica's room?'

'No; Monica has the children. But really, Monica, if you would like to be free of them, I would just as soon put Beata there and leave you with your sisters.'

Monica made no reply, because Dick and Rosie lifted up their voices and asserted that they did not want Beata at all, they wanted Monica, and Monica must stay. When there was a slight interval of peace, Monica was heard saying gently: 'I'd rather stop where I am, thank you, mother.'

'That's the way with Monica,' said Katie merrily; 'we always want to give her something she likes, and then it turns out she doesn't want it after all. But I know what Beata will do with herself.'

'What?' said a chorus of clear loud young voices.

'She'll write all day long! I've read two chapters of her new story, and it's awfully jolly! All about some people she met at Aunt Adelaide's, and us.'

'Us!' groaned the chorus. 'Beata will have to be sat upon if she tries that dodge!'

'Oh, she doesn't call us by our names. She calls Connie Kitty, and Monica Margaret, and she makes us talk, just as we really do—all about nothing.'

'What an interesting story it must make!' said her father, laughing. 'Is that the sort of story Monica was telling you yesterday on the lawn, little ones?'

'Oh, no, cousin John,' said Rosie. 'Monica's are lovely stories—about fairies and animals and dwarfs and people going down little holes into the ground. They are ever so much nicer than any of the stories in books, except Grimm and Hans Andersen.'

'Anyhow,' said Mrs. Espine cheerfully, 'Monica puts them to a useful purpose—to keep you and Dick quiet.'

And then the conversation forsook the domain of literature for that of domestic discussion.

After tea, while the children were undressing under the charge of the nurse, Monica was seen walking by herself down the garden-path into the glebe field, now golden with summer sunset.

'There's Monica, always creeping off by herself. It's very unsociable of her,' said Connie.

'I wonder what she likes it for?' said Katie.

'Oh, well,' said Mrs. Espine, 'you had better not make any remarks to her. Some people do like to be alone and get a few minutes quiet—I am sure I often wish I could—and Monica's such a good girl. I dare say she takes the time for a little quiet thinking.'

Mrs. Espine meant religious thinking, and she was often right as far as Monica was concerned. Monica had not unseldom held converse with more than the outward beauty of sky and trees and river in those solitary little walks. But to-night she was not thinking of her own religion or her own little difficulties or mistakes or troubles at all. She was simply, as it were, a part of Nature, and the sunset beauty seemed to steep her soul. She stood by the edge of the river and watched the blue and silver martins flashing in the sun, the river glittering liquid gold, the evening sunbeams, as Ruskin says, 'falling in golden flakes and failing in emeral shadows' on the grass of the meadow beyond. 'Oh, why is it so lovely? What does it mean? Shall I ever be able to understand?' she said aloud. Monica had had very little experience of beautiful and varied scenery, and perhaps this was why the flat country of Alder Royal meant so much to her; anyhow, no mountain glory could have given her a fuller sense of beauty, and of the inner meaning of that beauty, than she got from that little river with the martins and the meadows in the August sunset.

The sun set, and Monica remembered that she ought to go and see Dick and Rosie in their little white beds. With a look of longing regret she turned her back upon the glowing west, and went home.

'Where have you been, you unsociable girl?' said Connie cheerily.

'Only down to the river. The sunset was lovely!' said Monica.

'The grass must have been very damp, though. Go and change your shoes, you bad girl!' said her mother.

Monica went off quite naturally, without, I am glad to say, a single reflection as to the want of sympathy of her family in her joys and sorrows. That is a point in which the girls of the present day, so often abused by their elders, far outshine those of the former generation: self-pity is no longer considered

a merit, and it never occurred to Monica that any one misunderstood her.

CHAPTER II.

BEATA came home, and proceeded to set the household to rights as they had foretold. The little upright, rosy-faced girl, with her bright eyes and clever irregular features, was one of those people who make a stir everywhere; and Beata talked as well as did. All the family admired her cleverness; her father and her brothers, who were imperturbably good-tempered, submitted to her dictation with amusement, her mother, Connie and Katie, with admiration; and the only three whom she did not find quite so submissive were Monica, Dick, and Rosie.

It was certainly rather trying to Monica when Beata came into the schoolroom as she was giving a history lesson, caught the book out of her sister's hand, and proceeded to give the children an interesting sketch of early constitutional history in place of Monica's character sketch of John and Stephen Langton. The style was much brighter, keener, and more pointed than Monica's, and Monica quite recognised that it had merits which her own lacked. But Dick and Rosie, though young enough to be much amused with novelty, did not care about the early constitution of their country, and agreed afterwards that Beata's lesson was very jolly, but that Monica's was much more interesting; and when some one said before them how good it must be for Monica to have all Beata's new lights put before her, they both stood up boldly, and said Monica knew the best because she was the oldest. Monica, however, was anxious not to be foolish and prejudiced, and as her arithmetic was far inferior to Beata's, she asked Beata to take the children's sums. Beata did it, but she was not nearly so patient as Monica if she could teach better, and there were more tears shed over the slates, even if the arithmetic improved. And as the noise in the family increased, Monica got more and more silent, till she became known in the neighbourhood as 'the Miss Espine who doesn't talk.'

Beata, like many other girls of her age, had a ready pen, and a great ambition to use it. She had always written good essays at school; her English was facile and readable, and her pleasure had been to employ her holidays in writing poems and stories which, when written, were the property of the house. Monica

had also her store of poems and stories, but she kept them private. Now and then she had shown Beata one; but Beata, like the rest, was rather contemptuous of Monica for trying to write. Rosie and Dick loved her stories; but then, as Beata said, children liked anything about subjects that gave their minds no trouble to think of; and Monica's stories were about animals, insects, gnomes, fairies, and little children. Beata was much more ambitious, and wrote about subjects that would not have suited Dick and Rosie. There was a romance about Dante and Beatrice (who had been taken by others), and about an imaginary daughter of Strafford's in love with Pym, and another about the French Revolution, in which all the heroes and heroines were just going to be guillotined when Robespierre fell. Monica hazarded the remark that the same end had occurred in other stories of that period.

'Naturally,' said Beata superbly; 'it is part of the framework of any picture of that epoch.'

Beata talked a good deal about the publishers to whom she was going to send her stories. She sent some to various magazines, but they all returned upon her hands. 'Of course,' she said at last, 'magazine writing is always known to go by favour. If we had any literary relations, I have no doubt I could get in.'

'Or perhaps if you were a more practised writer,' said Laurence, who was at home for the vacation.

'Why, Laurence,' said Katie, 'I am sure Beata is a very practised writer all round. She has written heaps of things.'

'Yes,' said Beata, 'it can't be want of practice. It must be want of a proper introduction to the literary world.'

'Never mind, my dear,' said Mrs. Espine, 'go on trying, and in time I have no doubt you will find some one who knows how to appreciate a promising young writer. By the bye, did not some one say that Pussy Ward had got a story published in a children's magazine? "Sunbeam's Last Request" it was called. I dare say she would give you an introduction.'

'Mother!' said Beata. 'I am not going to write in a rubbishy little pious halfpenny magazine! I shall write in a good one, or not at all!'

Basil's future, meantime, was somewhat of a burden upon the family mind. Money was not plentiful at Alder Royal, and he was not clever. He had always had a desire for the army, but he had not been able to pass the Sandhurst examination while he was of the proper age, and now almost every opening in life

seemed closed to him. At last his brothers tried to persuade their father to let him do his best to get into a West Indian regiment, the officers of which, having to live in the tropics, are admitted at a later age. Basil, however, was not capable of passing in without going to a crammer's, and it was difficult to know where the money for the crammer was to come from. Beata offered to go out as a governess, but her father and mother declined the offer, thinking her too young, and having perhaps some old-fashioned notion about governessing being a disadvantage to a girl's prospects. Beata began to wish very much that her piles of MSS. would be kind enough to bring her in a little money; and at last, one morning, when the monthly magazines appeared by the carrier from the town, she rushed into the schoolroom in high excitement.

'Monica, look here! The *Modern Maiden* offers a prize of £25 to girls under twenty-one for the best story, and £10 for the next, to be sent in in three months. Only think if I get that—and you might write, too, for the second prize! We could manage Basil's crammer!' And Beata proceeded to read out all the given conditions—paper written on one side of the page, motto, etc.

'It would be nice to try!' said Monica; 'but I expect some girl cleverer than you or I will be sure to get it.'

'Ah!' said Beata, 'of course *you* haven't had many advantages; but try anyhow, Monica. The practice will be all to the good for you.'

After this kind encouragement, Monica, when the children's lessons were over, slipped out into the garden, and down her favourite walk by the river's edge, to think over the matter. She was diffident of her own powers, and had never gone in for any kind of competition; indeed, if Beata's patronage had not made her feel a little indignant, she would hardly have liked to compete with one of her sisters. But if Beata urged her to do it 'for practice,' Monica felt that this consideration need not hold her. 'We shall both have our manuscripts returned,' she said to herself, for Monica, as we have said, did not admire Beata's work as much as the rest of the family; 'and Beata is right so far that it is a good thing to have a real object to try for, and to learn to put one's work in shape. I think I will try at least.' And then Monica thought of an idea which had occurred to her on reading Mrs. Burnett's 'Sara Crewe,' the story of the little girl who in her days of drudgery made herself happy with

imagination, and who on becoming a millionaire's adopted child lived in a paradise of rugs and furs and uncounted luxuries. Monica had thought how much more delightful, as well as nobler, was the life of the brave little despised drudge with her wealth of imaginary pleasure, and when she shut up the book after reading it to Dick and Rosie she had said, 'Some day I shall write a story about a child whose reward is in being able to imagine things and get out of her dull life whenever she chooses; but she shall never end in such dull things as fur rugs, and giving things away that cost her nothing.' Dick and Rosie, however, so evidently preferred the paradise of fur rugs as the proper perquisite of the quondam Cinderella, and Beata and Katie had so outspokenly taken the same side, that Monica had not gone any further in developing her story. Now, however, the notion began to haunt her and to take shape in her mind. She saw before her eyes a lonely little London boy, too delicate to go to school, and without companions, sent down for a month in the country after the measles, and there making his first acquaintance with country joys and beauties; and then, when he went back home to his old life, finding that his imagination had awakened, that he could people his lonely life with noble and beautiful figures, and that sunbeam and star, and misty gleaming of Westminster towers or St. Paul's beautiful dome all had a message to him so that he was no longer sad or lonely. Perhaps there was a bit of Monica's own experience unconsciously working itself into the story, which added to its power. She had a pretty style of writing, rather like herself, poetical rather than smart, and when she was once embarked upon a subject which suited her powers, the gift of a 'light hand.' While 'A Little Poet' was in progress, Monica was as happy as her own hero could have been; and when she tied up her manuscript, inscribed carefully with her name and address, 'Monica Bruce Espine, Alder Royal Vicarage, Frantchester,' she could not help feeling that she had done something better than she had ever done before, and had a faint hope that perhaps one of the lower prizes might be hers at least.

Beata's attempt was much more ambitious, but it had faults from which Monica's was free. For one thing she had never grasped that if you write a short story, all ought to be in proportion, and that a description, however graphic, of your heroine's home ought not to take up twelve pages out of sixty. She also had not realised that the conscientious agonies of a hero who

knew that his love cared for a villain supposed to be dead, whose existence he had sworn never to reveal, could hardly escape being funny instead of pathetic, unless portrayed by strokes judicious as well as telling. The story was not without some promise for the future; it was silly, but it had go about it; and perhaps it was not surprising that with the unqualified admiration of Mrs. Espine, Connie, and Katie, Beata felt that if it should be returned by the editor of the *Modern Maiden*, she should feel more certain than ever before that favouritism, and favouritism only, ruled the Press. She tied up and sent her manuscript, inscribed, 'M. Beata Espine, Alder Royal Vicarage, Frantchester.' 'It is really very stupid that Monica and you should have the same initials,' said Katie.

'Yes,' said Connie; 'but no one is likely to mistake which is the best, so it does not much matter.' With which conclusion Beata agreed.

CHAPTER III.

MONICA was away for a few days at an aunt's about a month after the manuscripts had gone up to the *Modern Maiden* office; and during those few days she received a letter from her mother, in which was this remark: 'Your story came back from the *Modern Maiden* editor without any comment, and I have put it in your drawer. Beata's has not, so we hope that she has a chance. Beata says she is sure you will not be disappointed, and really, my dear, considering how little advantages of education we have been able to give you, it is very nice that you should have the amusement of writing at all.'

Monica was more surprised that Beata's story had not come back than that her own had. She was a little disappointed, and thought that Beata might have spared that remark, especially as her own story had had a luckier fate; but she mentally shook herself, and determined to try again and to work more steadily at her writing, which she felt had now come to be the greatest pleasure she had.

When she went home Beata was evidently highly gratified at the non-return of her story. She had not heard from the editor, but she took it for granted, with the sanguineness of girlhood, that its fate was certain, and that she was sure of at least the second prize. Katie and Connie and Mrs. Espine assured her that she certainly ought to have the first, and Beata looked

conscious and said, 'A great deal depended on whether the editor was a man of good taste.' Monica did not look at her returned manuscript, but left it in the recesses of her drawer; and so things went on for a few days. At last, by the second post, just as Beata and Monica came in from a walk, they saw on the hall table a letter inscribed, 'Miss M. B. Espine,' and bearing the inscription '*Modern Maiden* Office' where the envelope stuck.

'That's for me!' said Beata, seizing and opening it, while Monica looked at it a little wistfully.

'Hurrah! First prize!' said Beata, dancing a wild jig of delight when she had glanced at the letter; and Katie rushed about the house crying, 'Beata's got the first prize, Beata's got the first prize!'

Monica took up the letter, which Beata had been too wildly excited to read through.

'DEAR MADAM,—

'We are glad to inform you that we have adjudged you the prize of £25 for your story, "A Little Poet," and we shall have much pleasure in making use of any other short tales of the same kind which you may be able to send us. The workmanship is most delicate, and the quality of writing charmingly fresh and graceful. 'Yours faithfully, etc.'

The handwriting was large, and the first page only included 'for your story' as its concluding line. Monica turned quite white, and gasped for breath. At that moment she could not feel any triumph, only compassion for poor Beata, dancing her jig in the hall. Katie had called every one out by this time, and Monica felt she could not speak. Her father took up the letter.

'I'm afraid Beata's making a mistake,' she said hoarsely, as he turned over the leaf.

'No mistake, no mistake,' said Mrs. Espine; 'see, it says "the prize of £25" as plainly as plain can be, "for your story 'A Little Poet.'"'

'But,' said Katie, 'Beata's story was called "A Struggle for Conscience Sake." How very odd that they should have made that mistake! Did you see, Beata?'

'What was your story called, Monica?' said her father.

'"A Little Poet,"' said Monica, almost inaudibly.

'But yours was returned. I put it in your drawer myself,' said her mother. 'Katie, go and fetch it. This is a very odd

mistake, to send back Monica's story, and then mix it up with Beata's!'

Katie went, and came back with the neat roll, unopened. Monica cut the string with the pen-knife, and the MS. dropped out—it was—poor Beata—'A Struggle for Conscience Sake,' also addressed to Miss M. B. Espine.

'It's Monica after all!' said Katie, after a moment's silence, during which Monica felt as if she would have liked to sink into the ground. Beata caught up her manuscript and vanished, her mother after her; but Mr. Espine went up to Monica and kissed her.

'My dear child, I congratulate you. The mistake is very trying for Beata, but it is not your fault; don't distress yourself about it. It is you that have to forgive us all for taking it for granted that your manuscript was the rejected one.'

'I wish it had been!' sobbed poor Monica. 'It seems so horrid to disappoint her so—and everybody—but you *will* take it for Basil's crammer, father, won't you?'

'Monica,' said Beata, reappearing on the scene, 'don't be so dreadfully silly as to cry over it. If anybody ought to cry, it's me, and I am going to do no such thing. You are cleverer than I thought, and I'm not so clever, and the only person to blame is that stupid godmother who called me Mary Beata instead of Beata Mary. No; perhaps I'm to blame too for being too cocky about my story being sure to be better than yours. But anyhow we both did it for Basil, so it doesn't matter which it is; and *don't* be a goose!'

After which they all began to laugh, and the tension relaxed. But it was good both for Monica and Beata that the 'Little Poet' had beaten the hero of the 'Struggles of Conscience.' Monica, who before long was considered that rare being, a successful author, and whose earnings sent Basil not only to his crammer's but to Sandhurst, took a more prominent place thenceforth in her family; and Beata had learnt a lesson in humility, all the more effective that its bitterness had been met bravely and generously.

M. BRAMSTON.

THE EAST WINDS OF LENT.

BY C. M. YONGE.

THIS number appears when Lent has set in with all its increased opportunities and its curtailment of the ordinary fashionable entertainments. This has come to be perfectly recognised even by the world, and a glance at the newspaper shows how many sacred, or semi-sacred amusements are substituted for the secular ones.

It is well that this difference should be made, and noble music heard devotionally, not critically, aids much in the aspiration of the listeners; nay, there may be some who come merely as to an alternative amusement, and feast for the outward ear, whose inward ear may be awakened and their souls touched.

There are many, however—especially the quietest—to whom Lent is a season of religious dissipation. To attract people to week-day services is made an object, and the clergy are hurried about to one another's pulpits, or else some interesting course is put in hand, that those who would never at other times disturb their evenings may be drawn forth by the curiosity to hear novelty, or the interest of the series of discourses.

It is well. People will do that for six weeks which they would not and could not do for life; families will submit to broken evenings if it be only for a time, and there may be impressions made which last for ever; hearts may be touched and the course of ideas changed so as to make a real turning-point for the whole course of life. Yet to all that is good there are drawbacks, and each of us has to reflect on what is the most advisable treatment on all points of view. Are the rush and bustle wholesome incidental to going to strange churches to hear 'stars,' and then coming home and discussing them freely, just as if they were concert singers, treating them literally as the Jews treated Ezekiel—as one who had a pleasant voice and could play well on an instrument? Nay; though that is perhaps a

secondary consideration, is it not sometimes hard on our own parish priest, who has made exertions to provide extra services, if his educated hearers hurry off to enjoy more notable fare, for on a week-day, in most places, the numbers are a matter of anxiety. Of course there are not the same reasons as on Sunday against eclectic church-going, but it is to be considered whether the quiet accustomed walk and natural place are not more conducive to what the French call *recollection* than the hasty start, the struggle to find seats, the comparison of Church customs and curious critical attention to the peculiarities of a stranger. Even in country villages, where 'stars' are out of reach, there may be a good deal too much of the comparing spirit when we are excited to know what sort of sermons our neighbours in the next parishes listen to, and come home chattering, with all the real benefit of prayers and preaching frittered away. Not that efforts to hear a heart-searching preacher should be by any means condemned, nor all discussion of sermons, but only that spirit which makes religion a dissipation, absolutely lowers it in ourselves, and then thinks *this* is keeping Lent.

What then is keeping Lent? Prayer and abstinence of some kind is a duty of obedience to the law of the Church, and stands on the higher authority of our Blessed Master Himself. But obedience is, at any rate, something gained, even though it may sometimes be of the same odd sort as that of the child, who, after promising his supper to some famine-stricken objects, observed that he had better eat a double dinner. Even through frivolous obedience, higher blessings may come; just as, we said before, the light-minded, sensation-seeking churchgoing can bring the dart of conviction to the soul.

Therefore it is well to abstain. The obvious denial is in food, and there is no doubt that the pampered, nay, even the hearty body, is less open to spiritual influence than one kept low. But for those in full work, either active or mental, absolute lowering is to be deprecated, and may only lead to hysteria or collapse, instead of to anything higher. Our spring climate is not one to enable us to lower our vital heat, as could be done in a warmer one, and by those whose vocation was chiefly prayer and contemplation.

But as we all have been told over and over again, abstinence can be from dainties—puddings, butter, jam, and especially perhaps that childish luxury in which grown-up girlhood is

increasingly prone to indulge, namely, bon-bons and sweets, a fashion apparently imported from America, to which a former generation would have been ashamed to give way.

Then too, there are irksome and tedious tasks that can be taken up—homely needlework of a kind disliked, undertaking *must-be-dones* that bore us, or kindnesses too long put off. It is almost trite to recommend putting aside novels and taking up some religious reading, with biography, travels, or the like for our recreative book.

All these things are means to an end. The abstinence from pleasure or indulgences is commanded, and obedience simply is wholesome, but it is hardly the real discipline if it stops at the perfunctory observance, and if all the time we snatch at whatever lawful, or as we consider, compulsory, sport or entertainment in our power. That we should be sad, or always grave, is far from my meaning; in fact, we are commanded to the contrary, but there is a great difference between cheerful enjoyment of what we are doing, and seeking often something to enjoy.

None are so dull as those who are most impatient of dullness!

Then what is the object and end of Lent. The Collects tell us, namely, that the mitigation, or the setting aside of the ordinary diversions and pleasures of life for a season, connected as they are with the world and the flesh, may give leisure for the recollection of our sins, 'create in us new and contrite hearts,' and raise us to a higher spiritual state, not for these six spring weeks alone, but for life.

And with this view, one great mode of deepening and making blessed this time of abstinence is that it should be kept by *love*. Where our giving up a dainty makes an appreciable difference in expense to ourselves, cannot the poor have the benefit? May not the needlework for which some pleasant task has been sacrificed go to them? Can we not help (even if it is a bore) at some working party, where the clergyman's wife would be most thankful for zeal and assistance? Or could we not give more efficient help in dreary mending to an overtasked mother—even if she happens to be our own—or devote ourselves to some dull neglected person in our own rank for a few afternoons, only taking care not to let her guess that she is part of our penance. Love to our neighbour is the step to Love of God, as we all learnt in our Catechism long ago, and the way to profit by our Church services and our little self-denials is to take them not

frivolously as a matter of course, but earnestly and solemnly, so as to lead to heart searching and a higher tone for the rest of our lives, so that each Lent may mark a stage upwards.

Let us not childlishly, half-jokingly ask, 'May I do this? May I do that?' as if God were a hard master, unwilling to see us happy, and from Whom we must wring out our pleasures, and yet as if it were a concession on our part to observe the season at all. Let us rather try to enter into the true spirit of the time, remembering the one Great Fast for our sins, and trying to evince our own sorrow for them, and thereby to make our repentance a more real thing; and our Easter, not merely the throwing off unwelcome restraints and unwilling privations, but a fresh start in the new life, ever renewed, by putting away the old and stained.

TO THE PASSION FLOWER.

EMBLEMS, in colours mystical array'd,
We find in thee, fair plant. Thy spotless white
Doth symbolise the LAMB, the world's True Light.
His glory in thy radiance is display'd.
The Perfect Law of GOD, which He obeyed,
Is shown in thy ten petals: and thy bright
Celestial blue brings Heaven to our sight.
The Tree,—on which the Holy One, betray'd,
Hung for three hours, pour'd out His soul, and died,—
Groweth from thee. The regal thorns are here;
The hammers, nails, and cords; the Roman spear,
And the Five Wounds of JESUS crucified.
May we, O Passion Flower, taught by thee,
Increase in Faith, in Hope, in Charity.

H. MACDONALD.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MRS. BARBAULD.

I.

NEARLY a hundred years ago, Lydia R——, a little girl of about eleven years of age, the precious only child of her widowed mother, became the pupil of a lady well known to fame as a writer and a teacher—Mrs. Barbauld. The friendship thus begun, lasted for more than twenty years, and would have lasted longer still, if a sad event in poor Lydia's life had not put an end to further intercourse between them.

But it is with her happy schoolroom days that we are now concerned.

The Barbaulds and Lydia and her mother were living at Hampstead at that time, so that it was easy for the little girl to become a day-pupil at her teacher's house. It was no wonder that they soon became tenderly attached to one another, for Lydia was gentle and affectionate, and Mrs. Barbauld had just the qualities that would win a young girl's enthusiasm. She was so warm-hearted, sympathetic, and genial; she had such insight into character, such imagination and playfulness of humour, that it was no wonder that Lydia soon became devoted to her. All that we know of her, shows her to have been a noble woman, bearing the burden of her life—and it was no light one—with courage and patience.

As the subject of education is so much thought of and written about in the present day, perhaps the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' may be interested in reading two or three letters from Mrs. Barbauld to Lydia, that they may see in what way a clever teacher at the end of the last century, tried to interest her little pupil in such subjects as history, geography, grammar, and language.

Though the subjects are serious, they are treated in such a pleasant way that they are not made dull. For Mrs. Barbauld could never be dull. Her language may sometimes sound a little formal to our modern ears; but originality, like murder,

'will out,' as the novelty and picturesqueness of her illustrations show. The painstaking Lydia, when she took up her pen, wrote in the stiffest and most stilted style, her elaborate sentences unrelieved by any touches of fancy or humour; but with Mrs. Barbauld, no formality of composition could repress the little flashes of imagination that light up her writing. Her everyday letters on ordinary subjects are full of them, and they peep out here and there even in the educational ones.

The earliest letter contains a little moral advice in an attractive form—the pill administered, prettily gilded.

'MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,—

'I send you a set of boxes for your dressing-table, full of valuable ornaments, which I beg you will use constantly, as they are exceedingly becoming, and will, I am sure, wear well.

	A mirror. *Humility.*
A fine eye-water. *Benevolence.*	A lip-salve. *Cheerfulness.*
A wash to smooth wrinkles. *Contentment.*	A mixture giving sweetness to the voice. *Mildness and Truth.*
A pair of earrings. *Attention.*	A genuine and universal beautifier. *Good Humour.*
Best white paint. *Innocence.*	Best rouge. *Modesty.*

Never rise from your table without being adorned by these, and then you will be in a proper dress for any company whatever, and cannot fail of appearing lovely and being admired.'

The next two letters are upon History, and excellent they are! Though the modern phrase, the 'philosophy of history,' may not yet have been invented, the thing itself evidently existed in Mrs. Barbauld's mind. These letters give that great proof of power, the complete mastery of a question, which enables a writer to explain a large and difficult subject in clear and simple language, as well as the imagination, which could make it interesting and picturesque to the mind of a child.

ON THE USES OF HISTORY.

Letter I.

'MY DEAR LYDIA,—

'I was told the other day that you have not forgotten a promise of mine to correspond with you upon some subject which

might be worth discussing, and relative to your pursuits. I have often recollected it also, and as promises ought not only to be recollected but fulfilled, I will without further preface, throw together some thoughts on History, a study that I know you value as it deserves, and I trust it will not be disagreeable to you if you should find some observations which your own mind may have suggested, or which you may recollect to have heard from me in some of those hours which we spent together with mutual pleasure. Much has been said of the uses of History; they are, no doubt, many, but do not apply equally to all; but it is quite sufficient to make it a study worth our pains and time, that it satisfies the desire which naturally arises in every intelligent mind to know the transactions of the country—of the globe in which he lives. Facts, as facts, interest our curiosity and engage our attention. Suppose a person placed in a part of the country where he was a total stranger, he would naturally ask, who are the chief people of the place? what family are they of? have any of their ancestors been famous? and for what? If he sees a ruined abbey, he will enquire what the building was used for, and if he be told it is a place where people got up at midnight to sing psalms, and scourged themselves in the day, he will ask how there came to be such people and why there are none now. If he observes a dilapidated castle which appears to have been battered by violence, he will ask in what quarrel it suffered, and why they built formerly, structures so different from any we see now. If any part of the inhabitants should speak a different language from the rest, or have some singular customs among them, he would suppose they came originally from some remote part of the country, and would inform himself, if he could, of the cause of their peculiarities. If he were of a curious temper, he would not rest till he had informed himself who every estate in the parish belonged to, what hands they had gone thro', how one man got this field by marrying an heiress, and the other lost that meadow by a ruinous law-suit. As a man of spirit, he would feel delighted on hearing the relation of the opposition made by an honest yeoman to an overbearing rich man, on the subject of an accustomed pathway or right of common. If he should find the town or village were divided into parties, he would take some pains to trace the original cause of their dissension, and to find out, if possible, who had the right on his side. Circumstances would often occur to excite his attention. If he saw a bridge, he would ask when and by whom it was built. If

in digging in his garden he should find utensils of a singular form and construction, or a pot of money with a stamp and legend quite different from the common coin, he would be led to enquire when they were in use, and to whom they had belonged. His curiosity would extend itself by degrees. If a brook ran through the meadows, he would be pleased to trace it till it swelled into a river, and the river lost itself in the sea. He would be asking whose seat he saw upon the edge of the distant forest, and what sort of country lay behind the range of hills that bounded his utmost view. If any strangers came to visit or reside in the place where he lived, he would be questioning them about the country they come from, their connections and alliances and their parents. The answers to these questions would insensibly grow up into *History* which, as you see, does not originate in abstruse speculation, but grows naturally out of our situation and relative connections. It gratifies a curiosity which all feel in some degree, but which spreads and enlarges itself with the cultivation of our powers, till at length it embraces the whole globe which we inhabit. To know is as natural to the mind as to see is to the eye, and knowledge is itself an ultimate end. But tho' this may be esteemed an ultimate and sufficient end, the study of History is important to various purposes. Few pursuits tend more to enlarge the mind. It gives us, and it only can give us, an extended knowledge of human nature, not as it exists in one age or climate, or particular spot of earth, but human nature under all the various circumstances by which it can be affected. It shews us what is radical and what is adventitious in it; that man is still man in Turkey or in Lapland, as a subject in Russia or a member of a wandering tribe in India, in antient Athens or modern Rome, yet that his character is susceptible of violent changes and becomes moulded into infinite diversities by the influence of government, climate, civilization, wealth, and poverty. By shewing us how man has acted, it shews us to a certain degree how he will act in given circumstances; and general rules and maxims are drawn from it for the service of the lawgiver and the statesman. Here I must observe however, that with regard to *events*, a knowledge of History does not seem to give us any great advantage in foreseeing and preparing for them. The deepest politician, with all his knowledge of the revolutions of past ages, could probably no more have predicted the course and termination of the late French Revolution than a common man. The state of our own national debt has baffled calculation; the course of ages

has presented nothing like it. Who could have pronounced that the struggle of the Americans would be successful, that of the Poles unsuccessful? Human characters indeed act always alike, but events depend upon circumstances as well as characters, and circumstances are infinitely various and changed by the slightest causes. A battle lost or won by a shower of snow being blown to the east or the west, by a horse (the general's) losing his shoe, by a bullet or an arrow taking a direction a tenth of an inch one way or the other. The whole course of the French affairs might have been changed if the king had not stopped to breakfast, or if the postmaster at Varennes had not happened to know him. These are particulars which no man can foresee, and therefore no man can with precision foresee events. The rising up of certain characters at particular periods, ranks among those unforeseen circumstances that powerfully influence events. Often does a single man, as Epaminondas, illustrate his country and leave a long track of light after him to future ages; and who can tell how much, even America, owed to the accident of being served by such a man as Washington? There are always many probable events; all that History enables the politician to do is to predict that one or other of them will take place; if so and so, it will be this; if so and so, it will be that; but which he cannot tell. There are always combinations of circumstances which have never met before from the creation of the world and which mock all power of calculation. But let the circumstances be known, and the characters upon the stage, and History will tell him what to expect from them. It will tell him with certainty, for instance, that a treaty extorted by force from distress, will be broken when opportunity offers: that if the Church and the monarch are united, they will oppress, if at variance, they will divide the people: that a powerful nation will make its advantage of the divisions of a weaker which applies for its assistance.—It is another advantage of History that it stores the mind with facts that apply to most subjects which occur in conversation among enlightened people: whether morals, commerce, languages, the belles lettres, be the subject of discussion, it is History that must supply her large storehouse of proofs and illustrations. A man or a woman may decline without blame many subjects of literature, but to be ignorant of History is not permitted to any one of a cultivated mind. It may be reckoned among its advantages, that this study naturally increases the love of every man to his Country. We can only love what we know. It is by becoming acquainted with the long line of

patriots, heroes, and distinguished men, that we learn to love the country which has produced them. As a man learns to value himself upon his family, who can walk through a long gallery of pictures and see among his ancestors Admirals, Generals, and Bishops, distinguished for learning and successful enterprize; so in loving England, we love the long train of patriots, poets, or warriors—the Sydneys, Hampdens, and Miltons—who have defended or adorned it. But I must conclude this letter, already perhaps too long, tho' I have not got to the end of my subject; it will give me soon another opportunity of subscribing myself,

'Your ever affec. Friend,

'A. L. BARBAULD.'

Letter II.

'I LEFT off, my dear Lydia, with mentioning, among the advantages of an acquaintance with History, that it fosters the sentiments of patriotism. What is a man's country? To the unlettered peasant who has never left his native village, that village is his country, and consequently all of it he can love. The man who mixes in the world, and has a large acquaintance with the characters existing along with himself upon the stage of it, has a wider range. His idea of a country extends to its civil polity, its military triumphs, the eloquence of its courts, and the splendor of its capital. All the great and good characters he is acquainted with, swell his idea of its importance, and endear to him the society of which he is a member. But how wonderfully does this idea expand, and how majestic a form does it put on, when History conducts our retrospective view thro' past ages! How much more has the man to love, how much to interest him in his Country, in whom her image is identified with the virtues of an Alfred, with the exploits of the Henrys and Edwards, with the fame and fortunes of the Sidneys and Hampdens, the Lockes and Miltons that have illustrated her annals! Like a man of noble birth, who walks up and down in a long gallery of portraits and is able to say, "This, my progenitor, was admiral in such a sea-fight; that, my great-uncle, was general in such an engagement; he on the right hand held the seals in such a reign; that lady in so singular a costume, was a celebrated beauty two hundred years ago; this little man in the black cap and peaked beard was one of the luminaries of his age, and suffered for his religion"—he learns to value himself upon his ancestry, and to feel interested for the honour and prosperity of

the whole line of descendants. Could a Swiss, think you, be so good a patriot who had never heard of the name of William Tell, or an Hollander who was unacquainted with the glorious struggles which freed his nation from the tyranny of the Duke of Alva? The man conversant in History has been long *acquainted* with his country. He knew her in the infancy of her greatness, has seen her, perhaps, in the wattled huts and slender canoes in which Cæsar discovered her; he has watched her rising fortunes, has trembled at her dangers, rejoiced at her deliverances, and shared with honest pride, triumphs that were celebrated ages before he was born. He has traced her gradual improvement thro' many a dark and turbulent period, many a storm of civil warfare, to the fair reign of order, liberty, and law, to the fulness of her prosperity and the amplitude of her fame.

'Or should our patriot have his lot cast in some age and country which has declined from this high station of pre-eminence, and should he observe the gathering glooms of superstition and ignorance ready to close again over the bright horizon; should liberty lie prostrate at the feet of a despot, and the golden stream of commerce, diverted into other channels, leave nothing but beggary and wretchedness around him—even then, in these ebbing fortunes of his country, History, like a faithful mentor, would tell him how high the tide had once risen; he would not tread unconsciously the ground where the Muses and the Arts had once resided, like the goat that stupidly browses upon the fane of Minerva—even then the name of his country will be dear and venerable to him—he will muse over her fallen greatness, sit down under the shade of her never-dying laurels, build his little cottage amidst the ruins of her towers and temples, and contemplate with tenderness and respect the decaying age of his once illustrious parent. But if an acquaintance with History thus increases a rational love of our country, it also tends to check those low, illiberal, vulgar prejudices which adhere to the uninformed of every nation; travelling will also cure them, but to travel is not within the power of every one. There is no use but a great deal of harm in fostering a contempt for other nations, in an arrogant assumption of superiority, and the clownish sneer of ignorance at everything in laws, government, or manners which is not fashioned after our partial ideas and familiar usages. A well-informed person will not be apt to exclaim at every event out of the common way, that nothing like it has ever happened since the

creation of the world; that such atrocities are totally unheard of in any age or nation; sentiments we have all of us so often heard of late on the subject of the French Revolution, when in fact we can scarcely open a page of their history without being struck with similar and equal enormities. When we see the mixt and imperfect virtue of the most distinguished characters, the variety of motives—some pure and some impure—which influence political conduct, the partial success of the wisest schemes and the frequent failure of the fairest hopes, we shall find it more difficult to chuse a side and to keep up an interest towards it in our minds, than to restrain our feelings and language within the bounds of good sense and moderation. This, by the way, makes it particularly proper that *Ladies* who interest themselves in the events of public life should have their minds cultivated by an acquaintance with history, without which they are apt to let the whole warmth of their natures flow out upon party matters, in an ardour more honest than wise, and more zealous than candid.

'With regard to the moral uses of History, what has been just mentioned may stand for one. It serves also, by exercise, to strengthen the moral feelings.—The traits of generosity, heroism, disinterestedness, magnaminity, are scattered over it like sparkling gems, and arrest the attention of the most common reader. It is wonderfully interesting to follow the revolutions of a great state, particularly when they lead to the successful termination of some glorious contest. "Is it true?" a child asks when you tell him a wonderful story that strikes his imagination. The writer of fiction has the unlimited command of events and of characters, yet that single circumstance of truth, that the events related really came to pass, that the heroes brought upon the stage really existed, counterbalances with respect to interest all the advantages of the former, and in a mind a little accustomed to exertion will throw the advantage on the side of the historian. The more History approaches to Biography, the more interest it excites. When the materials are meagre and scanty, the antiquarian and the chronologer may dwell upon the page, but it will seldom excite the glow of admiration or draw the delicious tear of sensibility.

'I must acknowledge however, in order to be candid, that the emotions excited by the actions of our species are not always of so pleasing or so edifying a nature. The miseries and the vices of man form a large part of the picture of human society; the pure mind is disgusted by depravity, the existence of which it

could not have imaged to itself, and the feeling heart is cruelly lacerated by the sad repetition of wrongs and oppression, chains and slaughter and sack and massacre, which assail it in every page. Till the mind has gained some strength, so ugly a picture should hardly be presented to it. Chosen periods of history may be selected for youth, as the society of chosen characters precedes, in well-regulated education, a more indiscriminate acquaintance with the world. In favour of a more extended view, I can only say that truth is truth, man must be shewn as the being he really is, or no real knowledge is gained. If a young person were to read only the *Beauties of History* according to Mr. Goud's scheme, stories and characters in which all that was vicious should be left out, he might as well, for any real acquaintance of life he would gain, have been reading all the while Sir Charles Grandison or the Princess of Cleves. One consoling idea will present itself with no small degree of probability on comparing the annals of past and present times—that of a tendency to amelioration, at least it is evidently so in those Countries with which we are most connected. But the only balm that can be poured with full effect into the feeling mind which bleeds for the folly and wickedness of man, is the belief that all events are directed and controuled * by supreme wisdom and goodness. Without this perswasion the world becomes a desart, and its devastators the wolves and tygers that prowl in it.

'It is needless to insist on the uses of History, to those whose situation in life gives them room to expect that their actions may one day become the objects of it. Besides the immediate necessity to them of the knowledge it supplies, it affords the strongest motives for their conduct, of hope and fear. The solemn award, the incorruptible tribunal, and the severe soul-searching inquisition of posterity, is likely to strike an awe into their souls. They cannot take refuge in oblivion; it is not permitted to them to die. They must be the objects of gratitude or detestation as long as the world stands. They may flatter themselves that they have silenced the voice of truth; they may forbid papers and pamphlets and conversation; an unseen hand is all the while tracing out their history and often their minutest actions in indelible characters, and it will soon be held up for the judgement of the world at large. Lastly, this permanency of human characters tends to cherish in the mind, the hope and

* Mrs. Barbauld's spelling is retained in these letters.

belief of an existence after death. If we had no notices from the page of History of those races of men that have lived before us, they would seem to be completely swept away, and we should no more think of enquiring what human beings filled our place upon the earth a thousand harvests ago, than we should think about the generations of cattle that at that time grazed the marshes of the Tyber, or the venerable ancestors of the goats that are browsing upon Mount Hymettus. No vestige would remain of one any more than of the other, and we might more pardonably fall into the opinion that they both had shared a similar fate. But when we see illustrious characters continuing to live on in the eye of posterity, their memories still fresh, and their noble actions shining with all the vivid colouring of truth and reality, ages after the very dust of their tombs is scattered, high conceptions kindle within us, and feeling one immortality we are led to hope for another. We find it hard to persuade ourselves that the man who, like Antoninus or Socrates, fills the world with the sweet perfume of his virtues, the martyr or the patriot to whom posterity is doing the justice which was deny'd him by his contemporaries, should all the while himself be blotted out of existence, that he should be benefiting mankind and doing good so long after he is capable of receiving any, that we should be so well acquainted with him, and that he should never know anything of us; that one who is an active agent in the world, instructing, informing it, inspiring friendship, making disciples, should be nothing—this does not seem probable. The records of Time suggest to us Eternity.

'Farewell,

'A. L. B.'

(*To be continued.*)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXXIII.

1718–1722.

BUBBLES—FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

THE general degeneracy that seemed to have set in with the 18th century manifested itself among other forms in fierce lust of gain, and wild spirit of speculation. Those financial complications which had hitherto been left to Jews, Venetians, and Genoese began to occupy every one, and the ideas of interest upon capital became universal. Paterson, in the Bank of England, gave the first impulse, but with a sober-minded spirit which made it a success.

France, on the other hand, at the opening of the Regency, was in such a state as to be ready to resort to desperate remedies. When the Duke of Noailles became President the treasury was empty, the country exhausted, there was no pay for the troops, and in the provinces there were whole districts going out of cultivation, partly from depopulation through the long wars, partly from the crushing weight of the taxes, imposts, feudal dues of every sort that overwhelmed the peasantry. The Duke of Noailles tried to be economical. He lessened the enormous Royal household, and while the army was reduced by 25,000 men, each soldier who should repair a ruined homestead and cultivate its farm was promised freedom from taxes for six years. The accounts were looked into, and the collectors who farmed the revenue were squeezed, so as to deprive them of all the wealth unfairly gained ; but this measure was much obstructed.

The Parliament, though honest men little favourable to fraud, were jealous of Government interference : and so entirely dulled was public morality in this respect, that the courtiers, ladies, and all took bribes from the threatened financiers to obtain exemption from the enquiry from the easy-going Regent! Thus there was

much less recovered than had been expected, and the deficit in the treasury was terrible.

Some twenty years before, Paterson had come to the aid of William III. by suggesting the establishment of the Bank of England, and another Scotsman offered to show the Regent the means of freeing himself from his difficulties. John Law, who was born in 1671, was son to a goldsmith in Edinburgh, a profession with which banking was still closely united. He lost his father when fourteen years old, and soon became a man of pleasure, and was known as Beau Law or Jessamy Law at Edinburgh and in London. He gambled on system, and with such dexterity that he prospered greatly, till a love affair caused a duel, in which he killed his opponent, was tried, and sentenced to death, but was reprieved. Hopes were given of a pardon, but the family of the deceased hindered it, and he escaped from prison and repaired to Paris, whence, after another course of successful gaming, he is said to have eloped with Lady Catherine Knollys, Lord Banbury's sister. At Genoa and Venice he studied banking, and afterwards at Amsterdam. There he conceived a system making Government become a gambler on a large scale, by using paper money instead of metal of intrinsic worth. He offered his plan to the Scottish Parliament in 1705, but it was rejected, and he travelled about to the Courts of Europe trying to get it accepted, and at the same time so continuing his play, that in 1714, his property amounted to £1,100,000. The first person who had believed in his scheme was Victor Amadeus, who, from Duke of Savoy, had been made King of Sicily. 'I am not powerful enough to ruin myself,' was what he said, when urged to make trial of it. However, he recommended Law to France, where he declared the temper of the people was sure to be favourable.

So Law went to Paris in 1714. He already knew the Duke of Vendôme and the Prince of Conti, and being a handsome, distinguished-looking man of good breeding, he made his way in society. In 1716, he obtained permission from the Regent to set up a Bank, where he issued notes, whose value was secured upon his own property and that of his fellow-speculators. It throve extremely, and in the end of 1718, the Duke of Orleans persuaded his colleagues, the Duke of Bourbon and Marshal d'Antin, to convert Law's private Bank into a National Bank, like the Bank of England, issuing notes secured on the Royal property and the taxes, all the payments from Government to the public being made in paper, and difficulties being thrown in the way of

changing it into money. Indeed, there was such a quantity of false coin current at the time that the notes were preferred, although the Royal Bank, which had branches at Lyons, Tours, Rochelle, Orleans, and Amiens, never cashed them without a profit, so that they were seldom returned, and their excess of pledges over the sum in hand was not felt.

The Parliament, which still had charge of all the finance, however, distrusted it all, and could not endure the promotion of a foreigner. A week before the Bed of Justice, when the edict for the full establishment of the Royal Bank was to be registered, they put forth a decree stopping all the traffic of the Bank, and forbidding all aliens, even when naturalized, to meddle with the administration of the Royal property. They even intended to have Law arrested by their own officers, to hurry over his trial in three days, hang him in their court with closed doors, and then open the gates and display his corpse!

Warning was given to Law, and he took refuge in the Palais Royal, whence he did not emerge till after the Bed of Justice, when Royal authority overruled the Parliament, and gave him security in his position as Director, and he took every means of depreciating the current value of gold and silver in comparison with that of paper, even authorising creditors to receive payment in coin.

To enhance their value, as well as for his own profit, Law, that first of the huge modern brood of speculators, set going a great Company, for which, in 1717, he had obtained letters patent. On the conclusion of the Treaty of Utrecht, to France had been ceded the south-eastern portion of North America, where the French had been the first explorers, and had begun a few settlements. The climate was good, and there was much fertile soil around the rivers. The advantages were magnified to the utmost extent; Louisiana, as the country was called, was said to contain gold mines, and a large Company was formed expecting to get fabulous profits. It was termed the Company of the West, and commonly known as the Mississippi Scheme. Shares were issued, and money—paper-money, of course—paid down for them; the waste land sold at 30,000 livres for a square league. To people these grounds and bring in these huge profits, the slave trade was actively pursued, orders were sent to the criminal courts to transport the convicted felons, also the Huguenots. The police caught all whom they called vagabonds to deport, among them respectable citizens, who ransomed

themselves if they could. Eighty coiners of false money were landed near the mouth of the Mississippi, where they founded New Orleans. The Regent divided on the map the vast territory into dukedoms and marquisates, which were obtained by favour or purchase, and thus colonised. By a bargain with some of the German Princes, 12,000 of their subjects were to be sent out to Law's own grant, and 4000 actually went. There was neither order nor preparation for the most part. The unhappy beings were turned loose in the swamps, where many perished in great misery, and it was comparatively a very few of birth and intelligence who went out with due arrangements, and founded the little colonial châteaus, that long were a feature in these regions, and where they and their descendants lived a joyous, easy, graceful life for full a century. The great proportion of the poor creatures died of fevers, inundations, starvation, mixed with the Indians, or gained an uncertain livelihood by the chase.

It was not of the realities of the lives of settlers that the nominal owners thought, but of their shares and dividends, selling and other stock-jobbing Companies, such as that of the Senegal and of the East Indies which never existed. These were bought up, and fresh shares created, and there was an absolutely frenzy of selling and buying so as to gain on each transaction. Fortunes, at least in name, were made by a few scratches of the pen, and all the world was rushing to profit by them. The Rue Quincampoix, between the streets of St. Denis and St. Martin, contained the Exchange. It was only 150 paces long and five wide, and it was choked by such throngs that each end was necessarily closed by an iron gate, which was opened at six in the morning and shut at nine at night, to the sound of a bell. It was absolutely blockaded, and transactions were going on constantly, not only in the houses but in the street, where a little hunchback made 50,000 francs by letting out his back as a desk to write upon. All ranks and both sexes mixed up together; great ladies, peers, citizens, priests, servants, country-folk, all jostled together and asking questions on the one great subject with the easiest familiarity. A footman set up his own carriage, but from force of habit got up behind. A lady, crazy to speak to Mr. Law, but finding him always too busy, resolved to be upset in her carriage close to him that he might be forced to pick her up, and when she saw him, she was heard calling out to her coachman, 'Versez! Versez!' Paper could not be made fast enough for the vouchers and bank notes.

Law himself purchased fourteen estates with titles annexed,

among others the Marquisate of Rosny, the paternal estate of the great Sully, whose family had become impoverished. He renounced his Protestantism, and being thus eligible for office, was made Comptroller-General of the Finances. Lady Catherine had a perfect Court. The Duke of Orleans wanted a Duchess to take his daughter to Genoa.

'Send to Madame Law,' said his shrewd old mother. 'You will find them all sitting in her drawing-room.'

He came to Court with a train of Marshals, Dukes, Bishops, and even the Prime Minister Dubois; and no wonder his arrogance swelled, so that he was heard to say before some English, that there was only one great kingdom in Europe, France; one great city, Paris.

But this splendour was as brief as it was brilliant. The shrewder persons began to be uneasy at the quantity of paper money which, as they well knew, outran the value it represented, and the directors began to secure, in other countries, the gold that had been given in exchange.

The Prince of Conti was one of the first to take alarm, and by actual force and threats, obliged Law to give him three waggon loads of gold and silver representing the value of his notes. It made the Regent very angry, and was a great shock to the general credit. There were symptoms of a run on the Bank, which Law thought to remedy by an edict, as Comptroller-General, forbidding the exchange of paper for specie, except for small sums, ten francs in silver or 300 in gold; and as his anxiety increased, he actually used Royal authority to issue an order that all specie should be brought to the Bank, and that what was retained should be confiscated, half being given to the informer.

Accusation became a trade, so that even a son denounced his father, and in a month about forty millions were brought in, while every one did what they could. Then Law caused the goldsmiths to stop work, and called in their metal, and likewise forbade the use of diamonds and pearls. At last, he made the worth of the notes in coin only half their nominal value. There was such an outcry that the Regent withdrew the edict. 'Since Law has been Comptroller, he has lost his head,' he said.

That night Law was arrested, but his books were in admirable order, and his plans most plausible, especially as he was no conscious imposter, but implicitly believed in them himself, and he was released; and though deprived of the office of Comptroller-General, continued a director.

People trod on one another in the rush to the Rue Quincampoix. In a single day three persons were trampled to death. Moreover, the stock jobbers had to carry such a mass of paper in their portfolios, that in the crowd they became a mark for thieves. A police was established, but could not entirely prevent crime. A young profligate of high rank, only twenty years of age, Count Horn, who, in spite of his connection with princely families, had been prevented by his outrageous debauchery from rising to the rank of Captain in the Austrian army, united with a Piedmontese named Millé, and another man of like character. They announced themselves as wanting to buy 100,000 crowns worth of shares, and appointed a meeting with a broker in a little public-house in the Rue Quincampoix. There, after looking over the unfortunate man's papers, they stabbed him with their daggers, and expected to escape by their audacity, but the cries of the landlord brought the police, and Horn and Millé were arrested, though their comrade escaped.

For the pride of the blood he had disgraced, half the nobles in Flanders, France, and Germany exerted themselves to save the wretched Horn, and a promise was extorted from the Duke of Orleans that at least he should not be broken on the wheel; but the brokers and stock jobbers were in such a state that to content them, he did not interfere, and the wretched men both alike suffered the lingering agonies of that atrocious form of execution. It was a sad contrast with the undeserved death of his ancestor under Philip II. After this catastrophe, the Exchange was removed to the Place Vendôme, where there was more room, and the rush went on as much as ever, for still there were shares in the Companies to be purchased, and sometimes in a few days sold again for a huge value. The song in the streets went—

'Lundi, j'achetai des actions;
Mardi, je gagnai des millions;
Mercredi, j'ornai mon ménage;
Jeudi, je pris un équipage;
Vendredi, je m'en fus au bal;
Et Samedi, à l'hôpital!'

The greediest of the stock jobbers was the Duke of Bourbon, whence the Exchange was called the Camp de Condé; but a little later the Prince de Carignan (brother or nephew to Prince Eugéne) contrived to have the Exchange removed to the gardens of the Hôtel de Soissons, where he erected six hundred little

wooden booths, by which he gained 300,000 livres for each of the few months that the madness continued. For the collapse came quickly on. In the September of this same 1720, which had begun with Law the object of universal adulation, a trifle would buy what nine months before was worth thousands!

Rage succeeded to disappointed hope, and of course fell upon Law. His carriage was broken to pieces in the street, and the President de Mesmes announced it in the Grand Chamber of Parliament by coming in, chanting solemnly—

'Messieurs, messieurs, grand nouvelle,
La carosse de Law est réduit en cannelle.'

Up started all the counsellers, eagerly shouting, 'Is Law torn to pieces?'

He had, however, reached the Palais Royal in safety; but when he went to the theatre with the Regent there was such an outcry that the Regent sent him off in secret in a carriage of the Duke of Bourbon's, and advised him to retire to one of his estates; but he was not safe there from arrest and vengeance. The Duke sent him passports, and he reached Brussels, whence he travelled to Venice, and by-and-by returned to London. His fourteen estates had been confiscated, and his latter years were passed in great proverty. He died at Venice in 1729, in his fifty-ninth year. This epigram was made on him—

'Cy gît cet Écossais célèbre,
Ce calculateur sans égal,
Qui, par les règles d'Algèbre,
A mis France à l'hôpital.'

He was one of the chief speculators on record, but even his worst enemies were forced to allow that he deceived himself as much as other people. It seems that he really believed that the fictitious value of paper would serve for currency as well as metals, and that besides, belonging to the cool Scotch nation, he had never calculated on the exaggerated frenzy of France and the unscrupulous worthlessness of the Government, which actually had shifted off fifteen thousand millions of their debt upon him.

England, however, was by no means free from the infection of speculation. As early as 1711, Robert Harley, on coming into office as Lord Treasurer, on the fall of Godolphin, had found that the floating debt of the nation amounted to ten millions. To provide means of paying interest of six per cent., he rendered permanent the duties upon wine, vinegar, tobacco, Indian goods,

wrought silks and whale fins, and he proposed that the creditors should have the monopoly of the trade to the Spanish coasts of America, being formed into what was called the South Sea Company, and sanctioned by Royal charter. The plan was much admired and called Harley's masterpiece, but it was not till 1717 that the Company's first ship actually sailed.

It 1719, it was proposed that all the annuities upon the National Debt should be bought up, and all the national securities placed in the hands of the purchaser. The Directors of the Bank of England and the South Sea Company bid against each other, and the latter was the purchaser for seven and a half millions. Walpole had coolness and sense enough to oppose the Bill authorising the purchase; but it passed, by one hundred and seventy-two against fifty-five. In the Peers, Lord Cowper compared the scheme to the Trojan horse, only bringing destruction. However, only seventeen peers voted against it.

At once the directors opened a subscription, which soon reached two millions. Every one thought well of it. George I. called it his beloved child, and the shareholders were led to expect fifty per cent. It was said that Gibraltar and Port Mahon were to be exchanged for places in Peru, and landed estates were sold in the hope of large fortunes!

All manner of schemes were hatched at the same time, as Walpole had feared. A Royal proclamation was issued forbidding them to be set on foot without legal authority, but there was no enforcing this, and the Prince of Wales actually appeared as Governor of the Welsh Copper Company. He remained there till the Company was in danger of prosecution, and then retired with a profit of £40,000!

Change Alley was another Rue Quincampoix, though with this difference, that excepting the one great South Sea Company, the hosts of speculations were private ventures, but the jobbing in them was almost as eager, and some of the schemes even more ridiculous: 'For making oil from sunflower seeds; for extracting silver from lead; for trading in human hair (for wigs); for fatting of hogs; for a wheel for perpetual motion; for importing of large jackasses from Spain,' which last seems unnecessary, when one Company was 'for an undertaking which shall in due time be revealed.' However, the South Sea Company, eager to absorb all the money in the market, obtained writs of *scire facias* against the managers of some of these absurd Companies. It was a prick to their own huge bubble. Every

one grew anxious and distrustful, and wanted to exchange their paper bonds for solid cash. No doubt what was passing in France in this very year, 1720, increased the panic. The same mistake had been made, though not to such a fatal extent, there was not gold enough to meet the demand. Stock which had been going at 1000 in August, came down to 300 in September, and in November to 135!

There was ruin and rage among the multitudinous dupes, and when Parliament met on the 8th of November, there was no lack of furious invective. Lord Molesworth said the Roman punishment to a parricide was to be sewn up in a sack and thrown into the Tiber, and he would be willing to see the contrivers of the South Sea scheme undergo the like!

Walpole, however, observed that if London were on fire, it would be better to put out the flames before hunting down the incendiaries, and that something must at once be done to restore public credit. However, the directors were called on to show up their account, and a Bill was brought in 'against the infamous practice of stock-jobbing.' Walpole's plan, though it passed the House, was not carried into effect; immediately after Christmas the directors were to be examined before a committee. They petitioned to be allowed counsel; but this was denied them, as it then was to felons at the bar.

The cashier, after his first examination, escaped to France, carrying with him the register of the Company. Connivance of some of the grandees concerned was suspected, and there was a furious scene in the committee room. Four Members of Parliament, who had been directors, were expelled from the House, declared incapable of sitting again, and soon after taken into custody, together with five other directors; but the punishment was an extremely difficult matter, since they had committed no statutable offence.

The fury shown in the House of Peers was equal to, if not greater, than that in the Commons. Lord Stanhope, who had never meddled with any of the jobbery, and had merely permitted the scheme as a Minister, was especially attacked by the young Duke of Wharton, a man of great ability, but a profligate and an Athiest, who was president of a society of lawless and wicked young men, called the Hell-fire Club. Of all men in the world he was one of the most unfit to declaim about public virtue, denounce a respectable and honest Minister, and compare him to Sejanus, the infamous favourite of Tiberius.

It absolutely killed Lord Stanhope, who made a full vindication of himself, but whose anger brought a rush of blood to the head, of which the next day he died, a great shock alike to the King and country, where there never had been the least imputation on his honesty and uprightness.

Lord Townsend became Secretary of State; Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was so much implicated that he had to resign, and Walpole took his place. The committee worked hard at the unravelling of the scheme, and when their first report appeared, it was found that in the last year more than a million of South Sea stock had been created, or rather invented, for it had no existence, but the receivers would obtain any gains if the prices rose, lose nothing if it fell. This had been used for bribery to facilitate getting the Bill passed. The two favourite German ladies, who had been justly said to be come 'for all our chattels,' and their two nieces, had all had £10,000 of this apiece. The Earl of Sunderland had had £50,000, the two Craggses, father and son, one of whom was Postmaster-General, the other Secretary, had each had their share, and so had Aislabie.

The younger Craggs, an accomplished man and a friend of the poet Pope, died of small-pox while the report was being read, and his unhappy father soon after poisoned himself. Somerset was acquitted as more of a dupe than a rogue, but he was obliged to resign, and Walpole became First Lord of the Treasury.

Some of the principal directors, such as Sir John Blunt, had fled; but all were disabled from ever sitting in Parliament, and their property, amounting altogether to about two millions, was seized to compensate to the sufferers—a pittance being allowed for their own maintenance. Of one, who had, in his foolish exaltation, said he could feed his horses on gold, it was said he might now feed on it himself, and should have just as much as he could eat, and no more.

However, by a great effort of sagacity, Walpole succeeded in restoring public credit, and in returning thirty-three per cent. to the sufferers from the South Sea scheme, and the agitation and discontent gradually abated, although many families were irretrievably ruined. The passion for speculation was, however, by no means finally cured, and at times sets in like a fever—not recognised as 'that hasting to be rich, wherewith a man shall not be innocent.'

THAT STICK.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

THOUGH Miss Lang was shocked and indignant at Mrs. Morton's violence, she was a wise woman, and felt that it would be better tact not to let such a person depart without an attempt at pacification; so she did her best at dignified soothing, and listened to a good deal of grumbling and lamentation.

She contrived, however, to give the impression that as things stood, Mrs. Morton would be far wiser to make no more resistance, but to consult family peace by accepting Miss Marshall, who, she assured the visitor, was a very kind and excellent person, not likely to influence Lord Northmoor against his own family, except on great provocation.

Mrs. Morton actually yielded so far as to declare she had only spoken for her dear brother-in-law's own good, and that since he was so infatuated, she supposed, for her dear children's sake, she must endure it. Having no desire to encounter him again, she went off by the next train, leaving a message that she had had tea at Miss Lang's. She related at home to her expectant daughter that Lord Northmoor had grown 'that high and stuck-up, there was no speaking to him, and that there Miss Marshall was an artful puss, as knew how to play her cards and get *in* with the quality.'

'I wish you had taken me, ma,' said Ida, 'I should have known what to say to them.'

'I can't tell, child, you might only have made it worse. I see how it is now, and we must be mum, or it may be the worse for us. He says he will do what he can for us, but I know what that means. She will hold the purse strings, and make him meaner than he is already. He will never know how to spend

his fortune now he has got it! If your poor, dear pa had only been alive now, he would never have let you be wronged.'

'But you gave it to them,' cried Ida.

'That I did! Only that lady, Lady Kenton, came in all stuck-up and haughty, and cut me short, interfering as she had no business to, or I would have brought Miss Mary to her marrow-bones. She hadn't a word to say for herself, but now she has got those fine folks on her side, the thing will go on as sure as fate. However, I've done my dooty, that's one comfort; and now, I suppose I shall have to patch it up as best I can.'

'I wouldn't!' said Ida, hotly.

'Ah! Ida, my dear, you don't know what a mother won't do for her children.'

A sigh that was often reiterated as Mrs. Morton composed a letter to her brother-in-law, with some hints from Ida on the spelling, and some from Mr. Rollstone on the address. The upshot was that her dear brother and his *fiancée* were to believe her actuated by the purest sense of the duty and anxiety she owed to them and her dear children, the orphans of his dear deceased brother. Now that she had once expressed herself, she trusted to her dear Frank's affectionate nature to bury all in oblivion, and to believe that she should be ready to welcome her new sister-in-law with the warmest affection. Therewith followed a request for five pounds, to pay for her mourning and darling Ida's, which they had felt due to him!

Lord Northmoor did not quite see how it was due to him, nor did he intend to give whatever his dear sister-in-law might demand, but she had made him so angry that he felt that he must prove his forgiveness to himself. Mary had not thought it needful to describe the force of the attack upon herself, or perhaps his pardon might not have gone so far. He sent the note, and added that as he was wanted at Northmoor for a day or two, he would take his nephew Herbert with him.

This was something like, as Mrs. Morton said, a kind of tangible acknowledgment of their relationship and of Herbert as his heir, and it was a magnificent thing to tell all her acquaintance that her son was gone to the family seat with his uncle, Lord Northmoor. She would fain have obtained for him some instructions in the manners of the upper ten thousand from Mr. Rollstone, but Herbert entirely repudiated listening to that old fogey, observing that after all it was only old Frank, and he wasn't going to bother himself for the like of him.

The uncle was fond of his brother's boy, and had devised this plan partly for the sake of the pleasure it would give, and partly because it was impossible to form any judgment of his character while with the mother. He was a fine, well-grown, manly boy, and when seen among his companions, had an indefinable air of good blood about him. He had hitherto been at a good day-school which prepared boys for the merchant service, and his tastes were so much in the direction of the sea, that it was much to be regretted that at fourteen and a half it was useless to think of preparation for a naval cadetship. He was sent up by train to join his uncle at Hurminster, and the first question after the greeting was, 'I say, uncle, shan't you have a yacht?'

'I could not afford it, if I wished it,' was the answer, while *Punch* was handed over to him, and Lord Northmoor applied himself to a long blue letter.

'Landlubber!' sighed Herbert to himself, with true marine contempt for a man who had sat on an office-stool all his life. 'He doesn't look a bit more of a swell than he used to. It is well there's some one with some pluck in the family.'

CHAPTER IX.

THE HEIR PRESUMPTUOUS.

HERBERT began to be impressed when, on the train arriving at a little country station, a servant in mourning, with finger to his hat, inquired after his Lordship's luggage, and another was seen presiding over a coronetted brougham.

'I say!' he breathed forth, when they were shut in, 'is this yours?'

'It is Miss Morton's, I believe at present. I am to arrange whether to keep it or not.'

They were driving over an open heath in its summer carpet-like state of purple heather, dwarf gorse, and bracken. Lord Northmoor looked out, with thoughtfulness in his face. By-and-by there was a gate, a lodge, a curtseying woman, and as they passed it, he said, 'Now, this is Northmoor.'

'Your's, uncle?'

'Yes.'

'My——!' was all Herbert could utter. It seemed to his town-bred eyes a huge space before they reached, through some rather scanty plantations, another lodge, and a park, not very extensive, but with a few fine trees, and they thundered up,

beneath the pillars to what was, to his idea, a palace—with servants standing about in a great hall.

His uncle would have turned one way, but a servant said, 'Miss Morton is in the morning-room, my Lord,' and ushered them into a room where a lady in black came forward.

'You did not expect to find me here still,' she said, cordially; 'but Adela is gone to her brother's, and I thought I had better stay for the division of—of the things.'

'Oh! certainly—I am—glad,' he stammered, with a blush as one not quite sure of the correctness of the proceeding. 'I wouldn't have intruded——'

'Bosh! I'm the intruder. Letitia Bury is gone—alas—but,' said she, laughing, 'Hailes is here—staying,' she added to lessen the confusion that amused her, 'and I see you have a companion. Your nephew——?'

'Yes, Herbert, my late brother's son. I would not have brought him if I had known.'

'A cousin,' she said, smiling, and shaking hands with him. 'Boys are my delight. This is quite a new experience.'

Herbert looked up surprised, not much liking to become an experience. He had had less intercourse with ladies than many boys of humbler pretensions, for his mother had always scouted the idea of sending her children to a Sunday-school, and she was neither like his mother's friends nor his preconceived notions. 'There! for want of an introduction, I must introduce myself. Your cousin Bertha, or Birdie, whichever you like best.'

Frank was by no means prepared to say even Bertha, and was in agonies lest Herbert should presume on the liberty given him; but if the boy had been in the palace of Truth, he would have said, 'You old girl, you are awfully old to call yourself Birdie!' For Birdie had been a pet name of Rose Rollstone; and Bertha Morton, though slim and curly-headed, had a worn look about her eyes, and a countenance such as to show her five-and thirty years, and to the eyes of fourteen was almost antediluvian; indeed, older observers might detect a worn, haggard, strained look. He was somewhat disgusted, too, at the thin rolls of bread-and-butter on the low table, whence she proceeded to hand tea-cups, as he thought of the substantial meals at home. When they had been conducted to their rooms, and his uncle followed to his, he broke out with his perpetual, 'I say, uncle, is this all the grub great swells have? I'm awfully peckish!'

'That's early tea, my boy,' was the answer, with a smile.

'There's dinner to come, and I hope you will behave yourself well, and not use such expressions.'

'Dinner! that's not such a bad hearing, but I suppose one must eat it like a judge.'

'Certainly, I am afraid I am not a very good model, but don't you do anything you don't see me do. And, Herbert, don't take wine every time the servants offer it.'

At which Herbert made a face.

'Have you got any evening shoes? No! If I had only known that the lady was here! It can't be helped to-day, only wash your face and hands well; there's some hot water.'

'Why, they ain't dirty,' said the boy, surveying them as one to whom the remains of a journey were mere trifles, then with a sigh, 'It's no end of a place, but you swells have a lot of bores, and no mistake!'

Upstairs Herbert roamed about studying with great curiosity the appliances of the first bed-chamber he had ever beheld beyond the degree of his mother's 'first floor,' but downstairs, he was in the mood of the savage, too proud to show wonder or admiration or the sense of awe with which he was inspired by being waited on by the very marrow of Mr. Rollstone, always such grand company at home. This daunted him far more than the presence of the lady, and though his was a spirit not easily quelled, he almost blushed when that personage peremptorily resisted his endeavour to present the wrong glass for champagne, which fortunately he disliked too much at the first taste to make another attempt. Lord Northmoor, for the first time at the foot of his own table, was on thorns all the time, lest he should see his nephew commit some indiscretion, and left most of the conversation to Miss Morton and Mr. Hailes, the solicitor, a fine-looking old gentleman, who was almost fatherly to her, very civil to him, but who cast somewhat critical eyes on the cub who might have to be licked into a shape befitting the heir.

They tried to keep their host in the conversation, but without much success, though he listened as it drifted into immediate interests and affairs of the neighbourhood, and made response, as best he could, to the explanations which, like well-bred people, they from time to time directed to him. He thus learnt that Lady Adela with her little Amice had been carried off 'by main force,' Bertha said, 'by her brother. But she will come back again,' she added. 'She is devoted to the place and her graves—and the poor people.'

'I do not know what they would do without her,' said Mr. Hailes.

'No. She is lady of all work and Pro-parsonness—with all her might,' then seeing, or thinking she saw, a puzzled look, she added, 'I don't know if you discovered, Northmoor, that our Vicar, Mr. Woodman, has no wife, and Adela has supplied the lack to the parish, having a soul for country poor, whereas they are too tame for me. I care about my neighbours of course after a sort, but the jolly city sparrows of the slums for me! I long to be away.'

What to say to this Lord Northmoor knew as little as did his nephew, and with some difficulty he managed to utter, 'Are not they very uncivilised?'

'That's the beauty of it,' said Bertha; 'I've spotted my own special preserve of match-girls, newsboys, etc., and Mr. Hailes is going to help me to get a scrumptious little house, whence I can get to it by underground rail. Oh! you may shake your head, Mr. Hailes, but if you will not help me, I shall set my unassisted genius to work, and you'll only suffer agonies in thinking of the muddle I may be making.'

'What does Lady Adela say?' asked Mr. Hailes.

'She thinks me old enough to take care of myself, whatever you do, Mr. Hailes; besides, she knows I can come up to breathe! I long for it!'

The dinner ended by Bertha rising, and proposing to Herbert to come with her. It was not too dark, she said, to look out into the Park and see the rabbits scudding about.

'Ah!' said Mr. Hailes, shaking his head as they went, 'the rabbits ought not to be so near, but there has been sad neglect since poor Mr. Morton's death.'

It was much easier to get on in a *tête à tête*, and before long Mr. Hailes had heard some of the perplexities about Herbert, the foremost of which was how to make him presentable for ladies' society in the evening. If Miss Morton's presence had been anticipated, either his uncle would not have brought him, or would have fitted him out beforehand, for though he looked fit for the fields and woods in male company, evening costume had not yet dawned on his imagination. Mr. Hailes recommended sending him in the morning to the town at Colbeam, under charge of the butler, Prowse—who would rather enjoy the commission, and was quite capable of keeping up any needed authority. For the future training, the more important

matter on which he was next consulted, Mr. Hailes mentioned the name of a private tutor, who was likely to be able to deal with the boy better under present circumstances than a public school could do—since at Herbert's age, his ignorance of the classics, on the one hand, and of gentlemanly habits on the other, would tell too much against him.

'But,' said Mr. Hailes, 'Miss Morton will be a very good adviser to you on that head.'

'She is very good-natured to him,' said Frank.

'No one living has a better heart than Miss Morton,' said Mr. Hailes, heartily; 'a little eccentric, owing to—to circumstances. She has had her troubles, poor dear; but she is as good a heart as ever was, as you will find, my Lord, in all arrangements with her.'

Nevertheless, Lord Northmoor's feelings towards her might be startled the next morning, when he descended to the dining-room. A screen cut off the door, and as he was coming round it, followed by his nephew, Bertha's clear voice was heard saying, 'Yes, he is inoffensive, but he is a stick. There's no denying it, Mr. Hailes, he is a dreadful stick.'

Frank was too far advanced to retire, before the meaning dawned on him, partly through a little explosion of Herbert behind him, and partly from the guilty consternation and colour with which the other two turned round from the erection of plants among which they were standing.

Yet it was the shy man who spoke first in the predicament, like a timid creature driven to bay.

'Yes, Miss Morton, I know it is too true; no one is more sensible of it than myself. I can only hope to do my best, such as it is.'

'Oh, Northmoor, it was very horrid and unguarded in me, and I can only be sorry and beg your pardon,' and while she laughed and held out her hand, there was a dew in her eyes.

'Truths do not need pardon,' he said, as he gave a cousinly grasp, 'and I think you will try kindly to excuse my deficiencies and disadvantages.'

There was a certain dignity in his tone, and Bertha said heartily—

'Thank you! It is all right in essentials, and chatter is of very little consequence. Now come and have some breakfast.'

They got on together far better after that and began to feel like relations, before Herbert was sent off with Mr. Prowse to

Colbeam. Indeed, throughout the transactions that followed, Bertha showed herself far less devoted to her own interests than to what might be called the honour of the family. Her father's will had been made in haste, after the death of his little grandson, and was as concise as possible, her influence having told upon it. Knowing that the new heir would have nothing to begin with, and aware that if he inherited merely the title, house, and land, he would be in great straits, the old Lord had bequeathed to him nearly what would have been left to the grandson, a fair proportion of the money in the funds and bank, and all the furniture and appurtenances of Northmoor House, excepting such articles as Bertha and Lady Adela might select, each up to a certain value.

Lady Adela's had been few, and already chosen, and Bertha's were manifestly only matters of personal belonging, and not up altogether to the amount named; so as to avoid stripping the place, which, at the best, was only splendid in utterly unaccustomed eyes. Horses and carriages had to be bought of her, and it was she who told him what was absolutely necessary, and fixed the price as low as she could, so as not to make them a gift. And he was not so ignorant in this matter as she had expected—for the old habits of his boyhood served him, he could ride well, and his scruples at Miss Morton's estimate proved that he knew a horse when he saw it—as she said. She would, perhaps, have liked him better if he had been a dissipated horsey man like his father. He would have given her sensations—and on his side, considering the reputation of the family, he was surprised at her eager, almost passionate desire to be rid of the valuable horses and equipages as soon as possible.

When, in the afternoon, she went out of doors to refresh herself with a solitary ramble in the Park after her morning of business, she heard an altercation, and presently encountered a keeper, dragging after him a trespasser, in whom, to her amazement, she recognised Herbert Morton, at the same moment as he exclaimed: 'Cousin Bertha! Miss—— Look at this impudent fellow, though I told him I was Lord Northmoor's own nephew.'

'And I told him, ma'am,' said the keeper, touching his hat, 'that if he was ten nephews I wouldn't have him throwing stones at my pheasants, nor his Lordship wouldn't neither, and then he sauced me, and I said I would see what his Lordship said to that.'

'You must excuse him this time, Best,' said Miss Morton; 'he is a town-bred boy, and knows no better, and you had better not worry his Lordship about it.'

'Very well, Miss Morton, if it is your pleasure, but them pheasants are my province, and I must do my dooty.'

'Of course, quite right, Best,' she answered; 'but my cousin here did not understand, and you must make allowance for him.'

Best touched his hat again, and went off with an undercurrent of growl.

'Oh! Herbert, this is a pity!' Miss Morton exclaimed.

'Cheeky chap!' said Herbert, sulkily, 'what business had he to meddle with me. A great big wild bird gets up with no end of a row, and I did nothing but shy a stone, and out comes this fellow at me in a regular wax, and didn't care half a farthing when I told him who I was. I fancy he did not believe me.'

'I don't wonder,' said Bertha, 'you have yet to learn that in the eyes of any gentleman, nothing is much more sacred than a pheasant.'

'I never meant to hurt the thing, only one just chucks a stone,' muttered Herbert, abashed, but still defensive and offended. 'I thought my uncle would teach the rascal how to speak to me.'

'I'll tell you what, Herbert, if you take that line with good old servants, who are only doing their duty, you won't have a happy time of it here. I suppose you wish to take your place as a gentleman. Well, the greatest sign of a gentleman is to be courteous and well-behaved to all about him.'

'He wasn't courteous or well-behaved to me.'

'No, because you did not show yourself such a gentleman as he has been used to. If you acted like a tramp or a poacher, no wonder he thought you one,' then after a pause, 'you will find that much of your pleasure in sport depends on the keepers, and that it would be a great disadvantage to be on bad terms with them, so I strongly advise you, on every account, to treat them with civility, and put out of your head that there is any dignity in being rude.'

Herbert liked Miss Morton, and had been impressed as well as kindly treated by her, and though he sulked now, there was an after effect.

CHAPTER X.

COMING HONOURS.

WITH great trepidation did Mary Marshall set forth on her visit to Cotes Kenton. She had made up her mind—and a determined mind it could be on occasion—that on it should turn her final acceptance of her twenty years' lover.

Utterly inexperienced as she was, even in domestic, not to say high life, she had perhaps an exaggerated idea, alike of its requirements and of her own deficiencies; and she was resolved to use her own judgment, according to her personal experience, whether she should be hindrance or help to him whom she loved too truly and unselfishly to allow herself to be made the former.

She was glad that for the first few days she should not see him, and should thus be less distracted and biassed, but it was with a sinking heart that she heard that Lady Kenton had called to take her up in the carriage. Grateful as she was for the kindness, which saved her the dreariness of a solitary arrival, she was a strange mixture of resolution and self-distrust, of moral courage and timidity, as had been shown by her withstanding all Miss Lang's endeavours to make her improve her dress beyond what was absolutely necessary for the visit, lest it should be presuming on the future.

Lady Kenton had a manner such as to smooth away shyness, and, with tact that perceived with what kind of nature she had to deal, managed to make the tea-table serve only as a renewal of acquaintance with Frederica, and an introduction to Sir Edward, after which Mary was taken to the schoolroom and made known to the governess, a kindly, sensible woman, who, according to previous arrangement, made the visitor free of her domains as a refuge.

The prettiness and luxury of the guest-chamber was quite a shock, and Mary would rather have faced a dozen naughty girls than have taken Sir Edward's arm to go in to dinner. However, her hostess had decided on a quiet course of treatment such as not to frighten this pupil, and it had been agreed only to take enough notice of her to prevent her from feeling herself neglected, until she should begin to be more at ease. Nor was it long before a certain sparkle in the brown eyes showed that she was amused by, and appreciative of, the family talk.

It was true, as Lady Kenton had told her, that she had nothing to unlearn, all she wanted was confidence, experience, and ease, and in so humble, gentle, and refined a nature as hers, the acquisition of these could not lead to the disclosure of anything undesirable. So, after the first day of novelty, when she had learnt the hours, could distinguish between the young people, knew her way about the house so as to be secure of not opening the wrong doors, and when she had learnt where and when she would be welcome and even helpful, she began to enjoy herself and the life, the beauty and the leisure.

She made friends heartily with the governess, fraternised with Freda, taught the younger girls new games, could hold a sort of conversation with Sir Edward, became less afraid of George, and daily had more of filial devotion to Lady Kenton. The books on the tables were a real delight and pleasure to her, when she found that it was not ill-mannered to sit down and read in the forenoon, and the discussion of them was a great help in what Freda called teaching her to talk. Visitors were very gradually brought upon her, a gentleman or two at first, who knew nothing about her, perhaps thought her the governess and merely bowed to her. There was only one real *contretemps*, when some guests, who lived rather beyond the neighbourhood, arrived for afternoon tea, and, moreover, full of curiosity about Lord Northmoor. Was it true that he was an attorney's clerk, and was not he going to marry a very inferior person?

'Certainly not,' said Lady Kenton. 'He is engaged to my friend, Miss Marshall.'

The said Miss Marshall was handing the sugar, while Freda was pouring out the tea. She had been named on the ladies' entrance, and the colour rose to her eyes but she said nothing, while there was a confusion of, 'I beg pardon. I understand.'

'Report makes a good many mistakes,' said Lady Kenton, coolly. 'Mary, my dear, you have given me no sugar.'

It was the first time of calling her by her Christian name, and done for the sake of making the equal intimacy apparent. In fact, Mary was behaving herself better than the visitors, as Lady Kenton absolutely told her when a sort of titter was heard in the hall, where they were expressing to Freda their horror at the scrape, and extorting that Miss Marshall was really a governess.

'But quite a lady,' said Freda stoutly, 'and we are all as fond of her as possible.'

It showed how much progress she had made that even this shock did not set her to express any more faint-hearted doubts, and, when Lord Northmoor arrived the next day, the involuntary radiance on both their faces was token enough that they were all the world to each other. Mary allowed herself to venture on getting Lady Kenton's counsel on the duties of household headship that would fall on her; and instead of being terrified at the great garden party and dinner party to be held at Cotes Kenton, eagerly availed herself of instruction in the details of their management. She had accepted her fate, and when the two were seen moving about among the people of the party they neither of them looked incongruous with the county aristocracy. Quiet, retiring, and insignificant they might be, but there was nothing to remark by the most curious eyes of those who knew they were to see the new peer and his destined bride; in fact, as George and Freda privately remarked, they were just the people that nobody ever would see at all, unless they were set up upon a pedestal.

Mary still feebly suggested, when the marriage was spoken of, that it might be wiser for Frank to wait a year, get over his first expenses and feel his way; but he would not hear of her going back to her work, and pleaded his solitude so piteously that she could not but consent to let it take place as soon as possible. They would fain have kept it as private as possible, but their good friends were of opinion that it was necessary to give them a start with some *éclat*, and insisted that it should take place with all due honours at Cotes Kenton, where Mary was treated like a favoured niece, and assisted with counsel on her *trousseau*. The savings she had made during the long years of her engagement were enough to fit her out sufficiently to feel that she was bringing her own wardrobe, and Lady Kenton actually went to London with her to superintend the outlay.

'Whom would they like to have asked to the wedding?' the lady inquired, herself naming the Langs and Burfords. 'Of course,' she added, smiling, 'Freda and Alice will be only too happy to be bridesmaids. Have you any one whom you would wish to ask? Your old scholars perhaps.'

'I think,' said Mary, hesitating, 'that one reason why we think we ought to decline your kindness was—about *his* relations.'

Lady Kenton had given full license to the propriety of calling *him* Frank with intimate friends, but Mary always had a shyness about it.

'Indeed, I should make no question about asking them, if I had not doubted whether, after what passed——'

'That is all forgotten,' said Mary gently. 'I have had quite a nice letter since, and——'

'Of course they must be asked,' said Lady Kenton; 'I should have proposed it before, but for that scene.'

'That is nothing,' said Mary; 'the doubt is whether, considering the style of people, it would not be better for us to manage it otherwise, and not let you be troubled.'

'Oh, that's nothing! On such an occasion there's no fear of their not behaving like the rest of the world. There are girls, I think; they should be bridesmaids.'

This very real kindness overcame all scruples, and indeed a great deal might be forgiven to Miss Marshall in consideration of the glory of telling all Westhaven of the invitation to be present at 'my brother, Lord Northmoor's, wedding, at Sir Edward Kenton's, Baronet. The uncle gave the dresses, not only the bridesmaids' white and cerise (Freda's choice), but the chocolate moiré which for a minute Mrs. Morton fancied 'the little spiteful cat' had chosen on purpose to suppress her, till assured by all qualified beholders, especially Mrs. Rollstone and a dressmaker friend, that in nothing else would she have looked so entirely 'quite the lady.'

And Lady Kenton's augury was fulfilled. The whole family were subdued enough by their surroundings to comport themselves quite well enough to pass muster.

CHAPTER XI.

POSSESSION.

So Francis Morton, Baron Northmoor of Northmoor, and Mary Marshall, daughter of the late Reverend John Marshall, were man and wife at last. Their honeymoon was ideally happy. It fulfilled a dream of their life, when Frank used, in the holidays spent by Mary with his mother, to read aloud the Waverley Novels, and they had calculated, almost as an impossible castle in the air, the possibility of visiting the localities. And now they went, as assuredly they had never thought of going, and not much impeded by the greatness that had been thrust on them. The good-natured Kentons had dispensed his Lordship from the encumbrance of a valet, and though my Lady could not

well be allowed to go maidless, Lady Kenton had found a sensible, friendly person for her, of whom she soon ceased to be afraid, and thus felt the advantage of being able to attend to her husband instead of her luggage.

Tourists might look and laugh at their simple delight as at that of a pair of unsophisticated cockneys. This did not trouble them, as they trod what was to them classic ground, tried in vain the impossible feat of 'seeing Melrose aright,' but revelled in what they did see, stood with bated breath at Dryburgh by the Minstrel's tomb, and tracked his magic spells from the Tweed even to Staffa, feeling the full delight for the first time of mountain, sea, and loch. Their enjoyment was perhaps even greater than that of boy and girl, for it was the reaction of chastened lives and hearts 'at leisure from themselves,' nor were spirit and vigour too much spent for enterprise.

They tasted to the full every innocent charm that came in their way, and, above all, the bliss of being together in the perfect sympathy that had been the growth of so many years. Their maid, Harte, might well confide to her congeners that though my lord and my lady were the oldest couple she had known, they were the most attached, in a quiet way.

They were loth to end this state of felicity before taking their new cares upon them, and were glad that the arrangements of the executors made it desirable that they should not take possession till October, when they left behind them the gorgeous autumn beauty of the western coast and journeyed southwards.

The bells were rung, the gates thrown wide open, and lights flashed in the windows as Lord and Lady Northmoor drove up to their home, but it was in the dark, and there was no demonstrative welcome, the indoor servants were all new, the cook-housekeeper hired by Lady Kenton's assistance, and the rest of the maids chosen by her, the butler and his subordinate acquired in like manner.

It was a little dreary. The rooms looked large and empty. Miss Morton's belongings had been just what gave a homelike air to the place, and when these were gone, even the big fires could not greatly cheer the huge spaces. However, these two months had accustomed the new arrivals to their titles, and likewise to being waited upon, and they were less at a loss than they would have been previously, though to Mary especially it was hard to realise that it was her own house, and that she need

ask no one's leave. Also that it was not a duty to sit with a fire, that it might not be wasted. She could not well have done so, considering how many hearths were doing their best to enliven the house, and finally she spent the evening in the library, not a very inviting room in itself, but which the late lord had inhabited, and where the present one had already held business interviews. It was, of course, lined with the standard books of the last generation, and Mary, who had heard of many, but never had access to them, flitted over them while her husband opened the letters he had found awaiting him. To her, what some one has called the 'tea, tobacco, and snuff' of an old library where the books are chiefly viewed as appropriate furniture, were all delightful discoveries. Even to 'Hume's History of England—nine volumes! I did not know it was so long! Our first class had the Student's Hume. Is there much difference?'

'Rather to the Student's advantage, I believe! Half these letters, at least, are mere solicitations for custom! And advertisements!'

'How the books stick together! I wonder when they were opened last!'

'Never, I suspect,' said he. 'I do not imagine the Morton's were much disposed to read.'

'Well, they have left us a delightful store! What's this? Smollett's Don Quixote. I always wanted to know about that! Is it not something about giants and windmills? Have you read it?'

'I once read an odd volume. He was half mad, and too good for this world, and thought he was living in a romance. I will read you some bits. You would not like it all.'

'Oh, I do hope you will have time to read to me! Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. All these volumes! They are quite damp. You have read it?'

'Yes, and I wish I could remember all those Emperors. I must put aside this letter for Hailes—it is a man applying for a house.'

'How strange it sounds! Look, here is such an immense Shakespeare! Oh! full of engravings,' as she fell upon Boydell's Shakespeare—another name reverenced, though she only knew a few selected plays, prepared for elocution exercises.

Her husband, having had access to the Institute Library, and spent many evenings over books, was better read than she, whose knowledge went no farther than that of the highest class

but who knew all very accurately that she did know, and was intelligent enough to find in those shelves a delightful promise of pasture. He was by this time sighing over requests for subscriptions.

'Such numbers! Such good purposes! But how can I give?'

'Cannot you give at least a guinea?' asked Mary, after hearing some.

'I do not know whether in this position a small sum in the list is not more disadvantageous than nothing at all. Besides, I know nothing of the real merits. I must ask Hailes. Ah! and here is Emma, I thought that she would be a little impatient. She says she shall let her house for the winter, and thinks of going to London or to Brighton, where she may have masters for the girls.'

'Oh! I thought you meant them to go to a good school?'

'So I do, if I can get Emma's consent; but I doubt her choosing to part with Ida. She wants to come here!'

'I suppose we ought to have her?'

'Yes, but not immediately. I do not mean to neglect her—at least, I do hope to do all that is right; but I think you ought to have a fair start here before she comes, so that we will invite her for Christmas, and then we can arrange about Ida and Constance.'

'Dear little Connie, I hope she is as nice a little girl as she used to be!'

'With good training, I think, she will be; and the tutor gives me good accounts of Herbert in this letter.'

'Shall we have him here on Sunday week?'

'Yes, I am very anxious to see him. I hope his master gives him more religious instruction than he has ever had, poor boy!'

Though not brilliant or playful, Lord and Lady Northmoor had, it may be perceived, no lack of good sense in their strange new surroundings. It was hard not to feel like guests on sufferance, and the next morning, a Sunday, was wet. However, under their waterproofs and umbrellas trudging along, they felt once more, as Mary said, like themselves, as if they had escaped from their keepers. Nobody on the way had the least idea who the two cloaked figures were, and when they crept into the seat nearest the door they were summarily ejected by a fat, red-faced man, who growled audibly, 'You've no business in my pew!'

However, with the words, 'Beg your pardon,' they stepped

out, with a little amusement in their eyes, when a spruce young woman sprang up from the opposite pew, with a scandalised whisper—

'Mr. Ruddiman, it's his Lordship! Allow me, my Lord—your own seat——'

And she marshalled them up to the choir, followed closely by Mr. Ruddiman, ruddier than ever, and butcher all over, in a perfect agony of apology, which Lord Northmoor in vain endeavoured to suppress or silence, till, when the guide had pointed to a handsome heavy carved seat with elaborate cushions, he gave a final gasp of, 'You'll not remember it in the custom, my Lord,' and departed, leaving his Lordship almost equally scarlet with annoyance at the place and time of the demonstration, though, happily, the clergyman had not yet appeared, in his long and much-tumbled surplice.

It was a case of a partial restoration of a church in the dawn of such doings, when the horsebox was removed, but the great family could not be routed out of the chancel, so there were the seats, where the choir ought to have sat, beneath a very ugly east window, bedecked with the Morton arms. In the other division of the seat was a pale lady in black, with a little girl, Lady Adela Morton, no doubt, and opposite were the servants, and the school children sat crowded on the steps. It was not such a service as had been the custom of the Hurminster churches; and the singing, such as it was, depended on the thin shrill voices of the children, assisted by Lady Adela and the mistress; the sermon was dull and long, and altogether there was something disheartening about the whole.

Lady Adela had a gentle, sweet countenance and a simple devout manner; but it was disappointing that she did not attempt to address the new-comers, though they passed her just outside the churchyard, talking to an old man. Lady Kenton would surely have welcomed them.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BURTHEN OF HONOURS.

A FEARFUL affair to the new possessors of Northmoor was the matter of morning calls. The first that befel them, as in duty bound, was that from the Vicar. They were peaceably writing their letters in the library, and hoping soon to go out to explore

the Park, when Mr. Woodman was announced, and was found a lonely black speck in the big dreary drawing-room, a very state room, indeed, which nobody had ever willingly inhabited. The Vicar was accustomed to be overridden; he was an elderly widower, left solitary in his old age, and of depressed spirits and manner. However, Frank had been used to intercourse with clergy, though his relations with them seemed reversed, and instead of being patronised, he had to take the initiative; or rather, they touched each other's cold, shy, limp hands, and sat upright in their chairs, and observed upon the appropriate topic of early frosts, which really seemed to be affecting themselves.

There was a little thaw when Lord Northmoor asked about the population, larger, alas, than the congregation might have seemed to show, and Mary asked if there were much poverty, and was answered that there was much suffering in the winter, there was not much done for the poor except by Lady Adela.

'You must tell us how we can assist in any way.'

The poor man began to brighten. 'It will be a great comfort to have some interest in the welfare of the parish taken here, my Lord. The influence hitherto has not been fortunate. Miss Morton, indeed—latterly—but, poor thing, if I may be allowed to say so, she is flighty—and uncertain—no wonder——'

At that moment Lady Adela was ushered in, and the Vicar looked as if caught in talking treason, while a fresh nip of frost descended on the party.

Not that the lady was by any means on stiff terms with the Vicar, whom, indeed, she daily consulted on parochial subjects, and she had the gracious, hereditary courtesy of high breeding; but she always averred that this same drawing-room chilled her, and she was fully persuaded that any advance towards familiarity would lead to something obnoxious on the part of the new-comers, so that the proper relations between herself and them could only be preserved by a judicious entrenchment of courtesy. Still, it was more the manner of the Vicar than of herself that gave the impression of her being a formidable autocrat. After the frost had been again languidly discussed, Mr. Woodman faltered out, 'His Lordship was asking—was so good as to ask—how to assist in the parish.'

Lady Adela knew how scarce money must be, so she hesitated to mention subscriptions, and only said, 'Thank you—very kind.'

'Is there any one I could read to?' ventured Mary.

'Have you been used to the kind of thing?' asked Lady Adela, not unkindly, but in a doubting tone.

'No, I never could before; but I do wish to try to do something.'

The earnest humility of the tone was touching, the Vicar and the autocrat looked at one another, and the former suggested, 'Old Swan!'

'Yes,' said Lady Adela, 'old Swan lives out at Linghill, which is not above half a mile from this house, but too far off for me to visit constantly. I shall be very much obliged if you can undertake the cottages there.'

'Thank you,' said Mary, as heartily as if she were receiving a commission from the Bishop of the diocese.

'Did not Miss Morton mention something about a boys' class!' said Frank. 'I have been accustomed to a Sunday-school.'

Mr. Woodman betrayed as much surprise as if he had said he was accustomed to a coal mine; and Lady Adela observed graciously, 'Most of the lads have gone into service this Michaelmas; but no doubt it will be a relief to Mr. Woodman if you find time to underake them.'

This was the gist of the two first morning calls, and there were many more such periods of penance, for the bride and bridegroom were not modern enough in their notions not to sit up to await their visitors, and thankful they were to those who would be at the expense of finding conversation, though this was not always the case; for much of the neighbourhood was of a description to be awed by the mere fact of a great house, and to take the shyness of titled people for pride. Those with whom they prospered best were a good-natured, merry old Dowager Duchess, who made them feel themselves on the terms to which they were accustomed at Cotes Kenton; a loud-voiced, eager old Squire, who was bent on being Lord Northmoor's guide and prompter in county business; also a lively, gushing lady, the echoes of whose communications made Frank remark, after her departure, 'We must beware of encouraging gossip about the former family.'

'Oh, I wish I had the power of setting people down when they say what is undesirable, as Miss Lang, or Lady Adela can do!' sighed Mary.

'Try to think of them like your school girls,' he said.

The returning of the calls was like continually pulling the

string of a shower-bath, and glad were the sighs when people proved to be not at home; but on the whole, being entertained was not half so formidable as entertaining, and a bride was not expected to do more than sit in her white silk, beside the host.

But the return parties were an incubus on their minds. Only they were not to be till after Christmas.

(*To be continued.*)

An appropriate book for this season is Mrs. Harcourt Mitchell's *Forty Days in the Holy Land* (Kegan Paul), going through those scenes that always have fresh interest for those who at home can only hope to be 'in spirit journeying to the glorious land,' and here we have one truly to aid that spirit.

The Life of Ferdinand Magellan, by J. H. Guillemard (Philips), is a solid book well worth reading. It is curious to see how like the Portuguese were then to what they are now.

A pleasant and profitable story is *Miss Pringle's Pearls*, by Mrs. Linnæus Banks (Hutchinson). She makes us fall into p's by this praiseworthy person's predilection for them. It is a good book for G. F. S. libraries.

Captain Polly, by Susan Swett (Samson Low), is a very comical American tale of some lively children. American, too, is *Against Heavy Odds*, by H. H. Boyeson (Low), a very interesting and exciting tale of the difficulties of a young Norwegian inventor of the means of hindering whales from sinking as soon as they are killed. The only fault we have to find with it is, that the author represents the diction of the Norse common sailor by corresponding bad English.

The Ancient Classical Drama, by R. G. Moulton (Oxford Clarendon Press). Any of our readers who, not being classical scholars, wish to make acquaintance with classical drama, cannot do so better than under Mr. Moulton's guidance. His Cambridge Extension Lectures have opened quite a new field of thought to many of his hearers; and though, no doubt, nothing can come up to a scholar's appreciation of the originals, it is certainly a case in which half a loaf is much better than no bread, and the characters, stories, and general characteristics of Greek tragedy can be studied in translation, with the help of Mr. Moulton's book, to the great improvement and greater delight of the unlearned.

Prince Prigio, by Andrew Lang. Do our readers know Mr. Andrew Lang's delightful fairy tale? It is not quite a new book, but nothing so graceful or so funny has appeared since Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring*. The young prince is delightful, from the time when he constantly says, 'I told you so,' and he always has, through all his adventures with the Remora and its rival, till, love having softened his priggishness, he manages to combine cleverness and popularity by a device only possible to so clever a person. The illustrations do him full justice.

STUDIES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.
1770–1832.

III.

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE (1749–1832) was born at Frankfurt-am-Main on the 28th August, 1749. His great-grandfather was a blacksmith in the little town of Artern; his son Frederick became a tailor, and settled in Frankfurt, and his son Johann, the poet's father, received a good education, and became an Imperial Councillor in Frankfurt; was versed in literature, science, and art; orderly, serious, true to his convictions, and a good patriot. From him Goethe inherited his love of order and serious calmness.

In 1748 Johann Goethe married Katherina Elizabeth, daughter of Johann Wolfgang Textor, the Chief Magistrate of the town. She was about twenty-one years younger than her husband, and a contrast to him in character, being cheerful, imaginative, and fanciful. From her Goethe inherited his lively fancy and his distinguished talent for 'narration.'

Each parent did his or her best to strengthen the characteristics which they had transmitted to Goethe. The father superintended his education himself, and taught him thoroughness and perseverance. The mother delighted to gather her children round her and tell them stories which should stimulate their imaginations and the romantic side of their nature.

There were several children, of whom Goethe was the eldest, but only he and one sister, Cornelia, survived—the others died in infancy—and these two were close friends and comrades. Their tastes were alike; they were enthusiastic admirers of Klopstock, and used to learn parts of the dialogues in the 'Messias' by heart and recite them.

When Goethe was just ten years old, Frankfurt was occupied by a garrison of French soldiers; a part of their house had to be given up to the Count Thorave; and, as the art-loving Count had a series of pictures carried out under his own eyes by the most skilful artists, Goethe made their acquaintance, and acquired some knowledge of painting, and a great love of it, which made him persevere in the study

of drawing and painting for many years, until he became reluctantly convinced that he could never excel in that art.

A French theatre also followed the foreign guests, and this directed his attention to the stage, and made him acquainted with the best French plays and the principles of French dramatic art.

In 1761 the French quitted Frankfurt, and Goethe applied himself again to his regular studies. He practised seven languages (Latin, Greek, French, English, Italian, German, and the dialect of the Frankfort Jews), by writing a kind of romance, in letters, in those languages. This study of the Jews' language led him to the study of Hebrew and special study of the Bible, of which he writes: 'I, for my part, study and love the Bible, for to it, almost entirely, am I indebted for my moral culture.' As a result of these Hebrew studies, he wrote 'Joseph und Seine Bruder.'

In 1765 he went to the Leipzig University to study law. He cared neither for this pursuit nor for that of philosophy; but the society of the town was beneficial to him, and he studied art zealously. His tutor, Oeser, the director of the Leipzig School of Art, directed him to the study of the history of art, and to the writings of Winckelmann and Lessing. He wrote while here two dramatic sketches—'Die Laune des Verliebten,' and 'Die Mitschuldigen.' At the end of the summer of 1768 Goethe returned home in ill-health. During his recovery he amused himself with studying all the books he could get about magic and alchemy. The results of these studies are apparent in 'Faust.'

In the spring of 1770 he went to Strassburg to complete the study of law; here he carried on also the study of medicine and of natural science, and made many friends—among others, Herder, Lenz, Lerse, and Jung-Stilling. He wrote several poems; was much struck with 'Ossian,' and translated the 'Song of Selma,' which he afterwards incorporated with 'Werther.' Herder directed him to this study of the poetry of other nations; and one of the poems in Herder's 'Stimmen der Völker'—the 'Klaggesang'—is translated by him from the Morlackish.

In 1771 Goethe left Strassburg, after taking his doctor's degree, and returned to Frankfurt, where he often startled his father with his 'modern' ideas. At this period of his life he belonged to the men of 'Sturm und Drang;' he advocated new ideas, and threw off all 'rule,' though he was never so extravagant as the most advanced men of the school; and, when he left his youth behind him, he passed out of this period, which was, after all, only a phase in his development, though, when he was passing through it, he was not distinguished by his contemporaries from other wild young men such as Lenz and Klinger (who wrote a play called 'Sturm und Drang').

In Frankfurt, Goethe found his friend Schlosser, who became his brother-in-law, and was introduced by him to Merck in Darmstadt.

Merck had a great influence on the development of Goethe; his sharp criticism kept the extravagances of the young poet somewhat in check. In order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with German law Goethe went to Wetzlar, and worked there four months, working up also his drama, 'Götz von Berlichingen.'

This drama, which was a model for so many 'Ritter-dramas,' took for its hero Götz of the iron hand, who was one of the last of the knights, and had taken some part in the Peasants' War. It was from his autobiography that Goethe drew the materials for his drama. It is written in imitation of the English School, as the 'English School' was then understood by the men of 'Sturm und Drang'; that is, it follows no rule, has no unity of time, place, or action, but consists of a series of striking scenes, thrown together without artistic finish or cohesion. It appeared in 1773, and was welcomed with wild delight in Germany. Imitators sprang up everywhere, and the country was flooded with 'Ritter-dramas,' which had all the faults and none of the merits of 'Götz.' Those who adhered to the French School of course condemned the play. Frederick the Great was especially hard upon it and its author.

Goethe had returned to Frankfurt before the publication of 'Götz,' but had taken with him the idea of his next work. 'Werther's Leiden' followed in 1774. Its heroine, Charlotte, was one of his Wetzlar friends, betrothed to Kestner, who also became his friend. They were not married till after he had left Wetzlar, and only the first part of the story really refers to the Kestners and himself; but he has grafted on to this the story of an unfortunate man, Jerusalem, who fell in love with a married woman and committed suicide.

This history of the growth of a passion which ends in suicide describes a man driven by impulses and by a kind of 'fate,' over which he has no control, and out of which there is for him no way but death. It is written chiefly in the form of letters from Werther to a friend. The first part, which describes Goethe's own feelings, is full of fine observations and descriptions. The second part of the book, which represents Charlotte as married, and leads up to the suicide, becomes more and more extravagantly sentimental, morbid, and gloomy. The Kestners were naturally much annoyed with Goethe for giving the world unmistakable portraits of themselves, mixed up with unpleasant incidents with which they had nothing to do. Goethe found it very difficult to understand their objections, being at the time very much in love with his own creation, but begged humbly for forgiveness.

'Werther' was immensely popular, and Goethe was much sought after as a rising author. Klopstock, Lavater, Jacobi, and the Stolbergs, sought his acquaintance. Klopstock came to Frankfurt and had some intercourse with him. The dramas 'Clavigo' and 'Stella,' and other minor works, came out about this time, and Goethe had already begun 'Faust,' at which he worked by fits and starts for so many years.

And now the course of Goethe's life was permanently changed. Karl August, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, urged him to come to his Court, where Wieland had been settled since 1772, and Goethe arrived there on the 7th of November, 1775. At first only a guest, he soon entered the service of the Duke, and became his intimate friend and companion; he was younger than Goethe, and depended much on his judgment. At first they gave themselves up to all sorts of wild amusements, but not for long. Soon Goethe, and through his influence the Duke, gave up their idle life, and settled down to work. In 1776 Goethe was made a 'Geheime Legations Rath,' with a seat and a vote in the Privy Council. The salary attached to the post was 1200 thalers (about £200)—not a great sum; but Goethe's appointment caused great jealousy among the nobles in Weimar. He soon showed himself an excellent man of business. The state was poor, and he brought order into the finances, and insisted on economy, while at the same time advocating reforms in the condition of the people. In 1782 he was ennobled.

Wieland became his firm friend, and remained so. Herder, through his influence, was invited to Weimar in 1776, and for some time they enjoyed one another's friendship; but, as we have seen, this did not last. His friendship for Frau von Stein was at this time very beneficial to him. She was a thoroughly cultivated woman, and she assisted him in becoming calm and temperate. He had left behind him his time of 'Sturm und Drang.' He devoted himself ardently to the study of natural science, and did good work in botany and anatomy. Herder joined him in these studies, and his 'Ideen zur Philosophie der Menschheit' was the gainer thereby.

In the years 1776–86 Goethe wrote many poems, as 'Harzreise im Winter,' and 'Ilmenau'; the plays 'Die Geschwister,' and 'Triumph der Empfindsamkeit,' a satirical antidote to 'Werther,' and was preparing 'Wilhelm Meister,' 'Egmont,' and 'Iphigenie'; but the State business took up too much of his time, and in 1786 he broke away from it to travel into Italy. The account which he gives of this journey shows what a vivid interest he took in painting, geology, mineralogy, and botany.

While in Italy he occupied himself with writing 'Iphigenie' in verse —it having been first written in prose in 1779—worked at 'Tasso,' and finished 'Egmont,' besides preparing for the new edition of his works new versions of 'Claudine von Bella,' and 'Erwin und Elmire'—comic operas. He also wrote some scenes of 'Faust,' the poems 'Amor als Gast,' 'Amor als Landschaftsmaler,' and the short plays 'Künstler's Erdenwellen,' and 'Künstler's Apotheose.'

In 1788 he returned home, and withdrew very much from public business, retaining only a few offices.

The new edition of his works appeared between 1787 and 1790, in eight volumes.

'Egmont' (1786) is written in prose, and is the story of Count Egmont, the hero of the Netherlanders. The play departs in many of its details from historical truth, and it will be found interesting to compare it with Schiller's short history of Egmont, written in consequence of the interest excited in him by the play. Goethe brings out the character of Egmont (a combination of a kind of lazy humanitarianism, none the less exacting in getting its own wants supplied) in a scene between him and his secretary, in which he is giving directions as to the punishment to be inflicted on various law-breakers, and other matters. He forbids more hanging on the ground that he is 'weary of it,' and cannot make up his mind to refuse permission to one of his soldiers to marry, although he is told that the troop is already like a gipsy-camp. When it comes to a question of money, he refuses to entertain the proposals of his agent, which seem to him hard.

SECRETARY. From whence then shall he get the money?
EGMONT. He must think of that. He was told that in the last letter.
SECRETARY. And these are his proposals.
EGMONT. They are useless. He must think of something else. He must make better proposals than those, and before everything, he must get the money.

'Iphigenie auf Tauris' (1787), shows plainly how far Goethe has left his stormy youth behind him. It is perfect in form, in artistic finish, and in feeling. Iphigenie, offered as a sacrifice by her father Agamemnon, has been rescued by Diana and conveyed to Tauris, where she has been made a priestess of the Temple of Diana. In the first scene she expresses her longing for her home—

'Alas! for those who, far from parents, home,
A lonely life must lead!'

She laments to the messenger of King Thoas over her 'useless life which is but an early death,' and he represents to her that her life here has been anything but useless, for she has succeeded in suspending the old cruel law that every stranger should be sacrificed upon Diana's altar. King Thoas himself follows, and announces to Iphigenie his desire that she shall be his wife, not knowing who she is or from whence she comes; but he says that, if she still has any hope of returning to her own country, and desires it, that she is free to go. Then Iphigenie confesses that she is Agamemnon's daughter. Thoas renews his proposals, which Iphigenie refuses, begging to be sent back to her own country, upon which Thoas becomes angry, and says that she shall remain here as Diana's priestess, but that the old law, that every stranger shall be sacrificed, shall be again put in force. He goes on to say that he has two strangers in his hands who have been found hid on the coast, and that, with them, Diana shall receive her dues again.

In the second act the two strangers, who are Orestes, Iphigenie's

brother, and Pylades, his friend, appear. Orestes is full of terrible forebodings, and Pylades tries to cheer him, and reminds him that, in killing his mother, he was but carrying out the behests of the gods. Pylades then has an interview with Iphigenie (as the priestess of Diana), in which he invents a story about himself and Orestes, and recounts to her the terrible fate of Agamemnon.

In the third act Orestes describes to Iphigenie how he was led on to kill his mother, and, finding that Pylades has not told her their true story, he does so, and begs her to save his companion, saying that he himself has no desire to live. Iphigenie rejoices that she has found her brother, but he, when she tells him who she is, begs her to kill him and herself, and so end their accursed race as far as they are concerned; but Iphigenie succeeds in calming him, and he feels that 'the furies' have left him.

Act IV. Iphigenie is alone, Orestes and Pylades having gone to see if their ship is waiting for them, and having told Iphigenie how she is to answer Thoas when he insists on the sacrifice.

> IPHIGENIE. Ah! I see indeed
> That I must let them lead me like a child.
> I have not learnt deception, nor to take
> By craft from others what I want. Alas!
> Alas for lying! Lies do not relieve
> The breast, like every truly-spoken word.
> They do not comfort us; they only vex
> Those who in secret shape them, and they turn
> Back like an arrow, loosened from the bow,
> Missing its object, turned by hand Divine,
> They hit the archer. Cares and fears pursue
> Each other through my breast. Perhaps with rage
> The furies seize my brother once again
> Upon the soil of this unhallowed shore;
> Perhaps they are discovered! Hark! I hear
> Armed men draw nigh! 'Tis he! The messenger
> Comes to me from the king with hasty steps.
> How beats my heart! how troubled feels my soul!
> That I must see him face to face—the man
> Whom I must meet with words that are not true.

Iphigenie tells the messenger the story which Pylades has invented —that the elder prisoner, having committed a crime, has desecrated the holy place, and that she and her maidens must take the statue of Diana to the sea and dip it in the water, and re-consecrate the place. She intends by this means to reach the shore and escape, taking with her the statue of the goddess, which Pylades and Orestes suppose they were sent here to bring. Really they were sent to rescue Iphigenie, but they have not quite understood their mission. Arkas goes to tell the king, and Pylades returns to convince Iphigenie that her falsehood is justified by their necessity.

Act V. Arkas tells the king that he suspects the priestess of conniving

at the escape of the prisoners, and Thoas orders that she shall be sent to him. She comes, but cannot make up her mind to speak falsely to him, and at last tells him the whole truth—who the strangers are, and what they come for. She reminds him of his promise that, if ever the way should be open for her to return to her own people, he would let her go. He is amazed at her boldness, but admires her truthfulness, and at last she conquers by the might of truth; he lets them all go, and they part as friends.

IPHIGENIE. Farewell! Oh! give me now,
As pledge of our old friendship, your right hand!
THOAS. Farewell!

'Torquato Tasso' was written in prose in 1780–81, and was completed in verse in 1789. One incident from the poet's life at the Court of Ferrara is represented. The Princess attempts to promote a friendship between Tasso and Antonio, the statesman and man of the world. Tasso's supersensitiveness and enthusiasm are contrasted with the cold calmness of Antonio. The character of the Princess is a very fine one. She tries to modify the impulsiveness of Tasso, and to teach him calmness and reason. The Duke of Ferrara, the patron of the poet, is in some respects a likeness of Duke Karl August, as the Princess is of the Duchess Luise.

About this time Goethe wrote many of his poems. 'Miedings Tod' is a memorial of the amateur theatre at Weimar. In 'Zueignung' he receives the veil of Poetry from the hand of Truth. The 'Roman Elegies' were published in the 'Horen'; the 'Venetian Epigrams' were written after his second journey to Italy.

He was constantly engaged in the study of natural science, and in 1790 published the 'Metamorphose der Pflanzen,' and he took up a new study—that of light and colour; but though he devoted himself to it with enthusiasm, he was unfortunate in his pursuit, being led astray by errors which he made at first and never corrected. He thought he had found that Newton's theory was a mistaken one, and directed all his efforts to prove his blunder true. In 1788 Goethe and Schiller met for the first time, but were not attracted to one another. Schiller writes: 'I doubt whether we shall ever become intimate.'

Goethe had long outgrown his 'Sturm und Drang' period, and Schiller was only then passing out of his. His wild drama, 'Die Räuber,' was still immensely popular; and even 'Don Carlos,' though so much more calm and reasonable, contained many of the faults of Schiller's earliest works—faults which Goethe could see very plainly; and Schiller thought Goethe an egotist, although he fully admired his genius. Goethe obtained for Schiller the post of Professor of History at Jena, and recommended him as the author of the 'Revolt of the Netherlands,' but they did not come much in contact with each other for some time.

In 1790 Goethe visited Italy again, and afterwards accompanied the Duke on his campaign in France, when he went with the Allies to restore Louis XVI. to the throne. Goethe went simply to accompany the Duke, not from sympathy with the cause. In fact, he really sympathised with neither party in the struggle. In 1789 he wrote the play, 'Gross-Coptha,' to expose the corruption of the upper classes in France; in 1793 the 'Citizen-General,' and an unfinished drama, 'Die Aufgeregten.' These all refer to the troubles in France.

And now we come to the time when the friendship between Goethe and Schiller began. It was in 1794. They walked home from a lecture together, and Goethe was surprised to find himself agreeing with Schiller on some scientific subject. When they reached Schiller's house he went in and continued the discussion. This was the beginning; and the journal 'Die Horen,' in which they both took part, drew them together. They soon formed a close friendship, which was mutually very helpful, and which was only broken by the death of Schiller, in 1805. Goethe contributed to the 'Horen,' among other things, the 'Roman Elegies'; but the journal was not a success, and was given up. In 1800 Schiller went to reside at Weimer, and remained there till his death. I shall not attempt to do what has been so often done; that is, write a comparison between Goethe and Schiller. Let each study the lives and writings of the two men, and compare them for himself.

In 1796–7 Goethe wrote his beautiful epic-idyl 'Hermann und Dorothea,' the idea of which was taken from Voss's 'Luise.' The story is taken from an episode in a pamphlet describing the expulsion of the Salzburg Protestants in 1731. Goethe represents it as an episode of the French Revolution, thus giving it a more vivid interest for his contemporaries. It is divided into nine cantos, each dedicated to one of the Muses. Canto I. describes the host of the 'Golden Lion' talking to his wife of the train of emigrants driven from their homes by French soldiers, who are passing near the town. The host himself will not go out to see them, for he does not like to see misery, and wonders that all the townspeople should have flocked out to look at them.

His wife has sent their son, Hermann, with a store of old linen and provisions to relieve their wants. She has even sent her husband's 'Indian flowered dressing-gown,' which she declares was worn and old-fashioned, while he rather regrets the comfortable garment. Then the people begin to return from seeing the emigrants, and the landlord and his wife are joined by the pastor and the apothecary. The apothecary first speaks with disgust of the curiosity which has drawn so many people to gaze on the misery of the fugitives, and then goes on to describe it, and how their wagons are loaded indiscriminately with things useful and useless, hastily thrown together in the utmost confusion. The landlord is very sorry for them, and hopes his son will meet and

assist them, but wants to hear no more about it, for 'fear soon creeps into the hearts of men, and care, which is more hateful than evil itself.' So he proposes that they shall go into his cool back-parlour, where the sun never intrudes, and that his wife shall fill their glasses to drive away troublesome fancies.

Canto II. introduces Hermann. He comes back very bright and cheerful, so much so that the pastor remarks that he is 'an altered man.' He was too late for the main body of the exiles, but had overtaken one wagon, drawn by oxen, containing a sick woman and her baby, and led by a strong maiden who guided the oxen 'wisely.' He had given all to the maiden, and received her warm thanks and promise that she will divide the food among those most in need among the exiles when they reach the village at which they are going to rest. The careful apothecary remarks that a man with neither wife nor children ought to be very thankful in these times, one can fly so much more easily alone. Hermann differs from him, and says these are times in which a man should not think only of himself, but of protecting others, and that he is more inclined to marry than he ever was. The father and mother are pleased at this expression of opinion, but the father wishes him to choose a well-to-do wife, who will provide her part of the house furniture.

'Denn die Arme wird doch nur zuletzt vom Manne verachtet,
Und er hält sie als Magd, die als Magd mit dem Bundel hereinkam.'

He tells Hermann that he would be glad to see him marry the daughter of a certain rich neighbour. Hermann objects, saying that these daughters all despise and laugh at him because he is not fashionable enough. The father is angry and tells him that he cares for nothing but his horses and work in the fields, and that he is to bring no peasant maiden there, but he will have a daughter-in-law who can play the piano. Hermann goes away much vexed. In Canto III. the father continues his discourse as to the necessity of every one trying to improve themselves, and the place they live in, while the mother defends Hermann and then follows him.

Canto IV. As the mother goes to seek her son, the extent of their possessions is incidentally described, for she first goes to the stables and the well-built barns, then up through the garden, full of luxuriant growth, stays a moment to straighten the props which support the heavily-laden boughs of the fruit trees, and then on into the vineyards, which lie towards the sun, and up through shady rows of grape-covered vines. She finds Hermann sitting under the large pear-tree. He is very sad, and soon the mother draws from him a full confession. He is in love with the exiled maiden, and his father's words have hurt him deeply. The mother says that his father only needs persuasion, that he speaks hastily, but does not carry out all he says.

Canto V. The mother thinks it best to act at once, so brings Hermann in and confesses for him. The father is surprised into silence, the pastor speaks for Hermann, while the apothecary suggests a compromise, viz. that he shall go and make inquiries about this maiden. Hermann agrees readily, but begs the pastor to go too, and the father gives a somewhat unwilling consent, and they set off. Hermann drives them to the village, but waits outside himself.

The village is a scene of confusion, but the two friends find a venerable old man who tells them that Dorothea, for that is the maiden's name, is as good as she is beautiful. They return to Hermann with the good news, but he is now filled with fear as to what Dorothea herself will say of the matter, and asks them to go home with their report to his parents, and leave him to speak to Dorothea himself.

Canto VII. brings Dorothea herself forward. Hermann is just starting for the village when she appears with two pitchers to fill at the fountain. They greet each other with friendly words, each takes a pitcher to fill, and they bend over the water together and see there the two reflections nodding pleasantly to one another. Hermann is afraid to speak abruptly of his love, so says that his mother wants a maiden to help her in the house, and asks Dorothea if she will come and take the place of a daughter. Dorothea accepts gladly, and after returning to the village to say 'Farewell' to the sick woman (who is now with her relations), they set off together (Canto VIII.) 'towards the setting sun.' As they walk through the corn-fields, talking happily, the sun sets, and the moon rises, but a storm is gathering.

Canto IX. Meanwhile the mother is getting terribly anxious and impatient; the apothecary says that his father cured him of impatience by telling him that the day was surely coming when his coffin would be prepared. The pastor disapproves, and answers with the words which were afterwards used as a motto at Goethe's funeral:

'Des Todes rührendes Bild steht
Nicht als Shrecken dem Weisen, und nicht als ende dem Frommen.'

Then the door opens and the handsome couple stand framed in the doorway. The father is surprised into admiration, and compliments Hermann on his taste. Dorothea is much hurt, and turns to go out into the storm, for this jest has shown her her own heart, and that she ought not to have accepted service in Hermann's home. The misunderstanding is soon explained, Hermann telling Dorothea what he had been afraid to confess before, and they are betrothed by the pastor.

Goethe wrote the two ballads, 'The Bride of Corinth,' and 'The God and the Bajadere,' in 1797. The latter is a Hindoo legend. Three fine elegies were written in 1796–7, 'Alexis und Dora,' 'Amyntas,' and 'Euphrosyne.' At this time also Goethe and Schiller wrote together

four series of epigrams. The fourth, 'The Xenien,' was written in revenge for the failure of the 'Horen.' Herder thought that he was alluded to in these epigrams, and was much hurt. 'Reinecke Fuchs,' the old story of 'Reynard,' was written rather earlier.

'Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre' was completed in 1796. It had occupied Goethe many years, and, with the sequel, 'Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre,' forms one of his most important prose works. From 'Wilhelm Meister' comes the well-known song, 'Know'st thou the land where the citron blooms.' The drama, 'Die naturliche Tochter' (1801), was intended to form part of a triology, but it was never finished.

'Faust,' founded upon an old German legend, was begun as early as 1774. The first part was published as a fragment in 1790; it was not completed till 1806, and the second part was only finished shortly before Goethe's death. So this wonderful drama occupied him at intervals from his early manhood to the end of his life. It is so well known that any description of it would be superfluous.

In 1809 'Wahlverwandtschaften' appeared, another prose work which may be classed with 'Wilhelm Meister' in importance. 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' (1811), his autobiography (first part published 1811), several ballads as 'Der getreue Eckart,' the 'Westostliche Divan' (suggested by translations from the Persian poet, Hafiz), 'Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre' (1821), and the second part of 'Faust,' besides minor works and writings on scientific subjects, testify to Goethe's activity during the latter part of his life; but I have not space to do more than mention them. He died on the 22nd of March, 1832, lovingly tended by his daughter-in-law. His son had died before him. His last words were: 'More light.'

In this very imperfect sketch of Goethe's life and writings, I have not attempted to give any account of his more private life. I should advise students to read a good biography of Goethe. That by George Lewis is very interesting.

Read 'Gotz von Berlichingen,' 'Egmont,' 'Iphigenie,' or 'Tasso,' 'Hermann und Dorothea,' 'Faust' (first part).

M. W.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—III.

Questions.

18. Give a sketch of Goethe's life, with dates.

19. Give a list of Goethe's principal writings, with dates, under the headings, 'Plays,' 'Poetry,' 'Prose.'

20. Which of Goethe's writings belong to the period of 'Sturm und Drang'?

21. Give an account, in your own words, of any one of Goethe's plays.

22. What is the story of 'Hermann und Dorothea' taken from? and from whose writings did Goethe take the idea of the poem?

23. From whence did Goethe take the idea of 'Faust'? and between what dates was it written?

Answers to be sent not later than April 4th to Miss Watson, Brightwell, Tetsworth, Oxon.

GERMAN LITERATURE COMPETITION.

January List.

Class I.

L. F. B.	Richmond	Oublions 88
Eidechse	L. E. S. 94	Zell-am-See . . . 87
Bede . . 99	Dear Me 92	Klumpp 86
Dame Durden	Inge 91	Undine
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Class II.

M. E. W.	B. G. C. 69	Grizel 62
Fleurange . . . 78	Creagh-an-Fitheach . 65	Kitto 57
Speranza 71		

Class III.

White Cat 23

FRENCH LITERATURE MARKS.

	December.	Total.
Feu-Follet	110	590 (2)
Geduld	104	543 (3)
Mignonette	90	602 (1)
Aslanga	. . . . .	449 (4)
Southern Cross	66	344 (6)
Doris	27	407 (5)

Church History Society.

THE MILITARY ORDERS.

Questions for March.

9. Name the Military Orders, both of the East and West, with the constitution of each.

10. What causes led to their foundation severally?

11. A short account of the Knights of St. John at Jerusalem, down to the taking of Rhodes.

12. A History of the Dissolution of the Order of the Temple.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by April 1st.

December Class List.

Class I.

Andromache . . . 39	Etheldreda . . . 36	Charissa 33
Water Wagtail . . 38	Papaver } Ierne } 35	Blue-bell 31

Class II.

Fidelia 29	Honeysuckle . . . 24	Cecilia 21
Veritas. 26	Λαμβδα } Maidenhair } . . . 21	Vorwärts 20
Sophy 24		

Class III.

Verena . . . . 18 | Violets 17

FINAL CLASS LIST.

N.B.—None are classed who have not sent six Papers, or who have left off the last six months.

Class I.

Maximum 440. *Minimum* 330.

*Etheldreda (407). Foregoes the Prize for this turn.

First Prize.

*Water Wagtail (396), Miss Bealey, Oak Lea, Harrogate. Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of Monastic Orders* (new and cheaper edition), and Mrs. Oliphant's *St. Francis of Assisi.*

Second Prize.

*Papaver (389), Mrs. Brice, St. Jude's Vicarage, Bradford, Yorks. Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of Monastic Orders* (new edition), and Perry's *Grossetête* (Epochs of Church History).

Third Prize.

*Andromache (377), Miss Bill, Farley Hall, Cheadle, Staffordshire. Trench's *Lectures on Mediæval Church History.*

Fourth Prize.

*Ierne (361), Miss Clara Beresford Knox, Lower Beeding Vicarage, Horsham. Perry's *Student's English Church History*. First Series.

*Charissa 357	*Sophy. 348	Cocksmoor . . . 331

Class II.

Minimum 220.

Firenze 328	Violets } . . . 288	Kentigern 248
*Verena 323	Vorwärts }	Sycorax 243
*Blue-bell 316	*Honeysuckle . . 282	Malacoda 235
*Fidelia 306	Λαμβδα 281	Countess 233
*Veritas 295	Hegesippus . . . 256	

Class III.

Decima 217	Cecilia. 174	White Owl . . . 155
Καθολικος 210	Trudel. 160	Ina. 152
De Maura 184	Antigone 157	Scholastica . . . 137
Spider 180		Esclairmond . . . 104

and 13 unclassed.

* Answered every question.

REMARKS.

41. *Etheldreda's* account of the Cluniacs is almost perfect in its way. The only name she might have added is Hildebert of Laverdin, a learned man and a poet, successively Bishop of Mans, and Archbishop of Tours; who died 1132. *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, and *Andromache* also give very good accounts. *Sophy* confounds St. Odo (10th century) with St. Odilo, 'the archangel of monks,' who was Abbot a century later. *Maidenhair* does not notice Bernard de Morlaix, the saintly author of *De Contemptu Mundi*, whence come Nos. 225–228 Hymns A. & M. *Veritas:* A Prior (not Friar) was at the head of each Cluniac House. The first Napoleon, when asked by the inhabitants of Clugny to visit their town, replied that they had barbarously destroyed their noble church which was the glory of France, 'I will not come to Clugny.'

42. The Cistercians are best done by *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Andromache*. The Exemptions of the Order, e.g. the exemption from episcopal visitation, and from closing their churches in an Interdict, are omitted by *Papaver*, *Charissa*, and *Blue-bell*. *Sophy* and others omit to mention how they differed from the Benedictines in food, silence, and in their churches. E.g. Food.—A Cistercian keeps a longer monastic fast, and has only two meals even at other times. He never eats flesh, but has two large platters of vegetables cooked without grease, and St. Bernard cautions his monks not on this account to glorify themselves over the Orders who cooked with fat. One Member counts Torre Abbey, in Devon, the richest in England as a Cistercian House; it was Premonstratensian. *Verena:* The Cistercian scapular was black; the Carthusian being almost the only Order which had scapular as well as habit white.

43. A Carthusian Monastery is capitally described by *Charissa*, *Ierne*, and *Fidelia*. Their two mottoes should be remembered: *Stat crux dum volvitur orbis* and *Nunquam reformatus, quia nunquam deformatus*. *Sophy:* It is believed that the terrible story of the Burial of Raymond is unauthentic. It was Henry II., not Henry I., who was the friend of St. Hugh. Mrs. Jameson gives the date, 1126, wrong. It was 1175. Bog-Oak thinks so few Carthusians were canonized, because though an Order of Saints, they could not talk about them in their perpetual silence. *Blue-bell:* A Carthusian slept in a separate cell, consisting of two or three small rooms with often a garden of its own. It was not merely a cubicle. Others of the Camaldolesi who

became famous were Don Giovanni Monaco, and Don Lorenzo Monaco the Painters, and Guido Grandi, the mathematician. Λαμβδα: St. Bernardino, of Siena, Patron of Pawnbrokers, was a Franciscan, founder of the Osservanti, 1419; he did not die in the plague, but lived till 1444, and died of the fatigues of preaching. He is quite a different person from St. Bernard dei Tolomei, founder of the Olivetans. *Water Wagtail:* Santa Francesca Romana, foundress of the Oblate, belongs to the Olivetani. *Papaver:* The Oblati of S. Carlo Borromeo were not Benedictine, and had no connection with the Olivetan Oblate.

44. *Water Wagtail, Andromache,* and Λαμβδα have best done the Saints, and the motives of the Orders. *Etheldreda* puts S. Giovanni Gualberto's death in 1173, instead of 1073. *Veritas* omits the beautiful story of his pursuit of his brother's murderer, and then his sudden forgiveness for love of the Crucified, which Bog-Oak has always thought must be the foundation for the similar part of John Inglesant's story. *Blue-bell:* St. Aelred left Revesby and returned to Rievaulx as its Abbot.

Subscriptions received from *Vorwärts, Veritas, Blue-bell, Papaver, Erica, Firenze, Honeysuckle I., Honeysuckle II., Maidenhair, Shamrock, Gooseberry, Stokes, Jumbo, Cratægus, White Cat, Spider, Water Wagtail, Robin Redbreast, Fidelia, Charissa, Decima, Hoffnung, Ashpüttel, North Wind, Hermione, Ierne, De Maura, Andromache, Nancy, Damaris, Agatha, Mary Beatrice, Miss Molly, Meniza.*

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is a novel injured as a work of art by having a definite moral or religious object?

Chelsea China would like to point out that a moral or religious *object* is not the same thing as a moral or religious *tone*, nor even as a moral or religious *result*. If a novel is a true picture of life, it will certainly *have* a moral; but it does not follow that the author put it there. Perhaps he found it, like his readers. Perhaps they may find what he never saw. For,

> 'Oh, Lady, we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live.'

It is, however, certain that some novels are 'novels with a purpose,' and that others are not, and, as several correspondents have said, much depends on what a work of art is, and what is a novel.

Nobody will question that 'Silas Marner' is a work of art, and very few will doubt that it has a definite moral purpose, that the author distinctly *intended* to show that people cannot 'make up' for past sin, however much they may wish to do so. This typical instance seems to establish the point that a work of art can have an intentional moral.

Charles Kingsley and Edna Lyall are very properly cited by several correspondents as novelists with a definite moral and religious purpose. Whether in carrying it out they ever injure their artistic effects is for each of their readers to decide.

Sir Walter Scott is quoted as the chief novelist without a purpose, and this is of course true, in the main. But his characters are often didactic. Saladin, in the 'Talisman,' is a most edifying person.

Mrs. Ewing's 'Jackanapes,' 'Daddy Darwin,' and other stories, are works of art in the first instance. There is an American story by Egbert Craddock, 'The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains,' which deals with moral and religious topics purely from an artistic point of view. But these artistic studies of life teach life's lessons to those who have eyes to read them, with convincing force.

But between such writers as Edna Lyall and say Henry James or Mr. Norris, there are a great many novelists who do not set a definite moral before them, the interest of whose stories depend not only on the depiction of character, but on its *development* or change under trial and experience.

Now whether novelists of this or any other class injure their novels by this moral or religious interest, depends of course on their artistic skill. They injure it if they force either events or characters a hair's-breadth away from the truth of nature, and they injure their artistic effect fatally if they assume agreement in their readers with their own views, where such agreement is not likely to exist. Any moral may be artistically inculcated; but whether it may be taken as a foregone conclusion depends entirely on the state of opinion in the class of readers for which the book is intended. And if they do injure their art, it is quite certain that they will also injure their moral for those who are artistic enough to perceive the failure.

It does not follow that the book may not do good work for those of blunter perception. The higher the interest the more difficult it is to treat artistically. The hardest motive of all is spiritual religion.

It may be well to add that the *artistic* merit of a religious or didactic novel does not depend on the author's views; but on the way in which he inculcates them.

Veritas, in an interesting but long paper, discusses various forms of art, defines the object of a novel to be to 'hold the mirror up to Nature,' and criticises cleverly sundry novelists. She decides that the definite religious aim does not spoil the work of art if adequately treated.

Black Rabbit's paper is perhaps the most interesting received, but too long for insertion. She gives Edna Lyall and Lucas Malet as her instances of artistic and religious success. Chelsea China is not quite sure whether the latter writer's 'moral purpose' is not so to depict actual facts as to let them tell their own tale, rather than herself to point a moral. But the remark is good that her father's daughter must be teacher as well as artist.

Smut, in a nice paper, advocates the definite aim, and quotes the author of the 'Heir of Redclyffe' as the great example of success in it.

Anita considers it difficult, but not impossible, to give a moral aim to a great work of art.

Fudge thinks the work of art worthless without the moral.

Rosemary's paper is interesting, but invites some discussion. She defines a novel as a story with one plot depending on the working out of one passion. Why only one passion? She cites Dickens, George Eliot, and 'Robinson Crusoe,' as works of art uninjured by a moral. Is this quite the case with Dickens?

A good *unsigned* paper gives a high testimony to the influence of Besant and Edna Lyall, and thinks their art equal to their aims.

Jessamine's paper is very good and fair.

Darby and Joan object to a moral.

Post and *Muffin Man* are given as the two extremes; *Owl* as striking the balance.

Every novel must either have a moral or immoral tone, unless it be so senseless and stupid that it could never be considered a work of art at all.

Surely no novel written by a good man or woman could be injured as a

work of art by teaching of some difficult lesson on human life and experience underneath its story and interest. To my mind quite the contrary: good art must elevate. Morals need not be dragged in—this would be inartistic—and there must be no cant, but a faithful ideal must copy the real and the noble, the brave, the truthful, and the pure; must conquer vice, sin, indifference, and meanness, even in a novel.

Clever pocket-picking is considered quite a work of art by thieves, and needs much training; the art of burgling has been highly developed; both these would, in their sense, be *injured* by morals and religion. In the same way would a novel, whose aim was definite, vicious, and irreligious teaching.*

We recoil from bad art even more than from a bad model. An indefinite novel can hardly be considered a good work of art, and a definite immoral one can only be bad art, at least, in the opinion of THE MUFFIN MAN.

Undoubtedly, and for this reason. The object of a novel is to amuse, to recreate, to entertain. Novel reading is emphatically a pastime. I do not maintain this ought to be the case, merely that it is. And whenever a novel misses or overshoots this mark it fails as a work of art. In these days of hurry and stress, competitive examinations, and express trains, the majority of people only take up a novel when they are tired or out of sorts, or when they wish to wile away a few moments. In the former case instruction and improvement are out of place; in the latter they are apt to be overlooked. Nowadays, we are deplorably prone to resent having a moral forced down our throats where we merely looked for amusement. To use a homely metaphor, we prefer our jam and our powders separate. We either skip the moral or religious part and hurry on to the story, or else we put aside the book as altogether too deep for recreation. Of course I do not speak of all readers, merely of the majority. It may be a lamentable state of affairs, but it is the case, and precisely where a novel fails to command the attention of the majority of readers it fails as a work of art.

Against the religious novel there are even deeper objections. What can be more unpleasant than a mixture of sentiment and theology, love making and piety? Surely these things are better kept apart? The mind that will form its creed from a romance, or that requires its religious reading gilded by a love story, must be but a feeble one. A book of devotions or sermons may be a perfect work of art in its own way, so may a novel, but not a hybrid mixture of the two. POST.

What is a work of art? Is it not a fact of Nature modulated, acted on, by the imagination? A landscape drawing should give one the impression of the country, not only an accurate representation of the particular piece exactly before the artist. When this is not done, we say it lacks power of composition, etc. It is the artistic faculty that makes all the difference between a photograph and a picture. Let us apply this to a novel. It is the realisation of a piece of life; it should present its characteristic features, its lesser tendencies, but in perspective, as an unity.

Now life has undoubtedly a religious object, a moral purpose, but it is rather to be deduced from our own experience than forced upon our notice. It is there, about our path, if we will but see it, the most valuable of life's gifts to us; but we may glide through our days and learn nothing. So should it be with a novel.

Let us feel the moral is there, that the deepest things of life are the religious, but let it not be forced upon us at every turn of the plot, in every conversation of the characters drawn. Truly the highest art is to conceal art. The noblest novels teach us great lessons. We acknowledge them as works of art, and learn from them as we do from our friends, from our ideals among men and women, unconsciously, but very surely, deep moral truths,

* Chelsea China does not follow this argument.

which, through the religious thoughts inspired by them, become our everlasting precious possessions. H. M. OWL.

QUESTION FOR MARCH.

1840–1860. 1870–1890.

There is a difference between the Ideals of Character prevailing amongst thoughtful young women in these two periods. What is it? Which has the advantage?

'Come in your war array—Gentles and Commons!'

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, marked 'Debatable Ground' *outside*, before March 31st.

SECOND SHELF.

EGG-SHELL CHINA,

OR

THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

'A letter from a young governess to her employer, absent abroad for the winter, stating that the old family nurse interferes with her management of the children.'

Eighty-three letters of complaint! The composite Nurse who has gradually risen before Chelsea China's imagination is a female compared to whom Mrs. Crabtree in 'Holiday House' was a lamb of meekness! How would the Governess appear if we could read the corresponding letters of the eighty-three nurses?

Chelsea China has decided (with valuable assistance) on the following principles. She has given the preference to Eva Vickers. 1. Because she gives instances of what she means. 2. Because the instances were really grievances, and within the governess's province. 3. Because her tone is thoroughly kindly and cheerful, and gives the impression of an amiable girl who wanted to keep the peace. 4. Because she does not instruct the mother what to say to the nurse, or how to manage the children. *Geraldine Glasgon* and *Nathalie* are better compositions, but they give no instance of interference. They could not annoy the mother, but she might not realise the grounds of the complaint. On the other hand, when the dispute is on matters of health and frocks, the mother would probably think the old nurse knew best. Some of the letters read as if the poor governess was cross, which is natural, but not exemplary. Some of the complaints are frivolous; but on the whole, they are a tactful and proper set of letters, which a sensible mother should have paid attention to. The governess should not have threatened, however, as in one or two cases, to resign her situation. Chelsea China hopes every one will try again. But *all* governesses should be able to spell!

MY DEAR MRS. CADOGAN,— *London, Jan.* 10, 1891.

You will, I know, like to hear that the children are all very well indeed. The constant fog has made it impossible for them to be out very much, but they have been wonderfully good and clever in amusing themselves in the house. You asked me to be quite open and frank with you about any difficulties that might arise, and I am most grateful to you for the permission, for I feel very deeply the responsibilities of my present position. I am afraid I am making poor old nurse very unhappy, and yet I really do not know how to avoid doing so if I act quite conscientiously. I am so very sorry that this should be the case, for I know well what a valuable servant and friend she has been to you all, while I am only a young and somewhat inexperienced new-comer, and I know she must feel it so very hard that I should put what she considers 'new-fangled' notions in the children's heads,

and in any way manage them differently from herself. Believe me I try to interfere as little as possible with any of her arrangements or wishes for them, for besides the real sympathy which I feel for her, I am sure it is all important for the children that there should be no *apparent* clashing between the authorities. I did my best to shut my eyes to her interference with my arrangements and wishes; but the result was that she evidently thought I did not mind my orders being disobeyed, and was encouraging the children to set them openly at defiance.

It is better, perhaps, to speak quite openly and explain just what I mean and not merely make general accusations. You will then be able to advise me how to act. On Wednesday night I sent Clarice up to bed half an hour earlier than usual as a punishment for having come down late in the morning. I went up at the right time, to say 'good-night,' and to put out her light, and to my astonishment found her sitting over the nursery fire talking to nurse. Naturally I spoke to her sharply and told her to go upstairs at once, but nurse broke in, 'Excuse me, ma'am, but their mamma always allow the young ladies to come in here on their way to bed. *I* told Miss Clarice she might stay.' In vain I explained to her that the child was sent to bed early as a punishment. She seemed to be unable to understand that that made any difference.

Another day Johnnie had been very disobedient and I shut him into his room alone. After some time had elapsed, I went up to try and talk things over quietly with him, and there I found nurse sitting in his room, coaxing him on her lap and telling him she was 'sure mamma would not have sent a little boy all alone into his room, it was only one of Miss Vickers' new-fangled ways.' I know it is her very strong love for the children which leads her to act in this way, and though it is a mistaken kindness on her part, I feel quite hardhearted for writing about it to you; but it is a matter of such grave importance that I dare not keep it from you, and I should be so very grateful if you would tell me how I had better act so as to secure my own authority, and yet treat her with all the consideration which I feel her affection and her long faithful service deserves.

Yours truly,
EVA VICKERS.

THIRD COMPLICATION.

Letter from one girl friend to another, not long introduced, calling attention to points in her behaviour in society which she thinks undesirable.

(Chelsea China does not undertake to recommend the writing of such a letter in real life. But such are written and received; so perhaps a model may be useful.)

List of letter writers with number of letters received from each will be printed at end of competition.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

ANSWERS TO JANUARY QUESTIONS.

1. When was showing the white feather an incentive to courage?—At the Battle of Ivry.

'Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war.'

MACAULAY.

2. Who disliked walking on other people's stairs?—Dante in exile.

'How hard a road
The going up and down another's stairs.'

Paradiso, Canto 17.

3. Who always found draughts in other people's houses?

'Mrs. Glegg chose to wear her bonnet . . . . she did not know what draughts there might be in strange houses.' *Mill on the Floss.*

4. Who 'Lay on a couch of silk sae slim,
All striped with bars of the rainbow's rim?'

Kilmeny, in HOGG'S *Queen's Wake.*

5. What great man once neglected a small domestic duty?—King Alfred, when he let the cakes burn.

6. Who betrayed her character by the way she cut her hair?—Helen of Troy, when she offered her hair on the tomb of Clytemnestra, only cut off the tips. 'See she hath shorn the extremity of her locks,
Anxious of beauty—the same woman still.'

EURIPIDES' *Orestes.*

No one has answered this last question correctly, but Maggie Tulliver, cutting her hair in a passion, and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, to spite her husband, were as good solutions as Chelsea China's own. It was not, however, the fact of Helen *cutting her hair*, but the way she cut it that showed character.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Three Rocks, 4; *E. V. M.*, 2; *Theodora*, 2; *Bumble Bee*, 3; *Mrs. Wellesley Reade*, 3; *E. P. M.*, 2; *Cedar*, 2; *A. C. Shipton*, 4; *M. R. A.*, 3; *Magdalen Millard*, 2; *Nemo*, 4; *Sub Rosa*, 3; *L. N. V.*, 4; *N'Oublie*, 1; *Kate Anstey*, 4; *H. T.* and *A. D.* 4; *Unsigned*, 1; *Apathy*, 2; *James*, 3; *Moza*, 2; *Marquetta*, 3; *Katti*, 3; *Wedgewood*, 2; *Innisfail*, 2; *Child of the Mist*, 2; *Muffin Man*, 2.

QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

1. With what bird has the toad been said to change eyes?
2. When was woe worked by a coral necklace?
3. Who said that a hundred white rabbits will not make one white horse?
4. Who bought an old book in the market place of an Italian town?
5. What little girl wore a crimson frock on an important occasion?
6. Who lived at Scarlett?

Chelsea China has been asked why the answers to the January Search questions did not appear in February; but she thinks it best that they should follow the plan of the other competitions and appear together with the list of competitors in the second month after they are set.

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

FAIR DEALING IN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

The third of Mrs. Sarah Battle's famous 'three wishes' about whist, was for 'the rigour of the game.' Now the short-cuts to success in competitions alluded to by *Bird of Ages*, picking the brains of better-instructed acquaintances, hunting up names in quotation-dictionaries, and lines of poetry in concordances, forming partnerships for the mutual and exclusive interchange of discoveries, and such-like, may be perfectly harmless ways of winning a little praise and profit. But they are certainly not 'the rigour of the game.' I should not call them unfair or dishonourable (except when definite rules are broken, which is not now supposed to be the case), but I should call them childish—like the behaviour of a very little boy, who is allowed to join (or think he joins) in a game of cards, but who amuses himself by picking out kings and queens from the pack, to put them into his own hand. For wherein does the true pleasure of a literary competition consist? Surely in the excitement and the satisfaction of an intelligent curiosity; in the

opportunity of using our stores of reading for the solution of a fascinating problem; in the exercise of memory in recalling what we know already; or of critical acumen in assigning an unknown passage to its proper source; or of quickness of apprehension in detecting a familiar figure of history or biography under some quaint disguise. It is the practice and the polishing of these and similar faculties that render the 'search questions' in our best magazines a refined and intellectual entertainment. But when answers are sent in which have been taken ready-made from books or friends, and contain no evidence whatever of the writer's own knowledge, skill, or industry, then I think we must allow that 'the game is not worth the candle.'

NEMO.

It does not disqualify to consult books or friends; the same privilege is open to all.

Two friends may join together, or several may act as a joint stock company under *one* signature.

Two competitors may agree to *exchange* information.

It is *not* allowable to try, or to join others in trying, for a prize under two different signatures at once; e.g. you may not belong to *two* joint stock companies.

It is *fair*, but it is not perhaps generous, to bind a person, not competing, to give information to no one else.

This, Chelsea China believes, is the recognised public standard of Prize Competitions. That *Nemo*, in answer to *Bird of Ages*, points out a far more excellent way, there is no question; but as the subject has been raised it seems well to be explicit. Chelsea China knows well that the prize, as well as the praise, is often very welcome. All the more should a strict guard be kept over the methods of winning it. She has reason to think, from letters received, that her readers are chivalrously scrupulous, as much so as *Bird of Ages* could wish. Will they think over the idea that what is permissible is not always desirable; what cannot be forbidden is not recommended?

May I say to *Dragon* that I could point to people whose reminiscences prove that they loved their Shakespeare at twelve or fourteen. I do not think I made any universal accusation; I only wished to give a warning against thoroughness on one point leading to neglect of general culture.

C. M. Y.

QUERIES.

J. S. would be glad to know if there is any reason for holly being the Christmas evergreen; also the names and prices of any books on British grasses (she has Miss Pratt's), and of a good edition of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' with Notes.

M. F. K. C. says, It is stated that the oldest statue in the world is of wood. What is it?

Judith would be much obliged if the Editor of the 'Monthly Packet' would tell her whether there is any foundation for the statement, made in one of Miss Holt's tales, that Jean, daughter of James I. of Scotland, was dumb.

Senga would be glad to know the date or any particulars about the maps in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. They are traced on the doors of the library. The one of England has the names of many of our important towns, but also of some small places which one would not have expected to have found. Who placed the maps there, and how was the geographical knowledge obtained?

ANSWERS.

Chelsea China informs a Canadian subscriber that 'A Near Relation' was published in 3 vols. by F. White & Co., 31, Southampton Street, Strand, and in America by Messrs. Harper.

Niel Campbell is referred to January number, having put no address on her letter. 5000 words.

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

APRIL, 1891.

HOPE.

[Lines suggested by two pictures: by G. F. WATTS, R.A., and by GIOTTO.

I.

ALAS! my Hope hath fled!
Silent my lyre,
Tangled and snapt its strings,
No more its tones inspire
Sweet thoughts of happier things—
My Hope is dead!

2.

Alas! my Hope hath fled!
My blinded eyes
Can see no more the light
Of Heaven, which once did rise
And made my being bright.
My Hope is dead!

3.

Alas! my Hope hath fled!
Bowed down with grief,
With heavy cares perplexed,
I cannot find relief,
My inmost soul is vexed—
My Hope is dead!

* * *

1.

Say not thy Hope is dead!
But lift thy head,
  And see how swift she springs
  Towards Heaven on outspread wings.
Life yet remains, then say not Hope is fled!

2.

The bandage cast away
Which hides the day;
  Unveil thy blinded sight,
  Then shalt thou see the light
Which streams on thee with mild, benignant ray.

3.

Thy lyre hath yet one string
Unbroken; sing
  Thy song of Hope again,
  Despite all grief, all pain,
Till Hope herself be lost in endless gain.

E. E. K.

LILIAN AND LILI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' 'A CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION,' ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

'My gracious!' said Elizabeth Pease, once more. 'Hark at that!'

It was Sunday morning, and from the drawing-room came the sounds of practising. Lili was playing a brilliant study, which by no stretch of charity could be supposed to be a hymn tune, which was the only kind of music that the rather Puritan Rescar household considered permissible on a Sunday. Mrs. Benson was so moved that she brought the scandal before Miss Bruce, and Lilian felt obliged to send for the offender and suggest that she should keep her practising for week days. 'Besides, you will have to get ready to walk to church,' she said.

'Oh, need I go? And walk! I can't walk two miles—it must be quite two miles. If I go I must drive.'

'Dear! we never have the carriage out on Sunday unless there is no help for it. Even my dear mother always walked on a fine day.'

'*Mais!* Well, I will ride then.'

A vision of the congregation, astounded by the appearance of Lili in her habit and the dainty little hat which had been procured for her, made Miss Bruce smile.

'I do not think that would do either, dear.'

'Then I will stay at home.'

Lilian made no reply, rather perplexed what to say, and Lili was silent too. 'What shall I do all day?' she said presently. 'I think I will go out in Outhwaite's boat.' Outhwaite was an old boatman, to whom the steward had introduced her.

'Outhwaite will be at chapel, I assure you.'

'I will go for a ride then.'

'I am afraid the coachman would not understand that, Lili.'

'What stupidity! But tell him then that he must go!'

'I really cannot, my dear child!'

'I think you throw the bridle a great deal too much on the necks of all these servants,' said Lili, pettishly. 'Well, then, I will go to church with Benson. One must do something!'

She went to church and looked at the congregation a good deal more than at her Prayer-book, and decided that they were very bourgeois, and then came back and said she did not wish to go out again. Miss Bruce felt that to ask her to attend another service would be unreasonable, and assented to her proposal to have her luncheon upstairs in the sitting-room. No doubt it was dull to sit alone in the dining-room, but the request was a greater one than Lili knew, for Miss Bruce was so little used to have any one on her hands and be chattered to, that it tired her much, and Lili was a creature who took a great deal out of those she was with.

'What a long day your Sunday is!' she said, as she sat by Miss Bruce's couch. 'We have been to church; why should we not now amuse ourselves?'

'Well, my little Lili, you see we have souls as well as minds and bodies, and it is a good thing to be reminded of it,' said Lilian, 'and you and I at all events do not work so very hard all the week that we need Sunday for amusement.'

'I suppose English people are used to it,' said Lili, with resignation.

'You went to church in France, did you not?'

'Sometimes we went to mass, sometimes to the English church; papa did not care much which, but mamma thought it would be more likely you would do something for us if we were not Catholics.'

'So you were brought up to fit any circumstances,' said Lilian, unable to help laughing, though with a pitying, shocked feeling beneath, 'as some Princesses used to be.'

'Sometimes mamma got papa to take us,' pursued Lili, not at all aware of the effect she had produced; 'she was always glad if she could make him do that; it kept him out of mischief, you know, and was respectable.'

'I see,' answered Miss Bruce, perceiving more excuse for the poor wife than she had imagined. 'And your aunt?'

'Oh, she is not pious, and besides, she is so busy.'

'My poor child!' Lilian said involuntarily.

'What makes you say that?' answered Lili, half offended. 'I

do not see that it matters. I suppose, after all, it is a long while since you went to church?'

'Oh, it is!' said Miss Bruce, and her eyes suddenly filled with tears. No argument or exhortation could so have impressed Lili as did the sight of those wet eyes.

'Do you care so much then?' she asked, astonished.

'Surely, dear.' Now that the tears had come, Lilian found it difficult to stop them.

'But you read at home. I see you read your Bible and Prayer-book every day, and your pastor comes; he came when I was riding yesterday.'

'It is not quite the same as where two or three are gathered together. But it has to be,' said Lilian, trying to smile.

'I did not know you felt it like that,' said Lili, with some sympathy and a good deal of wondering curiosity. 'I thought that Protestants believed very little. They are for the most part incredulous in France.'

'I do not know about that, dear, but it is not so with us.'

'No, I suppose not,' said Lili, meditatively. 'And that M. Chris, whom I saw—is he a believer? He does not look as if he were devoted.'

Miss Bruce laughed now without an effort, and her laugh was so silvery and joyous that Lili was always charmed by it.

'Chris will be here to-morrow; you shall judge him for yourself.'

'Oh, is Mr. Torley coming—is not that right? Oh, your English *th's!*' said Lili, with a little deprecating gesture.

'Which you can pronounce just as well as I can,' laughed Lilian. Lili's little affectations amused her greatly.

'Oh, perhaps not badly for a French girl. But I do not want to talk it too well; if I did, I should be just like every one else, and it is desirable to have something distinguishing. And then, so long as people call me French, they will not be severe on any mistakes I make. But this M. Chris—he is your cousin? but not a real one, like me.'

'Certainly, a very real one, I assure you, by the mother's side.'

'Oh, but that is not nearly so close as by the father's!'

'I never heard that theory before, and I am very fond of Chris; his kindness and care for me since I have been left alone are beyond words.'

'Oh, not alone now that I have come to you, my cousin!'

Lilian sighed. What was this girl, still a stranger, though a near relation, to her? How small a place she could ever fill in her life! Probably she would never be as much to her as even Pearl Egerton, who indeed was very dear to her, but that was the last thing that Lili would have guessed.

'Chris looks after my property,' Lilian went on after a moment; 'he advises me, and carries out my plans, and we have been like brother and sister all our lives, so you can understand that we are great friends, and I want my little Lili to know and like him too.'

'Yes?' said Lili, always on the watch to gather more than met the ear.

'Yes, you must give him luncheon and entertain him for me.'

'But—you do not mean that I am to sit at luncheon alone with *ce monsieur!*' said Lili, opening her eyes. 'It would not be *convenable;* it is not proper.'

'Not proper, silly child! What are you dreaming of?'

'French girls do not do such things, but you would not tell me to do anything indiscreet.'

'Indeed, I hope not. I think you may trust me.'

'Oh, certainly, and then I know that English girls can do anything they like. They are not kept carefully like French ones.'

'But English girls cannot "do anything," my dear child; on the contrary, there are well-understood rules which they observe quite as much as your French demoiselles.'

'But they go about as they like, and talk to every one, and practise *le flirtage*, I have heard; but your men are good, I suppose, while Frenchmen are very bad.'

'My dear child! What can you know about it?'

'Oh, I know a great deal of the world, my cousin. It is you who know nothing of it, shut up here; you are like a white dove, I think.'

She kissed Lilian's hands as she spoke with a tender admiration which had a touch of patronage in it. Lilian drew her hand away; the girl had jarred seriously upon her. There was something in the look and tone which had given her the most uncomfortable sensation.

'I should be very sorry to think that you knew more of evil than I do, my dear,' she said gravely, and Lili laughed, and put a silk coverlet straight over Miss Bruce's feet.

'I know a great deal about all sorts of things, *chérie*,' she said,

'one must if one is to live in the world at all, but I am so glad you do not; I do not believe in many people, but I am sure you are quite good and innocent, and that is why I admire you.'

It sounded strange and sad enough from these young lips, and left an abiding impression with Miss Bruce, of which Lili was quite unaware, though she changed the subject with one of her abrupt transitions.

'I have been thinking what to call you, dear Lilian. "My cousin" does not sound quite right, and Lilian—no, that I do not like either.'

'Call me Cousin Lilian,' said Miss Bruce, conscious that it would be wiser to keep up some show of deference on the part of her visitor, whose strong point did not appear to be respect for her elders.

'Oh, but that is so stiff! so old! Have you no name but Lilian? Mabel? That is charming—ma-belle—that is just what you are, so fair and sweet; that is what I shall call you.'

'I would rather be Cousin Lilian.'

'No, no, that I could never say. I have found what suits you, and it is a little name all for myself. You will let me have it, dear, dear *cousine?*'

Lilian did not like it particularly, but she was never tenacious in trifles and yielded. Lili triumphed, and mistook the concession for a sign of weakness on the part of Miss Bruce and superior strength on her own. It was beyond her to comprehend that Lilian's was the gentleness of strength, not weakness.

'Ah, now I feel I really belong to you,' she cried, 'and I do like it! It is dreadful when one does not like those one belongs to. My aunt—she is so common!'

'She seems to have been very kind to you and Abeille.'

'Kind! Oh, I suppose so! But now that I am here, I see how unseemly it all was—a *tintamarre* all day long in the kitchen, aunt scolding and pursuing the *bonne*, and then the lodgers. I had nothing really to do with them, but of course I knew something of them. Shall I tell you what they would be doing just at this hour? Sitting down to table, and taking the napkins off their wine bottles, and holding the bottles up to make sure none has been taken out, and then, looking suspiciously at one another as if each thought his neighbour had stolen some. And then they will sit in the *salon* and gossip. In winter there is supposed to be a fire there, but it always goes out and is not re-lighted—that is for economy, so the boarders will sometimes

have a fire in one of the bedrooms, and invite those who are their friends, and sit round it and drink hot grogs.'

Lilia began seriously to consider whether it was not her duty to send for Petite, but Lili diverged again.

'I suppose every one about here knows mamma was a nursery governess?'

'Yes, I think so. There is nothing to be ashamed of in that.'

'Why, grandpapa disinherited papa for it, but I think he was right to marry her, though people would call it foolish. She told us how it was—she was pretty, you know, and papa often met her when she was out with her pupils, and one of them told Lady Archer. Mamma said Lady Archer was a cruel woman. She must have been, for she dismissed mamma that minute, and never asked where she could go or if she had any money, and when papa heard that, and that Lady Archer refused to give her any certificate—what do you call it, character?—he married her.'

'I did not know how it was; I am glad I do. He did right,' said Miss Bruce, rejoiced to hear what seemed to her a generous trait in Algernon Bruce, whom her father had loved so well. 'And then?'

'Oh, you know, it all went wrong; he drank himself to death at last.'

'Lili!'

'I thought every one knew that. Surely uncle did?'

'If my father did know, he certainly would not have told me.'

'How odd! Oh yes, he used to drink *absinthe* and things like that, and make friends with English visitors at hotels; every one liked him, you know. We never had any money; very often Petite and I had to stay indoors because our shoes were in holes and we could not have any more, and when we were *too* much in debt in one place, we slipped away to another. It was very miserable,' said Lili, her eyes filling with tears, which was an unusual sign of emotion with her. Lilian held out her hand, and Lili came and knelt beside her and hid her face in the silk coverlet, sobbing.

'And mamma died, and all was ten times worse,' she went on. 'Till then, papa was cheerful and gay; we did not see much of him, but he would come home sometimes and throw some money into her lap and tell her to get us some clothes, or take us with

him to the theatre, but after her death Petite and I could not get on at all, and he got *maussade* and sent us to Dieppe, and then we got a letter saying he was ill and wanted to see us, so aunt sent us to Paris . . . she paid our journey, and we staid with him, and the day he died we had not a franc in the world; if the English people in the hotel had not made a subscription and buried him and sent us back to aunt, I do not know what we should have done.'

'If we had but known that!' said Lilian, much shocked.

'Luckily there was enough money to get us plenty of good mourning,' said Lili, drying her eyes; 'so when our next quarter's money came we got it all, and could pay for Petite's schooling and our board with aunt.'

She did not feel the shame and humiliation at the thought that a Bruce had been buried by public charity which made Lilian smart all over; Lili's early experiences had made her look on debt and necessity as very ordinary things. 'You could not help it, *chérie*,' she said, perceiving that Miss Bruce was much disturbed, though not in the least understanding how she felt. 'It is very hard on us, of course; but as for poor papa, if you had given him the mines of Peru, he would have emptied them. No, after all, I do not blame grandpapa for disinheriting him, but it is very hard on us.'

She paused, to give Miss Bruce the opportunity of offering to atone for this injustice, but Lilian did not speak. Although she had thought of making Lili her heiress, the dream was already flitting into air.

Miss Bruce had a deep sense of her responsibilities; no sentiment or affection would make her entrust her tenants and her wealth to any one who would not be a faithful steward. It was of course possible that her vision of training Lili for such a position might be yet realised, but she began to doubt it. As she said nothing, Lili thought a little push in the right direction necessary. 'But it is such a good thing that you can set everything right,' she said.

'Ah, my dear, I do not know how wrong is ever set right,' answered Lilian, sadly, full of pity as she thought of the disadvantages these girls had had. 'We cannot undo the past, and the past makes the present.'

This was beyond Lili. 'You can do what you like; the will does not bind you,' she said.

'No, and I am very glad of it, since now I can do a little for

my cousins,' said Miss Bruce, not at all following Lili's line of thought.

'A little! You can do everything!' answered Lili, fervently.

Miss Bruce smiled and shook her head, and Lili took hope from the smile, never guessing that her words only sounded to her cousin as an expression of affection and gratitude.

'You see, Ma-belle,' she went on, 'I dare say you supposed I came here to see what I could get, and it was so; my aunt advised it, and, on reflection, I should have come even if she had not counselled it; that was only natural, but now I know you, I love you, and it is not for mercenary reasons that I stay.'

'I am glad of it,' laughed Miss Bruce.

'I know you will do what is right,' said Lili, with magnanimous confidence.

Presently Pearl Egerton walked in, with her young elastic step which Lilian loved to see. Although Lilian had never said so, Pearl, who loved her, knew very well that Sunday had its especial trials for her. She saw others go forth to offer up prayer and praise, and the house was silent, and ordinary occupations were laid aside, and she had to lie still on her couch and realise the long years which in all probability lay before her, to be spent in the same unchanging round, full of lassitude or of pain—pain that she had an unspoken dread would increase, duties for others —nothing, nothing for herself. Lilian was the least selfish of creatures, but she was still young, and still unused to the trial which to every one else, even good Miss Miller, was now an accustomed thing. At such times unspeakable sadness would steal over her, a great longing for her father and dejection because she was so much less brave, as she thought, and resigned than she had been in the first months of her illness. It is hard to carry an ever-lengthening chain, and Lilian found it so; neither she, nor perhaps others fully knew what that hard discipline had done for her, nor how much more good and lasting work Lilian Bruce had done from her sick bed and that 'camera obscura of pain' where no man willingly enters than could have been effected by Lilian the young and prosperous heiress. Even so, perhaps those around her would have grudged the price, but she herself would not.

Lili's face clouded as Pearl came in, as one perfectly at home, and knelt down by Miss Bruce's couch, throwing her hat on the ground, and evidently meaning to stay for some time. Lilian passed her hand over the girl's nut-brown hair, and asked her

about one thing and another, which had no interest for Lili, who answered curtly when an attempt was made now and again to bring her into the conversation, and sat by, doing nothing and looking unhappy and reproachful. Miss Bruce was too sensitive not to be quickly aware of it, and tried to conciliate her, but Lili would not be conciliated; she divined that Pearl wished her away, and therefore she sat on. Pearl was so longing to get rid of her, that if thought-reading be possible, Lili could not fail to perceive it, and Miss Bruce, seeing plainly enough that there was something to be told, wished in her turn that Lili had tact enough to leave them; but to own that any one had a closer claim on Miss Bruce than she, or had a right to make confidences to her unshared by herself, was the last thing that Lili was likely to admit. Her attitude at length made both her companions so uncomfortable that Pearl rose and said, 'Shall I play to you?' She was accustomed to make music on a Sunday for Lilian, and began without waiting for an answer.

Lili's face was a study. Miss Bruce had never seemed inclined to hear her play since that first evening, and here was this impertinent Pearl taking it for granted that it would be agreeable if she did so! It was still more disconcerting to see Miss Bruce's soft and pleased expression as the first notes of an Agnus Dei of Mozart's stole upon the silence. Lili came and crouched at her side, and began to talk in whispers. 'Hush!' said Miss Bruce, softly, and when presently Lili began a murmur of talk, she shook her head at her smilingly and made no reply, upon which the corners of Lili's mouth went down, and she got up and left the room. Pearl went on playing until Miss Bruce said, 'Thanks, dear child. Now come and talk to me,' and then she came to her side, kneeling down and playing with her fingers.

'You know——' she said, and stopped.

'Yes, of course I know. Well, has Chris been getting you both into trouble?'

'He came to our house yesterday, I know, and saw papa, and then he went away, and I do not know anything, except that papa was very—grave'—evidently Pearl had substituted one word for another—'and he said nothing to me, but he told mamma before me that I was not to be always coming here—he would not have it.'

'Yet you are here to day, my Pearl?'

'Mamma told me to come as usual. She said she should tell

papa that I had her leave. You know she hardly ever interferes, but when she does, she always can have her way—almost.'

Lilian knew that when his well-born wife chose to make her husband feel that she had a will of her own, the rich ironmaster, bully though he was, seldom had the best of it. She made a sign of comprehension.

'Mamma likes Chris, and she does not like Mr. Archer; he is coming to dine to-night, and I must go home soon, or papa will be displeased, but I know mamma meant me to talk to you. Miss Bruce, what am I to do? Do you not think I have a right to know what Chris said?'

Lilian paused before answering.

'I think you have,' she said, at last.

'You see, papa looks on a girl as something he can do what he likes with; he believes I am still a child, and really cannot understand that I have grown up; he would settle everything for me, and expect me to be quite satisfied. Indeed, I do not want to be undutiful, but that is impossible.'

'It is, dear. But you cannot marry without his leave.'

'I know, but it is rather hard that he should want to give me to James Archer, whom no one has a good word for, Ned says, because he will be a baronet some day, and refuse Chris, who is —oh, you know what Chris is!'

'Yes, I believe I do,' said Lilian, smiling. 'Then Ned is on your side?' Ned was Pearl's second brother.

'Yes,' she said, 'at least, he knows nothing about Chris and me, but he cannot bear Mr. Archer. George likes him, and goes about with him, and papa is pleased at that, and very angry when Ned says anything against him; papa wants the boys to have friends among the county people.'

'Would your mother not miss you very much—the one girl?'

'Not much; I do not think any one really wants me but Chris.'

'I did not know he had spoken to you, dear.'

'He has not,' said Pearl, naïvely, 'but it is all the same. We know quite well. Of course he had to tell papa first, and it would have been all right but for that horrid James Archer!'

Although Lilian had not much direct consolation to give, Pearl went away a good deal cheered.

'It is always such a comfort to talk to you,' she said, as she gave her kiss of farewell. 'You always know what one means, and have something to say that helps one. I do love you so!'

'And I love you, my sweet; tell me everything you like,' said Lilian.

They had forgotten Lili, who had not chosen to come in for afternoon tea, which was fortunate, as she was not at all wanted, but she flattered herself that her absence had been felt and noticed as a proof of her displeasure. It was a blow when Miss Bruce only said, when at length she returned—

'Thank you for leaving us to have our talk, dear. Pearl had something to say to me.'

'I saw I was not wanted,' said Lili, with dignity.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Chris came next day, he was in a bad humour—for Chris—and the household remarked it, and surmised with much sympathy that something had gone wrong with his wooing. Lili appeared in the hall as he entered, with a little air of patronage. 'This is what I should have to do if Rescar belonged to me,' she was thinking.

'Good-morning, M. Torley; please to enter. Ma-belle hopes to receive you a little later.'

'Who?' said Chris, bewildered.

'Ma-belle; I forgot; you of course call her Miss Bruce, but to me she is Ma-belle.'

'Oh,' said Chris, 'you mean Lilian; yes, of course I call her Miss Bruce to outsiders, but you are hardly that,' he added kindly.

'Certainly not, since I am her cousin *germain*, and you only quite a distant relation. I know, for she told me so,' said Lili, desirous as usual of placing matters at once upon a proper footing.

'Oh, she told you so, did she?' answered Chris, composedly. 'Yes, I can just fancy how Lilian would say that sort of thing—in a haughty, freezing manner, wasn't it? But why do you call her Ma-belle? I couldn't conceive whom you were talking of.'

'It is my name for her; she is so sweet and lovely. Allow me to order luncheon for you, monsieur; I will see that all is as it should be, and then announce to my cousin your arrival.'

'By all means; I'll look to myself.'

'I will return; Ma-belle said I was to entertain you. I will give Dobson his orders, and then you will excuse my leaving you an instant?'

She had carried out Lilian's directions to entertain Chris in a sense which she did not intend; he threw back his head and laughed a hearty, ringing laugh, which broke out afresh as he beheld Lili's air of offended dignity. 'I amuse you, monsieur?' she said, drawing up her head.

'Well, you did—don't be angry,' he answered, recovering his gravity with difficulty, and unable to help occasional relapses as he spoke. 'There was something so comical in the notion of any one needing to entertain me in this dear old house where I have been at home all my life—and of your giving orders to old Dobson whom I protest I am afraid of myself,' his voice failed him again.

'I am glad you have found amusement in what I said, monsieur, though I do not myself see what diverted you so much.'

'No, that is just it, but I really beg your pardon; I was abominably rude.'

'Since you apologise, monsieur, there is no more to be said. I will tell my cousin you will wait upon her presently,' said Lili, retiring with severe dignity.

Chris, left alone, laughed till he had to dry his eyes. 'What a joke! What a little piece of absurdity it is!' he exclaimed, between the spasms. 'With her orders, and her Ma-belle, and her airs. All the same, Lilian must mind what she is about,' he added in a different tone, and went off on a tour of inspection with Sturt. Lili's face when she sought Miss Bruce had an expression which brought a question as to whether anything were amiss.

'Nothing, my cousin.'

'Why that droop of the mouth then? You see I already know your face, Lili,' Miss Bruce said, with her sweet winningness.

'Ah, you are so sympathetic! You would never ask me to do anything that would make me unhappy? No, I know it—not even if you had a plan which you thought was for my good?'

'My dear child, of course not. What can you be thinking of?'

'It would be a great—great sacrifice to marry a man who is not a gentleman, whatever the mercenary advantages,' said Lili, sadly.

'But who is talking about marrying?' said Miss Bruce, aston-

ished. Her thoughts were full of Pearl; she supposed that somehow Lili had heard of the difficulties at Moulton Hall.

'No one, my cousin. Girls must not talk of such things. But if I had not been fastidious there was M. Charles. . . . I am sometimes sorry for him when I think of his devotion.'

'And what is M. Charles?'

'His father is—has lands.'

'Is a landed proprietor? He has an estate?'

Lili had really been at a loss for the English word, and now it seemed a pity to say 'farmer,' landed proprietor sounded so well.

'Yes, he has lands,' she replied. 'But I am glad I would not listen, for if I had I should never have known you.'

'But, Lili, I should like to know more about this; what did your aunt think of it?'

'Oh, she is mercenary; she would have wished it; she found us a burden. I have told you so before. It is so sweet to be here where I am at home, where I can serve you—you who are my good angel.'

'Dear, I hope you will be very happy while you are with me.'

'I will never leave you,' protested Lili.

'Not for a long time, I hope, if you can make yourself contented in this dull life.'

'Content! Ah, it is paradise! Only, though I will do what you wish, *chérie*, I cannot like your M. Chris. I will submit, but he is not a well-bred man, and that I cannot pardon,' said Lili, as if she had lived among the upper ten thousand all her life.

'My dear Lili, you do not know what you are talking of,' said Miss Bruce, half laughing, half vexed. 'Chris Thorley not well bred! Nonsense!'

'I know he is your cousin, dear Lilian, and I am sorry, but I cannot help what I think. It is a pity he is not more—more—I cannot find the word, but if you had not been used to him all your life, you would see what I mean.'

Lilian was not quite a saint, though very nearly one. 'More like M. Carette, perhaps,' she said, with some irony.

'Yes, he would be much nicer than he is if he resembled M. Carette.'

'And kept a boarding-house, I suppose. Hush! here is Benson.'

Lili was silent. Miss Bruce had succeeded in making her

understand that she must check her tongue while servants were present, though she had found the lesson hard to learn, and she went down to luncheon, while Chris wished her anywhere else, and she came more and more to the conclusion that he was an English boor, and that M. Carette was a much more attractive *parti*.

She retired as soon as she could, and reported to Lilian that M. Chris was fuming in the garden.

'Why, what can you have done to him? Oh, you little Frenchwoman, I believe you mean he is smoking!'

'Yes, I do. But, unless I say something indiscreet, please not to correct me, my cousin. Of course I do not wish that, but if I lose my accent and my air I shall be a nobody.'

'Very well; but, Lili, if we talk of correcting, I want you to be more polite to my good housekeeper, who has been here so many years, and is a faithful old friend of mine. She does not at all understand being ordered about by a chit like you, who has not been here a week.'

'She is only a servant after all,' said Lili, 'and it is such a mistake to let servants think themselves so important.'

She went away pouting, and Miss Bruce perceived that the affection she professed, and really felt, would not by any means induce her to give up her own way. It was disappointing, but Lilian's large charity could make allowance for the girl's faults, and endure disappointment, although her naturally sensitive nerves, strained by illness, made her painfully susceptible to cloudy looks and resentful tones. 'I am sure my life has been too smooth; it is well to have a little discipline,' she said to herself, 'and I must not spoil the child.' It was with an effort, and entirely for Lili's own sake, that she resisted her longing to make all pleasant again by calling her back and making friends.

Chris presently appeared, and at the first glance Lilian saw that things had gone wrong. 'Why, Chris,' she said, 'am I to see nothing but discomfited faces to day? What is amiss?'

'You can guess, but that can wait. I suppose that little piece of affectation, Miss Lili, is out of the way, as I saw her go out? What are you going to do with her now you have got her?'

'That remains to be seen. She is really a nice child in some ways.'

'My dear Lilian, she is nothing but a French doll,' said Chris, unconsciously endorsing the opinion of Elizabeth Pease. 'A mass of airs and impertinence! I thought she would be a pleasant neighbour for Pearl.'

'Don't prejudice Pearl against her, Chris.'

'I am not likely to have the opportunity,' answered Chris, gloomily. 'Well, one word, Lilian—I don't question that you were right to have Miss Lili, but take care she does not get the upper hand here—it is what she aims at, and you see, it is not as if you were about.' Chris spoke bluntly, but yet tenderly. Of all Lilian's friends he was the one who became least accustomed to her condition; every time he came to Rescar it was with renewed regret and sympathy that he saw his old playmate and companion prostrate on her couch, an invalid, shut out in her youth from all those 'dear delights and healthful occupations' which for others 'fetched the day about from sun to sun,' and with the shadow of sickness and pain for ever over her. 'She's the kind of young woman who will rule you by her feelings—and you hate to annoy any one, and can't get away from her if she tries that dodge—worse luck! Well, now I want to show you these papers. Let me raise your couch and put that pillow better. There!'

'Chris, you are a born nurse!' laughed Lilian, as he shifted her position and arranged her pillow and rug with a tender and dexterous hand. 'No one ever manages so comfortably for me as you—not even Milly.'

'Unfortunately I have had my mother to practise on. Now then; Widow Robson wants to keep her farm on, but that's out of the question. She would ruin herself and it too in a year!'

'I know. She wrote to me, poor thing, a piteous letter, and it does seem hard, as she says, to send her away from the place she has lived in so long, and where her son and husband died. But it would not be right to her or the land to let her stay, though I am very, very sorry about it!'

'Just so. One comfort in dealing with you, Lilian, is that there is no nonsensical sentiment about you, and you see two sides of a thing. Now don't you fret over Widow Robson; she will be much better off with her married daughter, who wants to have her. Now those fences that Barton wants——'

They spent much of the afternoon in discussing similar questions, and Lilian looked as if she had had more than enough fatigue before she laid down the last letter which she had to read, and said—

'Now, Chris, about yourself.'

'It was as you expected—I own I did not. Mr. Egerton

expressed great surprise, and flatly refused consent. I said I should not give up hope, and that I trusted what had passed would not deprive you of the pleasure of seeing Pearl, as I was only here once a week or so, and rather than that would fix a regular day so that she could come at another time. No—you need not thank me; it was for her sake too. I don't know what she would do if she had not you to come to.'

'What reason did he give?'

'Perfectly reasonable—nothing to say in reply. His daughter would have money, but that would not justify him in allowing her to marry a man who had only a life income, and he supposed that was about all I could offer. So it is. With all the girls, and little Jack at the tail of all to be educated, my father has hard work to get on in these times. All he can leave must go to them.'

'Yes—a life income. I have been wondering whether it would make any difference when Sturt gives up his post—and he tells me he means to do it—if I took his advice and offered it to "Mr. Chris." Would you take it? I know you could manage both properties.'

'Take it! Rather! Somehow I never thought of that,' said Chris, his face glowing. 'Thank you, dear, for the offer! You know I'll do my best for you here as well as at Ormsby.'

'Yes, I know that, and you will get on with the people as no stranger could. But I am not sure that it will help you much, Chris.'

'Nor I. My own belief is that Egerton wants that young cad Archer for a son-in-law—a fellow not fit to tie Pearl's shoe-string! I should like to catch him at it!' added Chris, wrathfully.

'Poor child! She will have a hard time, I fear, but it will make life all the sweeter to you both by and by; and I feel sure Mrs. Egerton will not wish her to marry James Archer. She may not oppose her husband openly, but she has a great deal of power when she chooses to exert it, and she likes you—Pearl told me so on Sunday.'

'She was here then? Did she know? What had she heard?'

'Nothing, but she guessed, poor child! Now, Chris, you must not put me in a predicament. If Pearl comes here, on the understanding you are not to meet, I must not be a go-between, though I should dearly like to help you both!'

'As if I did not know that! No one will ever know what you have done for me, Lilian,' said Chris, looking at her with his

honest eyes full of affectionate gratitude and reverence. Lilian smiled, and took it as only a token of his loyal love; she did not guess, as he had said, what knowing one like her had been to him, or how it had raised and strengthened him. Theirs was that rare thing—a very perfect friendship between a young man and a young woman; and from Lilian's sad and exceptional circumstances no gossip or thought that any other feeling could be possible ever troubled it.

Chris went away cheered, and resolved one day to win his love, though he was aware that even the very considerable step in his profession which he would make when he had the agency of Rescar as well as that of the Yorkshire property, would not weigh much with Pearl's father, who had said, with what Chris thought rather brutal candour, 'It is not even as if you could count on holding your position with any certainty. Miss Bruce may die any day, and then where will you be? The next owner will probably manage the estates or put in his own man. To whom does she mean to leave it all? Those French cousins?'

'Very likely,' Chris had answered curtly. 'They are her nearest of kin.'

When Lili returned she found Miss Bruce going over accounts. A little ashamed of her ill humour, she watched her for a time and then said rather meekly, 'May I help you? Aunt let me add up her accounts; I like it. These are in shillings, I suppose.'

Lilian let her try, chiefly because she understood the motive which had prompted the offer, and was surprised by the sureness and readiness with which she ran over the long columns.

'Why, you are a first rate reckoner,' she said. 'I think I must turn you into my secretary and accountant. I know you write a pretty hand.'

'No, I should not like that. It would seem as if I were not your equal.'

'Ask Pearl if she thinks so. She often comes over to help me.'

'Does she? Well then, I will, but not if she does too. I will do it all or none.'

'My little Lili, that is not the way to be helpful,' said Miss Bruce, gently.

'Of course it must be as you choose,' said Lili, with a martyr air, not a little trying to one so weary as Lilian felt just then, and kneeling down by her she continued, with another look and

tone, 'My cousin, I want you to love me, you know I belong to you, and if Miss Egerton is here, you love her.'

'You very foolish child, do you think one's heart is like a house with only one spare room, so that if one guest is there, another cannot come?'

'But yes! it is so with me,' answered Lili, to which there seemed nothing to say. 'It has been dull to day,' she went on plaintively. 'M. Chris was here and you had no time or thoughts for me. And I heard from Petite.'

'That is not a reason for such a sigh, is it?'

'Ah, you do not know. You recollect that I spoke once of M. Carette? Well, his wife is dead.'

'Poor man,' said Lilian, as in duty bound.

'There is no reason to compassionate him. She was much older than he, and jealous—oh, like a fiend. And of no use to him in the pension. Ugly too—ah! and he is so good looking—dark, and middle height, with black hair cut short and a forked beard—I am afraid there are some grey hairs in it, but it is a very nice beard, and a prudent kind of look—he has presence—so unlike M. Charles, with his hair like a weeping willow, and frightened looks—and his "*maman*"; he talks of "*maman*" like a girl!'

'But, Lili, I do not understand all this. You cannot seriously have been speculating on one day marrying a man who had a wife, and it is not at all a nice way of joking, dear.'

'Joking!' said Lili, opening her eyes. 'That would be very silly and improper.'

'But this M. Carette—he cannot have ventured to suggest such an idea?'

'Certainly not; how can you have such thoughts, my cousin? I have only seen him a few times, when we were making his mother a visitation, as you say in England, but while I was conversing with her daughter, I heard very well what she was saying to aunt, and I know she would like me for her *bru*. But I shall give it up for your sake, Ma-belle. I will stay here and resign my prospects.'

Lilian realised too little the French side of the girl's character to understand that this was too entirely a matter of business in her eyes, even though she secretly admired M. Carette very much, to be nearly as objectionable as it sounded to her ear, nor did she at all realise that Lili really felt herself making a great sacrifice of probable advantages. With the confidences of Chris

and Pearl still in her mind, Lili's talk repelled her exceedingly. The outcome of her thoughts was, 'Lili, I think Petite must come here.'

'Petite! that would be . . . But no,' said Lili, checking her first impulse of pleasure, as she recollected both that Petite would not do her credit, and that the fraud of the photograph would be detected. 'My aunt would not spare her, and I do not think she would come. I am sure she would not. Thanks, Ma-belle, but I do not wish it; there are reasons why it is better not.'

Lilian made no reply. She meant to give Petite the opportunity.

'Lili,' she said, after a moment, 'sit down, dear, I have something to say.'

Lili's eyes gleamed expectant; she came at once.

'You know we are such near relations that you need not mind taking money from me, dear, and I have been thinking that perhaps the best plan will be to settle a certain sum upon you and Abeille so that you may feel you have enough to make you independent with what you have already. I think you will accept it, and I hope Abeille will.'

'A certain sum—I do not understand.'

Lilian proceeded to explain more fully; she could not tell what her young cousin's looks meant. They seemed to express rather disappointment than pleasure. 'Thank you,' Lili said, rather coldly. 'Yes, that will make us independent, as you say.'

She was wondering if this gift meant that there was nothing more to expect from Miss Bruce. It was not exactly that she cared greatly for money, but she had been always poor, and therefore prized it, and she had cherished high hopes with regard to Rescar. 'A château gives one a position,' she perceived. 'And who else is there to have it?'

This question began to press on Miss Bruce also. She felt that it ought to be decided. All her inclination led her to make one of these girls her heiress—the last of the old name, and though only girls, if they married, the name might be taken by a husband and so kept up—better so than not at all. But Lili—and M. Carette! Lilian nearly laughed at the notion, though M. Carette was not very real to her, and she did not suppose that he was very real to Lili either, in which she was mistaken. She said no more, imagining that the girl's pride was a little

hurt at having to accept favours from her, in which she was mistaken again; it was the smallness, not the greatness of the benefit which troubled Lili, who sat thinking and considering, and finally came to the resentful conclusion that perhaps Miss Bruce would leave Rescar to Pearl Egerton—no doubt Pearl was hoping so, and scheming for it. Clearly this must be looked to. Lili's already promising aversion to Pearl made considerable progress. Other people than Lili had wondered what would become of Rescar; it was a question in which the neighbourhood took great interest. When it came into Lilian's hands there had been still a Bruce living, a distant cousin, but one of the name, and she had not troubled herself about the question, regarding him as the natural heir, but he had died within the last year, and now there were no representatives of the family left but herself, Lili, and Abeille.

This threw a new and grave responsibility upon her, and one which she felt she must meet and decide for herself. She wrote her letter to Petite, in spite of Lili's discouragement, and told her what she had just told Lili, and asked her to come to see her, but she felt that even if Petite proved of more hopeful material than Lili, she could hardly set the younger sister above the elder and repeat the story of Algernon and William Bruce. If either was to inherit Rescar it must be Lili. Miss Bruce's feelings and good sense were unusually at war.

It was not till the letter was gone that Lili understood that the invitation had been sent, and the effect of this piece of news on her surprised and startled Lilian very much. When Lili was off her guard, there was always something of the *femme du peuple* about her; her voice rose, her face flushed, and she hurried out her words with little perception of how they affected her auditor.

'You have asked Petite when I told you not!' she cried, jumping up. 'What did you do that for? I shall write and desire her not to come.'

Miss Bruce was silent from astonishment, and Lili, used to a torrent of angry words when her aunt was put out, took the silence for fear. 'I am not going to have her here, I tell you, and you need not think it, Lilian,' she cried.

'Lili, you forget that this is my house,' Miss Bruce felt obliged to say.

'It ought to be mine,' said Lili, bursting into tears.

By and by she recovered sense enough to see that she had

behaved ill, and also remembered that it was not probable Petite would come. She came to Miss Bruce like a child who has been naughty and is ashamed.

'I was rude, my cousin,' she said, drying her eyes; 'I am sorry, but it was unkind to remind me that I am only a stranger here; it hurt me very much—you do not know how much. You did not mean it, so I shall not think of it any more. Please do not grieve over it.'

This style of penitence and the unexpected turning of the tables struck Lilian as so ludicrous that she laughed in spite of herself, and Lili escaped a lecture which, however well deserved, would probably have been entirely wasted.

(*To be continued.*)

GREEK FORERUNNERS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. PETER LILLY.

II.—ALEXANDER AND HIS SUCCESSORS.*

IN the Old Testament, the traces of intercourse between Greece and the people of Israel are but few, and are confined to the times of the exile and the restoration. In the prophecies of Ezekiel and of Joel the sons of Javan appear in the unenviable character of slave traders, importing from Greece their captives taken in war, and carrying back to the shores of the West the unhappy victims of one or other of the fierce enemies of Israel.

There seem to have been two chief points of contact between the East and the West in pre-historic times, Troy, the scene of long-continued warfare, and Joppa, celebrated for a favourite legend of the Greeks.

It was from Troy, again, that Alexander set forth on his wonderful career of conquest throughout the East. It was from Troy that a greater conqueror set forth with far other weapons, to found a more enduring empire in the West, not for himself, but for a Master whose dominion knows no end.†

Joppa, the best sea-port of Palestine, is the scene of the myth of Perseus and Andromeda. It was on the rock of Joppa that Andromeda was exposed to the sea-monster and delivered by Perseus. The earliest mention of the place in connection with this is about 400 B.C. The myth retained its vitality even during the period of Jewish preponderance; and among others Josephus refers to it, Pliny, and even St. Jerome, saying that traces of Andromeda's chains were seen on the rock.

In the year 58 B.C., at some splendid games given by

* The authorities chiefly followed and quoted in this sketch are Professor Mahaffy: 'Alexander's Empire;' Reuss' 'Christian Theology in the Apostolic Age,' and Schürer's 'History of the Jewish People in the Time of Christ.'

† Acts xvi. 8–11.

M. Scaurus as ædile, the skeleton of the sea-monster, brought by him from Joppa, was exhibited.

And just as we have seen in the case of Troy, the scene of legendary story becomes in historic times the scene of another decisive crisis in the intercourse of nations; for it was here that the great revelation was made to St. Peter, the representative of the most exclusive people upon the face of the earth, that Jew and Gentile are alike in the sight of God, and that 'in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him.'

Most Greek histories, it has been remarked,* stop with the fall of republican liberty under the conquests of Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander; and this is a natural place to stop in the history of Greece, for with Alexander the stage of Greek influence spreads across the world, and Greece itself is but a small item in the heritage of the Greeks. It was apparent to all the world, too, from the very first that the rise of Alexander was a great turning-point, when an older volume of history was finished, and a new one begun. Nobody even thought of going back beyond Alexander and his conquests to make a historic claim, or to demand the restoration of ancient sovereignties. His conquests were regarded as perfectly legitimate, the world as his natural heritage, his will as a lawful testament.

The fragments of his empire were great empires in themselves, and were the main channels of culture and civilisation, until the Roman power swallowed them up; and even after that, the capitals of these fragments of Alexander's wide dominion were long the foremost cities in the Roman world.

There were three great kingdoms, Macedonia, Egypt, Syria, each under its own dynasty. The first of these, which was the poorest and the smallest, but historically the most important, included the ancestral possessions of Philip and Alexander—Macedonia, most of Thrace, Thessaly, the mountainous centre of the peninsula, as well as a protectorate, more or less definite, over Greece proper.

Its strength lay in the fine timber-forests it possessed, in its gold mines, but far more in the martial character of its population, who stood to many other races in the same relation as the modern English to Oriental nations.

Next came Egypt, including Cyrene and Cyprus, and a

* Mahaffy: 'Alexander's Empire.'

general protectorate over the sea-coast cities of Asia Minor up to the Black Sea, together with claims often asserted with success on Syria, and on the coast-lands of Southern Asia Minor. The compactness and unity of Egypt, as well as its immense fertility, gave strength to this kingdom; as did also its world-traffic through Alexandria, and its consequent supremacy in the finances of the world.

Thirdly came what was now called Syria, on account of the policy of the house of Seleucus, who built there its capital, Antioch, and determined to make the Greek or Hellenistic end of its vast dominions its political centre of gravity. The kingdom of Syria owned the south and south-east of Asia Minor, during some centuries Palestine, also Mesopotamia and the mountain provinces adjoining it on the east, with vague claims on Northern India.

Besides these large empires, there were many secondary and semi-independent kingdoms—North and West Media in Armenia, Cappadocia, Pontus with its famous Persian ruler Mithridates. There was the kingdom of Pergamum, one of the chief strongholds of Hellenism in that quarter; and there was the brigand state of the wild Celtic Galatians, a source of danger to all its neighbours.

One great feature of these kingdoms was the number of large Hellenistic cities, founded as special centres of culture, or points of defence, and organised as such, with a certain local independence. These cities, most of which we only know by name, were the real backbone of Hellenism in the world. Alexander himself had founded seventy of them, all called by his name. Many were upon great trade-lines, like the Alexandria which still exists. Many were intended as garrison towns in the centre of remote provinces, as another Alexandria in the far east, which in course of time had its name corrupted into Iskanderieh, and then into the more familiar form of Candahar.

Some, again, were mere outposts, where Macedonian soldiers were forced to settle and guard the frontiers against the barbarians, like the Alexandria on the river Taxartes. The successors also of the great conqueror followed his example closely, even to the puzzling habit of calling numbers of towns by the same name. There were several Antiochs (two of them mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles), several Ptolemaises, and Antigoneias.

Only a small proportion of the inhabitants of these towns can

have been Macedonians, the military and ruling element. But the Greek language and Greek political habits formed the one bond of union among them, and the extraordinary colonising genius of the Greeks again asserted itself, as in earlier days. All the more important cities were built on a fixed plan, with two great thoroughfares at right angles, intersecting in the centre of the town, the lesser streets being all parallel to these thoroughfares, as is somewhat the case with the American city of Philadelphia. They had all special shrines or memorials of the founder. Most of them had, no doubt, like Alexandria, their squalid 'East End,' where the original inhabitants of the soil congregated together, and a fashionable quarter for the 'Macedonians,' as they liked to call themselves, or Greeks, as the subjects generally called them.

The ruling principle of the policy of Alexander had been the fusion of the various conquered peoples, the bringing into a sort of unity of all the manifold elements of an empire more vast than any which had gone before it. Alexander died without having been able to consolidate his work, and his empire at once fell to pieces, but his ideas of organisation and of civilisation did not perish with him. Ambition, craft, crime, dismembered the vast heritage he had left, and generations employed their powers in rending that which his single genius had in a few years united. But during all the more peaceful periods there was a continuous stream of immigration from Greece into Asia, the results of which were very marked and influential. All along the Mediterranean shores, as far as the Macedonian power extended, there was an extraordinary blending of population. The invasion of colonists, encouraged as it was in every possible way, produced more decisive effects than that of phalanxes.

The influence of the court, of the administration of military life, of commerce, of literature, and, as the result of all this, that marked preponderance of the towns over the country districts which is the characteristic feature of Greek civilisation, all these causes combined, expelled national idioms and native customs from the circle of life, movement, and progress. The new colonies, the governors' residences, the depôts of commerce and war, founded in great numbers, and rising as if by enchantment under the steps of two dynasties full of vigour and ambition, tended largely to diffuse a Hellenic spirit through the eastern world.

The flood of Greek immigration soon met the flood of Jewish

emigration. Like two rivers which pour their differently-coloured waters into one basin, but never mix, these two peoples threw themselves into the young Macedonian cities, and established themselves at the same time without commingling, ever kept apart by the irreconcileable diversity of their creeds and customs, ever drawn together by the community of commerce and the uniform legislation which protected their interests. Already on their accession, the Ptolemies found many Jews in Egypt, and they endeavoured to conciliate them, knowing that if they could win them over altogether to their side it would assure the safety of their Asiatic possessions. Thus they granted them all sorts of favours and privileges. Entire communities of Jews were formed at Alexandria and in other cities; the free exercise of their worship and a sort of civil self-government was allowed to them, so that they were raised to the same level as the Macedonians. But that which tended most to acclimatise the Jews in these remote regions, formerly regarded by them with a kind of secret terror, was the attraction of trade, to which they might devote themselves exclusively in this new country. The commercial spirit, inherent in all the nations of the Semitic race, had long been restrained among the Israelites by their position in the land of Canaan, away from the great highroads of ancient commerce. Now, suddenly, their industrious activity found a vast and brilliant theatre open to it in the greatest markets of the world, which appeared as if expressly created for their benefit, and from which the Pharisees strove in vain, by shadowy scruples, to detain them. Never till now had the Jew seemed to find himself in his true element. The life of a tiller of the soil, which the prophets had so strongly urged, and in which he had been bound to acquiesce while living in a country cut off from the ocean and walled in by deserts, he now abandoned with delight and for ever. Having once grasped the pen of the banker, he never again wished to handle the plough. Egypt became his second fatherland—Egypt, the country of all others towards which he had been taught to cherish the strongest antipathy.

Even the rivalry between the two great kingdoms of Syria and Egypt tended to foster this love of trade, which was henceforth dominant. The two dynasties, both equally interested in securing the friendship of the Jews, for the sake of Palestine, competed with each other in the lavish gift of material favours, and so helped to fix the attention of the people more and more on their pecuniary interests. They taught them to grasp

greedily with both hands, and to accept a momentary advantage from whichever side it came; thus deadening the hatred of a people wounded in national honour, but without acquiring by these means the real affection of their new subjects.

Let us picture to ourselves the Jews, far from their native land, in the midst of strange nations, dwelling in populous cities, where the most various creeds, customs, and languages met in conflict or friendly rivalry; where everything favoured a process of fusion, of assimilation; where, so to speak, a freer current of air tended to dispel the mists of sorrow or local prejudice; and it will be easily understood that these Jews were more readily accessible to new ideas and to widened influences than their brethren in Jerusalem, where all the minutest details of life were jealously governed by rule. And yet these scattered Jews were in no danger of losing their faith in the one God, or at least of lapsing into the worship of gods many. Such a danger was no longer to be dreaded when Polytheism was undermined by philosophy, practically abandoned, and barely sustained by official forms. Grave dangers to the reality of their faith there certainly were, amidst all the temptations to worldliness of their new life, but this special besetting sin of ancient times was no longer theirs.

There is another point of great importance in giving to the foreign Judaism a spirit different from that which prevailed in Judæa. The remoteness of the Levitical worship, and of the Temple which was its centre, must inevitably have weakened its influence in proportion to the distance. Those who could only at long and distant intervals behold the splendour of the temple-worship, and take part in its ritual—perhaps not more than once or twice in a lifetime—were no doubt all the more impressed with the imposing character of the sacred ceremonial, and carried away an indelible memory of it. But if they were by this means strengthened in the feeling of nationality, and in attachment to the faith of their fathers, this was a spiritual impression, elevating the soul, and nourishing it in thoughts of virtue and holiness. On the other hand, that which favoured the development of Pharisaic Judaism, in all its narrowness and pettiness, was the daily and mechanical repetition of various ceremonies, observed only at Jerusalem, and which many of those who constantly beheld the spectacle came to regard as the substance of religion, a danger at all times attending an elaborate ritual.

One other fact also should be noted. In Europe, in Africa,

and in Asia Minor, the Jews felt themselves to be the foreigners; they must needs tolerate the presence of other foreigners, just as their own presence was tolerated; all the world had as good a right there as they, and exclusiveness was impossible. The Jews of Palestine, on the contrary, knowing that they were the masters, or believing that they ought to be, and claiming it, were more naturally inclined to regard all others as intruders; and therefore to treat with contempt and hatred even the most inoffensive pagans who lived among them. They never spoke of them but in injurious terms; they called them plainly 'sinners of the Gentiles,' possibly under the self-complacent notion that the one fact of being Abraham's children made of themselves models of virtue. Thus moral prejudice had its root in national prejudice; but it was mainly in the land of its birth that this kept its hold, and it could scarcely extend in all its strictness into foreign lands.

Of the strong aversion of the Jews of Palestine towards everything of a Gentile origin, or of Gentile associations, there are many remarkable proofs. The translation of the Bible into Greek was to them a cause of bitter grief—the anniversary of its completion observed as a day of fasting. One of their teachers, R. Akiba, declares: 'Nor do we believe that he can be a partaker of eternal life who reads the books of the aliens. . . Cursed is he who keeps swine; cursed also is he who teaches his daughter the wisdom of the Greeks.'

Some of the more liberal-minded permitted the reading of Homer, but they were quite the exception, that is, so far as the Jews of Palestine are concerned. In the lands of the Dispersion, too, various restrictions were placed upon their intercourse with the unbeliever. During three days before and after a heathen festival, any Israelite was forbidden to transact business with Gentiles, to lend or to borrow anything from them, to make them payments or receive payments. If wood had been taken from an idol-grove, all use of it was forbidden. If a stove had been heated by it, the stove must be broken to pieces, if new, but if old must be left to cool. If bread had been baked with it, not only the eating of it was forbidden, but any use whatever. This scrupulousness often placed foreign Jews, or those travelling, in great difficulties, because they had to guard against every possibility of ceremonial uncleanness in the food which they ate. Very often they had to restrict themselves to a vegetable diet of uncooked materials, as for instance, certain

priests, friends of Josephus, who having been brought as prisoners to Rome, lived there upon nuts and figs.

Even among the Grecian Jews, and in matters of more importance than meat and drink, a most intolerant temper was sometimes displayed, as we find in the Acts of the Apostles. But in general it was among them, mainly and primarily, that a more liberal spirit and broader views would be likely to be found than in Palestine, at the time when the Gospel came to act as a new and powerful leaven in the Jewish world. To the Christian historian, the dispersion of the Jews, more often voluntary than compulsory, will always appear as a providential dispensation. The great revolution to which Alexander the Great owes the immortality of his name, and which is itself one of the mightiest events in ancient history, acquires a still higher importance when it is recognised as preparing for revealed truth the highway of the West.

It was impossible that the many relations of growing frequency and intimacy with a new world, so far in advance of themselves in all the arts of civilisation, should not exert a deep influence upon that portion of the Jewish people who most directly shared in them. One most remarkable instance of this is the fact of the adoption of the Greek language by the Jewish families settled beyond Palestine, and in the sea-side towns of Palestine itself. Next to religion, language is certainly that which stands in closest relation with the inner life of a people, its most sacred and inalienable heritage. Yet the Jewish people in the dispersion sacrificed their mother-tongue with a readiness which would remain an enigma, if we did not already know that material interests were largely the motives of the new migration. The very same consideration of material interests led the Jews to substitute a foreign language for the tongue of their fathers. They first began to make use of it for the purposes of common life, and soon found it indispensable in other spheres of thought.

This common language was the strongest bond in all the civilised world, next to the wide extension of commerce, whose objects ranged from the silk of China to the silver of Spain, from the polar bear of Siberia to the tropical rhinoceros. The keeping open of trade-routes from Ceylon and the Ganges to the Mediterranean was the constant pre-occupation of Syrian and Egyptian kings; and more than one war was waged for the sake of these communications, which were the source of enormous wealth. Unhappily, with the increase in the quantity of the

precious metals, and the opportunities of gaining large fortunes, came the contrast of pauperism; and we know that Antioch and Alexandria had their hungry desperate mobs just as London and Paris.

It is to the honour of the Hellenistic Jews, and especially of their teachers, that religious apostacy was of the rarest occurrence among them, notwithstanding the many temptations to which they were exposed, both in times of prosperity and in times of the most cruel persecution. This attachment to the faith of their fathers was at once their glory and a frequent source of trouble. Their riches and their usurious practices would not have provoked such bitter enmity in the Greek cities, if the difference of religious forms, still more than the difference in the substance of their faith, had not fostered and fed it. Wherever the Jews were in sufficient numbers to form a community, they built a synagogue, and thus drew upon themselves the attention of the people, becoming, so to speak, a natural conductor for all the storms of base passions so frequent in the great cities of ill-governed countries. But in spite of all adverse influences the Jews stood firm, and whatever their station in life, held their ground against the blind hatred of the multitude and the dazzling seductions of the Court.

And more than this, persecution from beneath did more to strengthen their Judaism than protection from above, and did not prevent it from undermining, silently but surely, the power of paganism itself, at the very time when that power seemed about to enter upon an extended and lasting dominion. It is true that this decline of pagan belief, so inevitable and necessary in itself, and so much accelerated by this spread of philosophy in Greece, was attended by some grave immediate evils. When the objects to which men had hitherto given their faith, unsubstantial though they were, vanished from before their eyes, there was first a frightful demoralisation; and then a superstition as absurd as it was degrading took the empty place of religion. For it is everywhere and always the destiny of those who, in order that they may indulge their passions, cry most loudly that they have been cheated by the priests, to become the ready and easy dupe of charlatans. Nevertheless, in this universal shipwreck, there were many who sought a more secure refuge. Pressing on, weary and heavy-laden, many found the God of Israel, the ideal of the wise, the consolation of the poor, and learned to reverence Him, often without knowing much of the letter of His law. They

frequented the synagogues, and there heard simple and fervent prayers, sacred songs which touched the heart, and exhortations which could not fail to be more edifying than any such rites as were celebrated around the altars of their ancient gods. The women especially, less easily contented than the men with an indifferentism calling itself philosophy, repaired thus in large numbers to the synagogues.

In the interior of Palestine, the advance of Hellenic culture was largely obstructed by religious barriers, but in the surrounding districts, as in other parts of Asia, it soon attained a natural preponderance over Oriental ways of living. Hence, long before the Roman period, the educated world, especially in the great cities in the east and west of Palestine, was to a large extent Hellenised. It is only with the lower strata of the populations, and the dwellers in rural districts, that this was not the case; and even some towns in the interior of Palestine had a strong Greek element, especially Samaria, where Macedonian colonists had been planted by Alexander; and Scythopolis, the ancient Bethshan. The national Samaritans had as their capital, not Samaria, but Sichem.

The great influence of Grecian culture is shown most plainly by (1.) the religious worship, of which the remains of the coinage still in existence is one evidence. (2.) By the establishment of periodical games, often closely connected with religious rites. (3.) By the fact that many of these outlying towns of Palestine produced men who gained a name in Greek literature, especially Ascalon, of which town four Stoic philosophers were natives, as well as some grammarians and historians; also Gadara and Gerasa, both the birthplaces of distinguished men. (4.) The large number of Greek words found in the Mishna, and expressed in Hebrew characters, shows the influence of Hellenism upon every sphere of life. This is chiefly the case, as one might expect, in the department of civil government and military matters. Even the great Council of the Jews has a Greek name, Sanhedrim (*συνέδριον*).* (5.) The public baths and public inns were further arrangements showing the influence of Hellenism. (6.) The architecture, especially in public buildings, testifies to the same. The Hellenistic towns in the neighbourhood of Palestine all had their temples, theatres, gymnasia, porticoes, colonnades, market-

* The first time this name occurs is the occasion when Herod, as a youth, was required to appear before the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem to answer for his doings in Galilee.

places, acqueducts, etc., in Greek fashion. Even in the Temple at Jerusalem, as rebuilt by Herod, the Grecian style of architecture was largely adopted. It is true that in the Temple proper Herod could not venture to forsake the old traditional forms. But the inner fore-court had its Grecian colonnades; the eastern gate of the outer court its folding doors of Corinthian brass, more costly than those covered with gold and silver. On the south side of the outer court were magnificent colonnades in the form of a basilikon; four rows of large Corinthian columns, together 162 in number, formed a hall with three aisles, the middle one half as broad again as the other two, and twice as high.

Coming to other departments of art—sculpture and plastic art in general could find no entrance into Palestine, by reason of the Jewish repudiation of all images of men and beasts; and it was only in isolated cases, as when Herod the Great had a golden eagle brought into the Temple, or Herod Antipas placed images of animals on his palace at Tiberias, that the dynasty allowed themselves to defy Jewish feelings.

Grecian music was undoubtedly represented at the feasts at Jerusalem and elsewhere. The musical instruments of the Greeks, *κίθαρις*, guitar, *ψαλτήριον*, psaltery, and *συμφωνία*, symphony (probably a kind of bag-pipe), are mentioned in the Book of Daniel and in the Mishna.

But it was in the department of trade, of industry, and all connected therewith, and in that of the necessaries of daily life, that the influence of Hellenism made itself the most forcibly noticeable. By their ancient commerce with the Phœnicians the coast-lands of the Mediterranean had already entered into active intercourse with each other, and now the Greek element had become most influential in the general commerce of the world. The coinage of Palestine was largely Greek, and afterwards Roman.

Among articles of food commonly met in Palestine, we read of Greek pumpkins, Cilician groats, asparagus—the identical word now in use, though disguised in Hebrew letters in the Mishna—besides more Eastern products such as Babylonian sauce, Median beer, Edomite vinegar. Of materials for dress and foreign garments the Greek names are many. Hemp was first introduced into Palestine by the Greeks. Articles of domestic use of similar origin are everywhere plentiful. *Καθέδρα*, the arm-chair, the word which gives its name to our cathedrals, the mirror, the Corinthian candlestick, the bowl (*φιάλη*), which occurs so often in the Revelation of St. John, and many others.

The Jewish region proper was surrounded on all sides by heathen districts, both in ancient times and in the Grecian and Roman period. Only at Jamnia and Joppa had the Jewish element advanced as far as the sea. Elsewhere to the west, it was not the sea, but the Gentile region of the Philistine and Phœnician cities that formed the boundary of Israel. These heathen lands were far more deeply penetrated by Hellenism than the country of the Jews. No reaction, like the rising of the Maccabees, had here interposed a check; besides which heathen polytheism was adapted in quite a different manner for blending with Hellenism. Greek worship transformed or supplemented the native Phœnician and Philistine worship, as shown by many remains of temples at Gaza, Ascalon, and other towns, as well as on the eastern side, at Gerasa, Gadara, Cæsarea-Philippi, and at Damascus. In the half-heathen districts of Trachonitis and Auranitis, east of the Sea of Galilee, the Syrian sun-god was worshipped, sometimes under his Semitic name, at others under his Greek name Ἥλιος. His worship so flourished in the time of Constantine that a temple was even then built for it in Auranitis, and the Christian teachers were only able to suppress it by substituting for this sun-god 'Helios,' the prophet Elias; a change somewhat like that by which a statue of Jupiter at Rome was converted into one of St. Peter.

There was a remarkable participation of Gentiles in the worship at Jerusalem, quite distinct from that which was customary in the case of proselytes. Sacrifices were presented by foreigners, and the offering accepted as an act of courtesy towards a particular people. Authority was found for this practice in Leviticus xxii. 25. Later Judaism carefully specified what kinds of sacrifice might be accepted from a Gentile and what might not. Thus gifts of this kind were made by various heathen kings. The Roman Marcus Agrippa, the patron of Herod, in the year 15 B.C., offered at Jerusalem a hecatomb of a hundred oxen; the sacrifices in all cases being of course celebrated by the Jewish authorities. Moreover, sacrifices were from time to time offered by the Jews on behalf of their Gentile rulers. Thus, as Philo tells us, Augustus himself ordained that for all future time two lambs and a bullock were to be sacrificed every day at the Emperor's expense; and it was to this daily sacrifice, offered in behalf of the Emperor and the Roman people, that the Jews expressly pointed in the time of Caligula, when their loyalty was called in question in consequence of the opposition offered by

them to the setting up of the Emperor's statue in the Temple. This sacrifice was regularly continued till the revolution broke out A.D. 66.

In addition to this, it was common for Gentiles to bestow costly gifts upon the Temple of Jerusalem. Ptolemy Philadelphus is said to have given some splendid presents, and among the vessels which John of Gischala caused to be melted down during the siege were the wine-goblets that had been presented by Augustus and his consort. Altogether it was not in the least unusual for Romans to dedicate gifts to the Temple; and so, strange to say, even this home of the most exclusive worship became, in a certain sense, cosmopolitan; it, too, received, in common with the great sanctuaries of heathendom, the homage of the whole world.

A brief summary shall be given of events in the two leading kingdoms of the East during the last centuries of their existence.

B.C. 282, Ptolemy Philadelphus becomes ruler of Egypt; B.C. 281, Antiochus I. of Syria. The surname of Soter (Saviour) was given to the latter on account of his victory over the savage Galatians. His capital, Antioch, from its lovely situation, its splendid water supply, drawn from the overhanging mountains, its fairy-land suburbs, especially Daphne on the higher slopes, its fine seaport Seleucia on the Orontes, and its neighbourhood to many other cities and rich plains of Inner Syria, became one of the world's resting-places. The city was built on the plan of Alexandria, but stretched along the Orontes, as the mountains forbad extension in breadth. Every private house had its own water supply, all the public places their fountains. People of all nations flocked thither to enjoy the fruits of Greek culture and to commune together in the Greek tongue. To ourselves Antioch has another and a more special interest from the fact that here 'the disciples were first called Christians.'

It was Antiochus I. who originated the remarkable practice of having the religious and historical books of other nations translated into Greek. By his order, Berosus the Chaldæan published the mythology and history of Babylon from the ancient Babylonian records. At his suggestion, no doubt, it also was that Manetho translated a similar work on Egyptian history from the hieroglyphics, for Ptolemy Philadelphus. Nay, it is more than probable that the early Greek version of the Pentateuch, with which our Septuagint version began, was made at the same time and with the same object, to acquaint Greek-speaking people

with the wisdom and the mysteries of all ancient and cultivated nations. For true Hellenism was, like Christianity, no respecter of persons or of races. All peoples who showed culture, who could contribute to human learning or happiness, and who could do it in Greek, were welcome to take their place within the sphere of the great civilisation. Hellenism was then an expression such as 'European culture' is now.

The reign of the next king of Syria, Antiochus II. (B.C. 261–246), is memorable for a great Oriental reaction. A powerful Asiatic monarch in the southern region of Media had embraced the creed of Buddha, almost as momentous an event historically, so far as Asia is concerned, as the adoption of Christianity by Constantine. This great king's influence gave free scope to the strong missionary spirit of the Buddhist priests, and we are told in his inscription that their propagandists reached into the kingdoms of the Grecian world, many rulers of which are enumerated. Thus an influence, strongly antagonistic to Hellenism, was at work in the eastern provinces of the Empire, and we may regard it as probable that Buddhist missionaries preached in Syria two centuries before the teaching of Christ was heard in Galilee.

So true is it that every great historical change has had its forerunner, and that the minds of men were gradually led through imperfect media to the great new truths, which were indeed the gift of Divine inspiration. If the creed of Buddha had been translated into Greek, and so circulated, there can be little doubt that it would have had its missionaries and monks all over the Mediterranean, perhaps even at Rome. But without that step it was totally foreign to Hellenism. And this very step it was, under the providence of God, the producing of its Gospels in Greek, which gave Christianity at once a passport to all the civilisation of the West.

In the years B.C. 222–220, three boys, all under twenty, succeeded to the three principal thrones. Philip V. to Macedonia, Ptolemy IV. to Egypt, and Antiochus the Great to Syria. They all lived to be either conquered by the Romans or to beg for Roman protection.

B.C. 196 witnessed the coronation of a young king of Egypt, Ptolemy Epiphanes, at Memphis, the ancient capital. The stately ceremony is described fully in the old records, and the decree passed in honour of the king is the text preserved on the famous Rosetta stone, now in the British Museum. This

stone has a celebrity far beyond its historic value, as having been the instrument of revealing to the world the meaning of the hieroglyphic characters in which the ancient language of Egypt was written. Thus the Greek culture of this second century B.C. now interprets to us the records of a period a thousand years before that of Moses.

Coming down still a little later, B.C. 175, we reach the accession of Antiochus Epiphanes, the remorseless persecutor of the Jews, and the last real king of Syria. The writer of the First Book of Maccabees has given a faithful and trustworthy record of his countrymen's sufferings at the hands of this half-frenzied monarch.

For some time past the advance of Rome in the East had been delayed by the pressing danger to which she was exposed in the struggle for very life with Hannibal. That danger was now at an end; and a crisis in the fortunes of the Eastern kingdoms was manifestly close at hand.

The end was dramatic. Antiochus Epiphanes had engaged in a war with Egypt, and after one decisive victory, was on the point of taking Alexandria, and of becoming the permanent master of the rival kingdom in addition to his own, when, four miles from the capital he met the Roman ambassadors, sent in answer to the urgent appeal of the Egyptian government for help. They handed to Antiochus the Senate's missive forbidding the war. On his asking time to consider, one of the ambassadors drew a circle round the monarch in the sand, and said, 'Your Majesty will give us your answer before you step outside this circle.'

Antiochus knew the Romans well. He saw that his day was come; and he quietly returned home through Jerusalem to his own capital Antioch. Here then was the climax of Roman interference. The mere threat of a Roman envoy was sufficient to close the last Syrian war, and to stay the conqueror when on the eve of completing his conquest. Thus did the Empire of Alexander pass under Roman sway; and Rome, unconsciously, takes up the task of preparing the way for the world's true Lord,—'even if against her will, a dispensation of the Gospel is committed unto her.'*

* 1 Cor. ix. 17.

THE MYSTERY OF THE RINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IN HOT HASTE,' ETC.

PART I.

THE LEGEND OF THE TOGGENDORFS.

'Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?'—*Hamlet.*

IT was a cold winter night towards the middle of the last century. The snow lay piled in mounds outside the walls of Castle Zachanzin. The wind howled round turret and chimney, rattling the casements and moaning down long corridors. Now and then came a lull, and then in the distance the roar of waves was distinctly audible, as they beat on the tideless shore of the Baltic. Upstairs in their turret chamber three sisters crouched over a wood fire. Elfriede laid no finger on her shining flax, Adelheid had cast aside her embroidery, they were both listening in rapt attention to their younger sister, who was expressing her opinion with fiery vehemence.

The maidens lived together in the greatest harmony, nevertheless, to-night they had been engaged in so earnest a discussion that the tears stood in gentle Elfriede's eyes.

'Dear Gabriele,' she said at last, 'it was an evil dream, and to-morrow, when the storm is over and the sky is blue, we need not think of it again. See, you are making me unhappy, let us read awhile and forget it all.'

Gabriele looked steadfastly into her sister's fair face. 'If it were an evil dream, an evil spirit, it could do *you* no harm, beloved! But I cannot see it again, whatever it be, and remain here. If it come to-night I follow it. It was no dream, as you know well, Elfriede—and hark! Do you hear? Hark, it is coming for the third time!'

Adelheid shuddered, her lips were pale with fright. 'Forbid her to talk so, Elfriede!' she whispered. 'Who knows what harm she may do herself and us?'

'Hush, hush!' said Elfriede. 'She is right, Gabriele, it is not wise to talk of evil spirits. It is the storm that you hear, child, the waves and the wind.'

'Is it the storm, is it the wind that I *see?*' asked Gabriele, standing upright with head erect. 'Look, sister, look!' She lifted her hand and pointed, while the two elder maidens shrank on one side. A figure was approaching, it came out of the darkness at the farther end of the chamber. It was shrouded in a dusky garment, its face concealed; it advanced slowly to within ten paces of the sisters. There it paused, just beyond the rays of the dancing firelight.

Adelheid crouched against the wall; Elfriede uttered a cry of terror; Gabriele alone remained undaunted, determined to brave the worst. At length the unwelcome visitant spoke in hollow, passionless tones. 'I have begged mercy at your hands and you show me none. Is there no daughter of the House of Toggendorf who will follow me? Is there no maiden who will save the suffering from their doom? Come, we need your presence; come, come, come!' Straightway the Spirit broke into such bitter wailing that Gabriele was touched to the heart's core.

'There is one daughter of the Toggendorfs who will brave all,' she cried. 'Nay, sister, I have sworn to see the end of this mystery. Do what you will, Spirit, lead whither you choose, Gabriele von Toggendorf will aid you in your dire distress.'

With waving hands the figure glided towards the doorway. Gabriele, heedless of remonstrance, ran out into the corridor, down the long flight of stairs, out into the garden where the storm was raging and the night was black.

There, for one moment, she hesitated; the house door slammed behind her, retreat was now impossible. Pulling her hood farther over her face, with bowed head she followed; down the terrace path, past her father's window, where a patch of light fell on the snow-covered ground, on through the fir-trees to a spot where were still standing the remains of a ruined wall.

Here the Spirit turned and beckoned, it pointed to a rift in the wall. In the field beyond, cowering over a fire that burnt with a strange glow in the night air—making no sound and sending no sparks upward—were three old men shrouded in dusky cloaks. Evil smiles were on their lips, their hair was long and grey, and they played with the embers of the fire while they whispered and chuckled one with another.

And, as she looked again, she saw that the embers were burning stones, and they changed in colour from blood-red to purple. One of the old men pushed the glittering heap with his hand and a coal rolled to Gabriele's feet—it was a shining ruby!

'If thou art faithful and true, Gabriele,' whispered the voice again, 'fill thy apron with burning embers; they are priceless treasures.'

Then Gabriele, too, plunged her hand into the fire, but she felt no pain, the embers were cold to the touch, and in obedience to the Spirit's command she filled her apron with treasure, rejoicing over the success of her adventure. Curiosity was now the foremost sensation in her mind; she made a step forward—who were the three old men?—but an icy hand clutched her arm.

'Return as thou camest, and good go with thee. Keep thine eyes fixed on the ground. Whatever thou hearest, hear not. Whatever thou seest, see not. Return to the house of thy fathers with wealth as thy reward, Gabriele. Look neither to the right nor to the left. Break not the spell. Farewell.'

She grasped her apron firmly, and without casting a glance in the direction of the old men, crept through the ruins and made her way towards the fir-wood.

'Farewell!' At her feet was a weird light, and the fir-apples that the wind had rent from the trees by hundreds, glittered and sparkled on the snow as she walked; the broken twigs were illumined with the fairest colours.

'Break not the spell, farewell!'

'I have obeyed you hitherto,' cried the maiden, elated and triumphant; 'Spirit, you may trust me. Gabriele von Toggendorf will be faithful to the last!'

Alack for her good resolution! At this moment, even as she felt the dread chill of the Spirit's presence, there arose out of the earth behind her a sound of mocking laughter, shouts, ripples of silvery merriment, quavering voices and gruff voices, peal upon peal, making the very air shake. And yet, it was no hearty laughter, but spiteful in its boisterousness, cruel in its derision. Bewildered and startled, she turned and looked. The treasure in her arms leapt up with a red tongue of fire in her face; fearful figures with mocking voices were hemming her in on all sides. 'Lost,' yelled the multitude, and the tumult waxed high; 'lost!' With a shriek of horror, she stretched forth her hands in vain for help. Sudden darkness enveloped her, and she sank unconscious to the ground.

Elfriede and Adelheid watched and waited for their sister's return in the turret chamber. At length they threw open the lattice window and looked out into the night: the tempest was still raging, the sky was black.

'Gabriele!' cried Elfriede, in her agony, but the wind swept her voice remorselessly away.

Eleven o'clock, twelve, and still they waited, straining every nerve to catch the sound of her footfall. As the last stroke echoed through the house, Elfriede arose and declared her intention of visiting her father. With white face and trembling limbs she burst into the study crying for help: to-night she knew no fear of the stern old man, whom she never sought except at his express command. Gabriele was her darling! Gabriele was in danger! If her father refused to hear, she would go alone and search for the wanderer.

After some delay, the father and daughter went forth together, he holding a lantern and his good sword; she pale as death, her silken skirt rustling in the wind.

Despite the strange tale that had been poured into his ears, the Master of Zachanzin refused to believe in the appearance of a spirit. Some mad fancy had seized the child, once found she should be better guarded for the future. It was not for a Fräulein von Toggendorf to wander unescorted through the gardens after nightfall. 'Child!' he shouted, 'where art thou?'

The darkness grew darker, and Gabriele made no reply.

'Call thou,' he said abruptly to Elfriede, and she raised her voice and called beseechingly, 'Little sister, come back to me! Gabriele!' And then all at once the storm dropped, and in the distance was a sound as of goblin laughter—and again there followed a moan of pain.

With a savage oath, Kuno von Toggendorf raised his lantern on high. Elfriede rushed forward and threw herself on her knees, 'Gabriele,' she shrieked, 'speak to me, my darling!'

But Gabriele lay stiff and still on the hard ground, her apron torn across and across, and her hand tightly clenched. As Elfriede's hot tears fell fast, the rigid fingers relaxed their grasp, and there in the palm of the maiden's right hand were three rings engraved with curious devices, and in the centre of each a yellow stone of such brilliancy that it flashed even in the dim light of the lantern.

Kuno von Toggendorf carried his daughter to the house; when at last she recovered from her swoon, she gave an account of all

that had happened; in vain Elfriede tried to soothe her—in vain her father swore that she had been betricked by villains, on whom he would have due revenge. Gabriele had recovered her nerve and insisted upon the truth of her statement.

The Master of the Castle forbade the subject to be further discussed, but he could not quell the excitement in the household, nor convince his own child that she was in the wrong.

That night, when she should have been long abed and asleep, Gabriele paced the upper corridor with restless steps. The violence of the gale was over, a fine warm rain had been falling for hours, drip, drip, from the eaves projecting beyond the casements—drip, drip, down the wide chimneys. No other sound—yea, in the distance there arose a low wailing! and Gabriele covered her face in horror. Though she durst not move, she felt the Spirit at her side—'Learn, for I come no more, the mystery of the rings! Guard them and cherish them while time shall last. When the first ring shall vanish, this house will fall; when the second ring shall vanish, land and goods will melt away; when the third ring shall vanish, then shall the race of Toggendorf die out and their name be known no more in the land!'

Gabriele shuddered as she listened.

Thus it came about that a second time, the Master of Zachanzin was disturbed at midnight, and now by Gabriele, who came to warn him of the dread fate which was hanging over his house. He had, however, made up his mind that it did not behove him to listen to the details of a story in which he persistently refused to believe. He took the rings angrily from the maiden's hand and flung them into a cabinet drawer.

Summer had come; it was the evening of fair Elfriede's wedding. The Castle was full of guests, and the banquet was served in a lofty hall adjoining the chapel, in the older part of the Castle. Wax lights were placed in cunning nooks and corners; the table glittered with silver and gold. Servants in bright-hued liveries ran to and fro; the feast was of the costliest. Rhine wine sparkled in quaint glasses, and the village musicians played their liveliest melodies.

It was close and hot to-night; the windows had been thrown wide open to admit the air; not a breeze stirred. The gorgeous dresses of the ladies, the diamonds and precious stones, flashed bright against the dingy tapestry with which the walls were hung. There were but few amongst that company who

had a thought of care, and there was no one who remembered the weird adventure of little Gabriele some six months ago.

High and higher waxed the noise. The health of bride and bridegroom was proposed. 'Long shall they live!' was the cry, and each guest in turn touched the glass of the bridal pair.

Gabriele, too, had left her seat at the lower end of the table. 'My beloved sister, may all happiness be thine!' she cried, and threw her arms passionately round Elfriede's neck.

Hark, what was that?

A gust of wind that shook the building to its very foundations—a vivid flash of lightning—an awful thunder-clap—a roar as of a mighty battle—the shrieks of frightened women—then darkness, as of the darkest pit!

The storm had burst over the banquet-hall. The solid wall had been rent in twain, the stone and woodwork blackened by lightning. Long tables had been overthrown in the panic; broken glass, silver flagons and plates lay strewn upon the ground. Alone, amongst the ruins, Kuno von Toggendorf surveyed the scene of desolation; an owl flew past, brushing his face with its wings, and uttering a wild cry.

'It is a base plot framed of my enemies,' muttered the old man. 'Kuno von Toggendorf accepts no warning from any goblin that wanders on the face of the earth, not till it greet him straight from the bowels of hell!'

Close behind him, as if wafted though the riven wall, came the sound of mocking laughter; it echoed through the ruined chapel and died away in the distance. Then there was a dread silence. Kuno retraced his steps slowly; once in his study, he locked and bolted the door, and proceeded to open the cabinet into which he had so carelessly thrown the rings.

With hasty hands he flung the contents of the drawer upon the ground, the letters and papers. Ay, no one dared meddle with his private cabinet; there were the rings, one, two; the third, forsooth, must be hidden under the papers at the back of the drawer. He felt cautiously along the side; a few faded flowers, a shining lump of quartz, that was all he found.

The first streaks of morning in the eastern sky saw him still hard at work; by main force he had removed the cabinet from the wall, but still there was no trace of the missing ring.

In the course of a week, there arrived at Zachanzin a party of strange workmen, their garb was outlandish, and they spoke a

language that none save the master could understand. They brought with them tools and materials. For a day and a night they were locked into that wing of the Castle in which the study was situated; the servants, aghast, heard a noise of hammering and the chink of sharp-edged tools.

When the strangers had finished their work, Kuno von Toggendorf placed gold in their hands and dismissed them from the Castle. Each man, ere he left, swore a solemn oath never to reveal the secret which perforce had been entusted to him.

When the servants were again admitted to the study, they saw no change; but their master knew that behind the panelling a niche had been prepared for the reception of the two remaining rings, the work for which he had paid so high a price had been excellently well done, the stone wall had been rebuilt, the wainscotting restored; there were no scratches on the panels, there was no litter of masonry to tell the tale.

Convinced at last that this hiding-place was impregnable, Kuno von Toggendorf summoned the Notary and the Mayor from the nearest town of Poltz, and caused a document to be drawn up containing an exact account of the Spirit's warning, of the loss of the first ring, and the consequent destruction of the banquet-hall. With his own hand he had already written instructions concerning the niche in the library wall. 'I do admonish my son,' so ran the document, 'that he likewise keep the secret which I swear to keep till my death. Let him open and read the enclosed paper on the day that he succeeds to the estate, in order that he may learn in what place the precious heirlooms are concealed; let him guard and cherish them while time shall last. This I require of him and his descendants, that the Master of Zachanzin and he alone shall know in what hidden corner the rings do lie, and this to save our family from an evil doom.' After which the Mayor and the Notary, full of wonder at the strange doings at the Castle, departed in a coach and four, escorted by Herr von Toggendorf and two outriders with loaded pistols in their holsters. Arrived at Poltz, they locked the documents delivered to their care into a mighty iron chest, which stood in the cellar of the Town Hall.

Having seen this duty performed, the Master of Zachanzin returned home and indited a letter to his son, informing him of all that had taken place, 'in case,' as he thought, 'the Mayor should dare to play me false.'

From that day forth he spoke no more of the hidden rings

and the fate that hung over his family. He, at one time, gave orders for the rebuilding of the banquet-hall, but when a few days later the newly repaired walls fell with a crash, injuring one man and scaring another nearly out of his senses, the Master yielded to the entreaties of the village mason and forbore to try and remedy mischief, which was wrought by means of a supernatural power.

Kuno's son, on succeeding to the property, opened and read the sealed documents. Having satisfied his curiosity by touching the secret spring and seeing with his own eyes that the two rings were in safe keeping, he accepted the trust, signed the parchments, and returned them to the care of the Mayor and his iron chest.

Gabriele, alone of the sisters, remained unmarried; she died at an advanced age, avowing with her last breath the truth of the story concerning the Spirit and the rings.

PART II.

IN the year 1870, there lived in the town of Poltz an elderly gentleman who transacted business for the family Toggendorf. Being a direct descendant of that Wilhelm Eitzen, the Mayor, who had witnessed the signing of Kuno's document, he cherished a deep veneration for the Toggendorfs as individuals, and took an unflagging interest in their welfare.

One morning he received a visit from Kuno, the only son of the present owner of Zachanzin. A finer young fellow you would not find in the whole army—this was Herr Eitzen's firm belief—he had but one fault, he was too free with his money. No property could supply funds in the long run for the extravagant diversions in which the lad indulged.

'Have you heard the news, old friend?' asked Kuno, with a laugh; 'there is a fine to-do at the Castle.'

'I hope that no calamity has occurred, Herr Lieutenant?'

'The greatest of calamities according to our tradition—the second ring has vanished!'

'I am grieved,' said the old man, after a pause, 'grieved and shocked to hear it.'

'My good sir!' exclaimed Kuno, swinging on the back of a chair, while his sword rattled on the floor, 'you and my father are of the same mind, so I will not tell you *my* views on the

subject of the family legend, but just answer me one question. If, as my father swears, the ring was locked in a safe place, of which he keeps the only key, how can it disappear? Who takes it?'

The old servant of the Toggendorfs shook his head sorrowfully, 'It is a profound mystery,' he said.

'But do tell me, what is to be the end of it all?'

'That, Herr Lieutenant,' replied Herr Eitzen, with a pained expression on his troubled brow, 'no one can say!'

The heir of Zachanzin clapped him on the shoulder with right good will and went off laughing. As he passed through the hall, his eyes were turned in the direction of the garden gay with roses and fragrant honeysuckles; then, discerning in the distance a shimmer of white, he went out into the sunshine to pay his respects to Rosalie, Herr Eitzen's daughter.

'Was there ever such a gallant gentleman?' thought Rosalie, as she blushed and curtseyed.

'She is lovelier than any flower in her garden!' thought the young man, glancing downwards.

As children they had played many a long day together, and now Kuno, after an absence of two years, had returned to find in the place of his little playmate, a gracious maiden with a complexion of roses and lilies, and eyes blue as the summer skies—ah! why tarry to tell the old tale? The heir of Zachanzin was fairly fascinated by the Notary's daughter, and this was not by any means the first time that he had sought her out in her vine-clad bower.

'I have come,' he said, 'to beseech you to remember that I am to have the first valse at the ball to-morrow.'

'If the Lieutenant von Toggendorf desires it,' answered Rosalie, demurely.

'If!' repeated he, 'if! Have you forgotten that I have put off pressing engagements on purpose to be present at this ball, on purpose to dance with a certain blue-eyed maiden who treats me thus cruelly?'

'Rosalie!' called a voice from the house.

'I must go,' she faltered, rising from her seat.

The young soldier seized her hand: 'And the first valse, Sweetheart?'

'Yes, yes,' she whispered, 'I only care to dance with you.'

She ran up the path, the roses showered their petals on her white dress as she passed. A few minutes later, she was hiding

behind her window curtain, watching. Would he come that way? Yes, a magnificent figure with clanking sword and spurs; he raised his eyes and saluted her, 'To-morrow night, dear Rosalie!' and was gone.

It was late, but the band still played merrily and the ball-room was crowded. The dancers were happy enough, but here and there a group of elders held earnest converse together. The morning papers had brought alarming news; war was imminent, war which would tax all the force of Germany and try her strength, even to the heart's core. Yet the band played on. Outside in the moonlight, a young couple walked hand in hand, thinking only of their newly-acknowledged love.

'I shall not be able to come again, darling,' he was saying, 'to-morrow early I must be off. Do not forget me.'

'Ah, why must you leave me?' she cried, passionately.

'Rosalie, my beloved, look up. Brighter days will come.'

He could say no more, she was weeping in his arms, and through the open window came the sound of music and the hum of the ball-room.

A week later it was known far and wide that dire misfortune had befallen the Toggendorfs. Through the failure of a bank the Master of Zachanzin was all but ruined; his estate was already deeply mortgaged, and the gossips, shaking their heads, affirmed that the young heir knew how to play ducks and drakes with the money!

There had been a stormy interview between father and son on the night of the ball. In spite of the traditions of his race that he must ally himself with a lady of high birth, in the face of remonstrance and threat, Kuno had vowed that come life or death, he would marry the maiden of his choice now—at once, and no other.

'In that case,' thundered the old man, 'you will never enter this house again during my lifetime.'

'So be it,' answered Kuno, and full of wrath, he went forth to join his regiment, shaking the dust from his feet as he left the home of his forefathers.

Herr von Toggendorf remained alone at the Castle, refusing to see either friend or acquaintance; relations he had none. Occasionally a lawyer called on business, such an one and he alone, was admitted. One winter night he sat brooding by the library fire, he was weary of reading, and had cast the newspaper

on one side. At length, drawn by an irresistible influence, he rose from his seat to examine the hiding-place of the rings—one ring, alas, was left! It lay in a secret drawer deep in the recess.

Kuno's letters had been returned unopened, his name was never mentioned, and yet the Master of Zachanzin heaved a sigh of relief as his sight rested on the precious talisman. Should the boy repent of his obstinacy, ah! how joyful a home-coming there would be! Lands and goods had gone indeed; he was so poor a man that he scarcely dared to call the Castle his own, but the ring was still there. There arose within him a frantic longing to be *certain* that it was safe; he slipped it hastily on to his finger. 'I will defend it with my life!' he thought.

The winter was hard, the peace still unsigned; there was mourning throughout Germany, and weeping for the heroes who had died fighting—and the war continued.

Late one afternoon, Herr von Toggendorf was walking in the pine wood that skirted the sea, the waves looked black in the waning light, the narrow slip of sand was smooth and hard, the red-stemmed pines were laden with snow, the ground was frozen underfoot.

'Sir,' said a voice close beside him, 'I have waited to speak to you. I have watched you here and followed you. Nay,' and Rosalie, pale and wan, put a trembling hand on his arm, 'listen, you *shall* hear me. I have had a letter; he bids me seek you—I have a message from Kuno.'

The old man loosed himself roughly from her grasp. 'I will hear no message. How dare you molest me? What is it to me? Yet stay, girl. If you come to tell me that all is over between you, this foolhardy betrothal—then I will listen.'

'Sir, what you ask is impossible,' and now she was weeping bitterly, 'I am his wife.'

The Master of Zachanzin grew pale to the very lips with passion. 'You my son's wife! Rosalie Eitzen, *you!* I have no son. Look, I cast him off from henceforward as I throw this heirloom to the waves and wind. The curse of all the Toggendorfs go with it!'

He tore the ring from his finger, a bright flame shot out of the precious stone as, hastening across the narrow strip of sand, he flung it into the surging mass of water. With head erect and firm tread he walked back to the Castle.

It was dark and chill. Bewildered, scared, and weary, Rosalie struggled homewards, while the cruel waves, rejoicing, thundered

ceaselessly on the sandy shore. It seemed as if all the powers of the tempest were abroad to thwart and hinder the hapless bride of the House of Toggendorf, but at last she reached her father's door and fell swooning on the threshold. Kind voices roused her and loving hands ministered to her. Towards day-break the cry of a new-born babe was heard in the house, once, twice, then all was silence.

Rosalie slept, and, behold, it was summer! She was again in the flower-garden, and the rose leaves, caught in the breeze, were dancing up and down the grassy walk. Kuno was by her side, and in his arms he held a tiny child more beautiful than the day. 'Be strong, be brave, beloved wife,' he said, and looked into her eyes. 'If heaven will, live to comfort my old father in his loneliness. Thy son and I wait for thee. Till we meet, farewell!'

Late the following night a mounted messenger reached the Castle of Zachanzin with a telegram. He had ridden hard, but the storm had delayed him.

The Master broke open the telegram, it was short and clear.

'To HERR VON TOGGENDORF.

'Engagement with the enemy near Blois. Lieutenant Kuno von Toggendorf, 1st squadron, Uhlan Regiment, No. 20, shot dead.'

MARY E. HULLAH.

BALLADS AND THE BORDER COUNTRY.

MR. FROUDE has told us that there are two Scotlands, the Scotland of John Knox and the Covenanters, and the Scotland of the Cavaliers and the House of Stewart. And in our own experience we have daily proof that Scotland is divided into two races and into many churches. Does it seem too arbitrary to suggest that the historical and poetical sentiment of Scotland may also be divided and even localised in distinct parts of the country? The national history, properly so called, the history of the Monarchy, the Church, policy, commerce, and civilisation, is connected chiefly with the central parts of Scotland, a district which forms a kind of quadrilateral, and has for its four corners St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Stirling, and Perth. The great popular religious movement of the seventeenth century was most profoundly felt in the south-west of Scotland, and we still find traces of it on many a gravestone and martyr's memorial among the wild solitudes of Dumfriesshire and the pastoral valleys of Galloway. In the West Highlands Nature is too vast, and the life of man too inarticulate, for the interest to be primarily historical. The great elemental drama which transacts itself daily among the hills is what we look for; the march of mists over mountain-tops, the light of morning shining on peaks and ranges of hills, the wailing of the wind as the rain-cloud sweeps up from the Atlantic; and, again, radiance of summer weather and the glory of suns setting over the sea. Memories of Columba and his monks are mingled with the fascination of those seas and isles of the West; but they touch us but faintly—as faintly as the swell of their hymns must have sounded through the surf of the Atlantic and the roaring of the wind. But if we wish to find the poetical and historical sentiment most characteristic of Scotland, and also the part of the country in which we all have, as it were, the right of the native-born, it is not in any of these three districts that we should seek it. For this we must go to the Border Country. We

cannot explain the fact altogether. It is partly due to the nature of the country, at once wild and soft, with a prevailing pensiveness about it; partly to the stirring, lawless life, of which during many centuries it was the scene; and most of all, perhaps, to the genius of him who was not only the most richly imaginative story-teller the world has ever seen, but also the most lovable and delightful personality in the whole history of letters. His memory haunts us at every turn in this Border country, which he knew so well and loved so passionately. For it is true, as has been said, 'Genius, though universal in its expression, is local in its inspiration,' and we can no more think of Scott apart from Tweedside and Yarrow, than we can pass along their banks without being haunted by his noble and genial presence. Among the many pictures that Lockhart gives us, none is more delightful than the account of the 'raids' into Liddesdale which Scott, then a young advocate newly called to the Bar, made for seven consecutive summers with his friend Mr. Shortreed. We read with what eager delight he wandered through those remote regions, up every burnside, and into the furthest hollows of the hills, everywhere seeking for relics and traditions of that wild life so dear to his soul. We think of him, strong and happy, taking his part naturally and genially in the noisy jollity of the farmsteading, eagerly gathering up treasures of ballads from the lips of old women, who doubtless wondered at, while they were flattered by, the young advocate's interest in their 'auld ballans.' As we read of him striding over the moors on these summer mornings, crooning over lines of some newly discovered ballad whose pathos or grimness had possessed his fancy, we cannot but think of certain old verses, so fitly do they apply to him—

'The burnie it rows merrily
Along the Castle dene,
The burnie it rows merrily
The grassy banks between.
The birdie it sings merrily
Upon the green-wood tree,
And here's a heart that bears its part
In a' the harmony.'

Is not that part of the magic? 'The heart' in 'harmony' with all the life around him, the silent life of nature as well as the human life which speaks with tongues many and various? 'He was makin' himsel' a' the time,' said the honest sheriff-substitute, and what a 'makin'' that was they only know whose youth has

been fed on 'Marmion,' the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and the 'Waverley Novels.'

The immediate result of the harvest of song and tradition gathered in Liddesdale was the 'Border Minstrelsy,' one of the most delightful and richest books ever written. 'The King's chaff is better than other men's corn,' and the footnotes alone in 'Scott' would furnish forth volumes of traditional and antiquarian lore.

Times have changed since the publication of the 'Border Minstrelsy,' and we know far more about the nature of ballad poetry than was known at the beginning of the century. Country after country, awakening to the knowledge of its buried treasures, has sought for and collected the ballads and legends sung and recited by peasants and other untutored folk. One result, which at first must have seemed very surprising, was the discovery that everywhere we find the same stories, the same incidents, nay, even the same descriptions and phrases, in various tongues and in various settings. Whether, as mythologists tell us, this be *entirely* due to that common fund which belonged to all Indo-European peoples, and of which each carried off their heritage at the parting of their ways, or whether, as the unscientific spirit is prone to think, the constantly recurring resemblance of incident and character may not be partly due to the fact that at similar stages of development the human imagination, working on similar material, might produce results with a good deal of likeness. Be this as it may, it is not with the essential nature of the ballad that we are at present concerned, but rather with the character and colouring it has acquired during the centuries it has been passed down from generation to generation in the Border country. The ballads which treat of Border incidents, the 'riding ballads,' can often be traced to more or less distinctly historical events, generally taking place in the stirring one hundred and sixty years which lie between the times of James I. and the union of the crowns; and the other kinds of ballad, the romantic and supernatural, in the form in which we know them, reflect the manners and spirit of the same unquiet times. Even strong kings like James I. and James V. had their hands so fully occupied in upholding their throne against turbulent and ambitious nobles, and in guarding against the constantly renewed hostilities of England, that they were content for the most part to leave the Border chiefs to their own lawless impulses. Occasionally they would sweep down on the Border,

surprise some bold robber chief, and administer a rude but sufficient justice. But the popular sympathy was all on the side of the bold outlaw, who presumed to meet his sovereign with all the independence and something of the state of a brother king.

'When Johnnie came before the King
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see,
The King he movit his bonnet to him—
He thought he was a king as well as he.'

And the punishment of crime assumed in popular song the aspect of cruel treachery.

Those wild times have left their mark indelibly upon the Border country. Along the banks of Tweed, Teviot, and Yarrow, up small torrents, and in remote places, we find everywhere the ruins of old 'peel-towers' and keeps. They are curiously small, and simple in structure, built more for defence than for state or comfort. On the roofs of these towers the beacon, or alarm fires, were lit, which sent the dread message of an English attack up whole districts, and raised the country-side. Surprises from the English enemy, and counter raids for plunder and revenge down into the richer land of England, these, with bitter feuds between the various great families and their followers, made up the serious occupation of the Border men. Battle and murder and sudden death were the staple of daily life in many a Border castle; and though greed and treachery and hatred often added a fresh horror to incidents of war, these were often redeemed into something like nobleness by courage and good faith and passionate sorrow. Through this warp of lawless and tumultuous life the woof of human passions—love, revenge, the fear of death, and of what lies beyond death, the fierce joy in fighting and the wild activities of life—form the stuff of which ballad poetry is made. As is natural, love, the passionate love of man and woman, forms the chief theme of the romantic ballads. We find love turned to bitter sorrow through difference of nationality, hate of kin, and the dark shadow of bloodshed; love, betrayed and left desolate, as in 'Waly, Waly;' headlong, eager love, braving all danger, as in the lover's invocation to the rising flood which lies between him and his lady's bower: 'Make me your wrack when I come back, But spare me as I go;' love stronger than death breaking the very bonds of the grave, as in Clark Saunders; rarely, love triumphant, and then only after the bitterest trials, as in the Gay Goshawk. The children who

appear in these ballads as 'little naked babes striding the blast' are for the most part innocent victims swept along by the fate into which they were born, and from which the tenderest love and pity cannot save their helplessness.

'I wad gie a' my gowd, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the westlin' wind
To blaw the reek frae thee.'

There is one ballad, the sweetest and saddest little child's tragedy, in which the boy himself is the object of hate and treachery.

'"Where hae ye been a' the day,
My little wee croodlin' doo?"
"Oh, I hae been at my stepmither's—
Mak' my bed, Grannie, noo."

"What gat ye at your denner,
My little wee croodlin' doo?"
"I gat a bonny wee fishie—
Mak' my bed, Grannie, noo."
* * * *

"What did your little wee doggie doo,
My little wee croodlin' doo?"
"He streekit out his headie and died at my feetie—
Mak' my bed, Grannie, noo."'

Loyalty of comrade to comrade, vassal to feudal superior, and equally of *feudal superior to vassal,* is a virtue one would expect to find in a society such as this must have been, and the 'riding ballads' are full of it.

Nor, among the humaner and gentler feelings which run like golden threads through the dark web of fate and human passion, is the love of nature wanting. We feel that we are among men who, like the Knight of Liddesdale, 'loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep;' men who pined and drooped when cut off from the wild west wind and free life of their moorlands. In the hour of death the dying Douglas turns with longing to the blooming briar and to the 'bracken-bush that grows on yonder lily lea.' And the softer, brighter aspects of nature are not unfelt. The sweet notes of the merle and the mavis are heard through all the ballads; life is free and happy 'under the greenwood tree,' and 'Ettrick Forest is a fair Forest,' not only because there is in it 'of all great beastes great plentie,' but also because 'in it is manie a seemlie tree.'

Of the restraints and consolations of religion there is little or

no trace in these Border ballads. The radiant choirs of saints and angels which possessed the mediæval imagination in other countries do not shed the light of their glory and their pitifulness on the sins and sorrows of Border life. Instead of these we are surrounded by a pagan world of mythical creatures. Belated travellers are led astray by the impish voice still crying 'Lost, lost!' which mysteriously travels up-stream till it passes over the other side of the hill, and dies away in mocking echoes. The dreamer in the middle of the journey of this life does not wander through the Christian heaven and hell, but is spirited off to fairy-land, where with shadowy revelry the divinities of a banished creed pursue the ghosts of dead pleasures. The world of the dead seems to lie very closely round that of the living. Poor bodiless spirits wander back to their human homes, holding out pitiful hands to friends and lovers. One dogma of the Church, at least, commands the implicit faith of these ignorant, lawless souls, palpitating with life and rejoicing in the light of day, the certain belief, namely, in retribution, retribution boundless and hopeless in hell, or lightened with hope in that place where souls 'become worthy to behold the stars.' There is the same curious matter-of-fact resignation in the spirit in which they think of hell, as in the Provençal story, 'But into hell would I fain go, for into hell fare the goodly clerks and goodly knights . . . . and stout men-at-arms and all men noble.' Only once, in one ballad, does a beautiful and hopeful light from the other world shine on to the sorrows and perplexities of this. In answer to poor Margaret's question concerning the fate of those who die in giving birth to children, her lover's reply comes full of tenderness and consolation—

> 'Their beds are made in the heavens high,
> Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee;
> Weel set about wi' gilly-flowers—
> I wot, sweet company for to see.'

But for the most part knight and lady look towards the hills of heaven as the place where 'they will never win.' The solitariness of death, the 'awesomeness' of the journey of the shivering soul through darkness and judgment and retribution, is nowhere so perfectly expressed as in the *Lykewake Dirge*—

> 'From Brig o' Doon, when thou mayst pass,
> Everie nicht and all,
> To Purgatory fire thou comest at last,
> And Christe receive thy soule.

If ever thou gavest meate and drinke,
Everie nicht and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrinke,
And Christe receive thy soule.

If meat and drinke thou gavest nane,
Everie nicht and all,
The fire sall burn thee to the bare bane,
And Christ receive thy soule.'

Is there anything that more awfully describes the loneliness of death than this poem, except, perhaps, that solemn and beautiful death song chanted by Meg Merrilies over the dying pirate, 'Wasted, weary, wherefore stay?'

Perhaps one of the special charms of the Border ballads is the definiteness with which they are attached to certain localities. There is not in literature a name of more pathetic import, nor one fraught with richer and more poetic memories, than Yarrow. This river takes its rise in the lonely uplands which lie between Selkirkshire and Dumfriesshire. In the dead time of the year it is a bleak grey country, and the 'spring comes slowly up the way,' with its scantlings of primroses along the burnsides and the lady-ferns still rolled into croziers late on into May. In the long grey June twilights the 'whaups' circle and cry with their peculiar, long, mournful note, and at high noon it is so still that the bleat of the scattered sheep can be heard from far hillsides. In autumn the short moor grass turns a kind of bronze, the 'bent sae brown' of the ballads, and the fading bracken makes a sombre glow on the hills. But at all seasons the colouring of the country is grave and subdued, which, with the soft ample outlines of the bare hills, and the gleam of the 'wan water' as it winds down the valley, gives that character of prevailing pensiveness which Wordsworth calls 'pastoral melancholy.'

Soon after leaving St. Mary's Loch, the river is joined by the Douglas Burn. Down this waterside, under 'the lee licht o' the mune,' rode Lady Margaret and Lord William. Far off came the sound of pursuing horses, a sound of dread breaking the stillness of the night, and one by one against the sky stood out the pursuers! What a picture it is! The lady, tearless, holding 'the milk-white steed and the grey,' while one after another of her kin fell by the hand of her lover. One can imagine the silence, the averted looks with which the pair, between whom lay the secret of this terrible hour, would ride on through the night.

'O they rade on and on they rade,
And a' by the licht o' the mune,

Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lichtit down.

They lichtit down to tak' a drink
O' the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blude,
And sair she gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she said,
"For I fear that ye are slain;"
"'Tis nothing but the shadow of my scarlet cloak
Which shines in the water sae plain."'

Is not this something in the Mercutio vein? With death slowly numbing his senses, and life ebbing away, he keeps a fine reckless gallantry. So on they ride, she sick with horror and fear, and the dying man silent and persistent beside her. But when rest and shelter come the strained heart-strings crack.

'Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Margaret lang ere 'twas day.'

There is a path which leads over from Tweed to Yarrow, passing over the 'high Minchmuir.' Over this pass came the king with 'full five thousand men,' to treat with the outlaw Murray, who 'in feir Ettrick Foreste, with his merry men in Lincoln greene,' seems to have fleeted the time pleasantly enough. In their 'Castle o' lyme and stane,' which stands 'sae pleasantlie' in the woods of Hangingschawe, he and his 'lady in purple clad,' kept their state, 'O gin they lived not royally!' She must have been a lady of determination and spirit, rare even in those days and among those Scottish matrons, of whom the Spanish ambassador wrote, that they were more completely mistress in their own houses than the ladies of any other countries, for when the outlaw Murray comes to terms with his sovereign it is with the prudent condition, 'wi' the blessing o' my lady gay.'

The actual locality of the Dowie Deens is uncertain, but tradition and imagination have fixed on certain deep dark pools under Newark Castle, where the flow of the river is so lingering that the foam bells spread themselves in winding threads, and the river slides silently between banks shaded by birch and oaks. The ballad opens with a gay note of revelry, gallant gentlemen drinking together, then high words and the swords half drawn, and the sullen arrangement for the morrow. The incidents are not described with the amplitude and repetition which we find in most ballads, but we can follow the scenes easily enough from the

indications given. He will not tell his wife of the high words passed between him and her next of kin, nor of the meeting fixed for the morrow. But with 'love's fine wit' she sees that something lies heavily on his heart, and bitter experience makes her quickly divine the cause. But he will not tell her, and with the silent patience which wives and lovers must have learnt in that age of daily violence and danger, though with her heart dead within her—

'She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before, O!
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.'

And so, with his heart heavy with parting, and with the foreknowledge of death, he goes forth, to fall into the treacherous ambush laid for him, and to die fighting desperately against odds, his heart turning passionately and wistfully to his 'lady gay' in his last moments. But she, sleeping uneasily in that last sleep of morning, 'when we dream that we dream,' returns in vision to the sweet, lighthearted days of youth and courtship, and wakes up to the cruel consciousness of dread and distress. And when the blow falls, and the endless desolation of her scorned, widowed life begins, it is as if she had known it all before.

Carterhaugh, a slope lying in the angle formed by the junction of the Ettrick and Yarrow, looked peaceful and homelike enough last time we passed it, on a day in early spring, when the ploughman with his big patient horses was turning up the rich loamy fields, and the red flush in the bare branches and the cawing of rooks in the trees all told that nature was renewing her sweet, homely round of seed-time and harvest. But very different must the Carterhaugh have looked on that mirk midnight when, with beating heart and set white face, wrapt in her green mantle, fair Janet waited at Mile's Cross till—

'Betwixt the hours of twelve and one
A north wind tore the bent,
And straight she heard strange eldritch sounds
Upon the wind that went.'

For we are in haunted ground, in the very land of faery and glamourie. Almost within sight of Carterhaugh are the ruins of the old Tower of Oakwood, where the famous scholar, man of science, and reputed wizard, Michael Scott, wore out the remnant of his days. Is it to history, or is it to the world of romance, that this strange figure belongs? This is the same man whom

we meet in sunny lands at the brilliant court of Frederick II., where all that was most gifted and enlightened and learned met in the free discussion of all questions, political, scientific, and religious. In what a clear daylight atmosphere he seems to move! Has he not translated the Ethics—perhaps the wisest and weightiest gift that the ancient has given to the modern world? Has he not lived among the learned in Moorish cities, and learned their wisdom and all they know of the science of numbers and of the properties of matter? Yes; and here we find traces of him again in these lonely Scottish uplands; but here he is a name of fear and shuddering dread. Men talked of him with bated breath as of one who had dared to know those things which God keeps for His own knowing, and who had left traces of his unlawful power on the face of the country. William of Deloraine saw his body in its stately rest in Melrose Abbey, but his soul wanders for ever with distorted limbs in one of the lowest circles of Dante's *Inferno*. Time and tradition have dealt more kindly with another name, partly historical, but more truly belonging to the world of imagination. It was in a glen between Abbotsford and Melrose, a glen shaded with beech trees, and which seems to wind right into the heart of the hill, that 'true Thomas,' Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildowne, saw the Queene of Faery. She casts her spell on him, and with her he fares to fairyland through a twilight country a 'luogo d'ogni luce muto'—

> 'Where they saw neither sun nor moon,
> But they heard the roaring of the sea.'

It is the same country that Aiken Drum, the poor 'lubber fiend,' with the wistful, social instincts, describes as his native land in a comparatively modern ballad which has much of the eerieness of the old ones—

> 'I lived in a land where we saw no sky,
> I dwelt in a spot where a burn runs nae by;
> But I'se dwall noo wi' you if ye like to try—
> Hae ye work for Aiken Drum?'

After passing through this dim and ghostly region, Thomas beholds in a vision the road to Heaven and the road to Hell, and a lovely third path, 'which winds about the ferny brae,' by which they take their way into fair Elfland. In the older romance there are three roads also, but one leads over the high mountain of Purgatory, one to Heaven, and one to Hell. Is it since the Reformation that the first has been dropped out of the ballad?

We can hardly think so, the rest of the ballad is so frankly pagan, with the curious wistful paganism which survived side by side with the most complete submission to the teachings of Holy Church through the ages of faith. Is there not in the garden to which they come, and where Thomas forbore to eat the apple, a foretaste of that vanished Garden of Eden which haunted the imagination of the Middle Ages?

'To a garden she led him tyle,
There was fruyte in great plente—
Peyres and apples that were ripe,
The date and the damase,
The figge and also fylbert tree;
The nightingale breeding in her neste,
The papingay about 'gan fle,
The throstle-cock sang wad hafe no rest.'

In the old romance the dark shadow of Hell, to which even the lawless life of Elfland is subject, spoils all the mirth, but in the more modern ballad the ending is cheerful, with a delightful light humour. As his wages the Fairy Queen offers to Thomas 'the tongue that can never lie.' But Thomas knows the world too well to accept any such obvious impediment to his dealings in court or market or fair lady's bower.

'"My tongue is my ain," true Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie me;
I neither dought to buy or sell
At fair or tryst where I may be."'

And so Thomas leaves this land of twilight, where soft airs blow through rich sweet gardens, and where ghostly knights and ladies keep their shadowy state, and returns to the upper day, to the wild breath of the moorlands, to the 'bent sae brown,' and to daily fellowship with his kind, and with him we too leave the elaborately lovely imaginations of the Middle Ages, and turn to the rough human nature and wild lawless life described in the 'riding ballads.' We are coming to the real border now, near to the Land Debateable, to the country of the Elliots and Armstrongs and 'Riding Rutherfords.' There is a splendid sense as of sun and wind, of hard riding and of swashing blows, through these ballads, and a fine feeling too of comradeship and mutual loyalty. When people complain now of the decay of feudal feeling among the tenantry and dependents of the lords of the soil, do they remember always the extent of feudal *obligation?* When, through bad seasons and other causes, a man now suffers loss in cattle or gear, a considerate landlord allows a reduction of

the rent, but when Jamie Telfer—despoiled by a successful raid of Northumbrian freebooters—carries the fray to his feudal lord with the sad complaint—

'"Oh, it's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dod-head,
And a harried man I wot I be;
There's nothing left at the fair Dod-head
But a weeping wife and bairnies three."'

the answer comes swift and certain, 'with such a prompt and cheery thud of glove on ground'—

'"Alack for wae!" quoth the good old lord,
"And ever my heart is wae for thee,
But fye! gar, cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he come to me speedilie.

Gar warn the water braid and wide!
Gar warn it sure and hastilie!
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me."'

And loyally the country-side responds—

'"The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadilie;
And aye the o'erword o' the throng
Was, 'Rise for Branksome readily.'"'

There is the same spirit even more forcibly expressed in that most spirited of all the 'riding ballads,' 'Kinmont Willie.' When this redoubtable hero (and robber) is taken prisoner treacherously by the English Warden 'against the truce of Border-tide,' the wrong is instantly resented by his chief 'at Branksome Ha', where that he lay'—

'He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He has garred the red wine spring on hie;
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be.

O! is my basnet a widow's curch,
Or my lance a wand o' the willow tree,
Or my arm a lady's lilye hand,
That an English lord should lightly me?"'

In this ballad are some of the few touches of humour which break the seriousness of the Border ballads—humour it is true of the roughest and grimmest.

'"Where are ye gaun, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Salkeld. "Now tell to me";
Now, Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And never a word o' lear had he.'

But if his tongue is slow and unready he has other means of effectual reply.

'"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he;
The nevir a word had Dickie to say,
So he ran his lance through his fause bodie!'

It is not surprising that men of this mettle dare to assault their enemy in his very stronghold, and succeed in overpowering the garrison and in breaking into the inner prison where 'Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.' They address their comrade as if they were his jailors.

'"O! wake ye, sleep ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"'

But the rough moss-trooper, shut up from the free fresh winds of his moorlands and the wild active life of riding and fighting, feasting and hunting, is broken in heart and in spirit, and the answer comes wearily—

'"O! I sleep saft and I wake aft,
It's lang since sleeping was fleyed frae me;
Gie my service to my wife and bairns
And a' gude fellows that speir for me!"'

Then in the uncertain glare of torches familiar faces burst into the dungeon, and life and hope return with a rush to the heart of the prisoner, and his joy and exaltation find expression in a rough humorous delight in the triumph over Lord Scroope and in his own strange situation, still gyved and lifted on the back of a comrade, who bears the delightful name of Red Rowan.

'"O, mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I have ridden a horse baith wild and wud,
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I we'en my legs have ne'er bestrode!"'

We seem to hear the gusts of wild, reckless laughter which greets this sally, laughter of men still in the enemy's hold, and with a river running broad and strong between them and safety.

Such were the moss-troopers, with their proud slogan of 'Wha daur meddle wi' me?' men for whom no deed was too daring, no revenge too fierce. But there is another side. Even men like these may have 'two soul-sides, one to face the world with, one to show a woman when he loves her.' In the quiet uplands

round St. Mary's Loch, beside a roaring torrent, are the ruins of an old tower, and closely adjacent, the burial place surrounding a small chapel. To this tower Pery of Cockburn brought his fair young wife, and in his pride and happiness built her a bonny bower, 'And theekit it wi' the lily-flower.'

Hither, long afterwards, when treachery (or justice) had done its cruel work, she, a lonely and heartbroken woman, brought his dead body.

'"I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat,
I digged a grave and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But think nae ye my heart was sair
When I laid the moul on his yellow hair;
And think nae ye my heart was wae
When I turned about away to gae."'

Doubt has been thrown upon this story, and we are not concerned to assert that this beautiful and pathetic lament was written for Pery of Cockburn. Year after year these hills and rivers must have heard the same sound of lamentation and bitter weeping from many a heartbroken woman wailing over the 'lover o' her teens, the father o' her bairns,' torn from her in all the strength and vigour of his manhood.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXXIV.

1718–1724.

PETER AND CHARLES.

WE must follow the erratic course of the two foreign heroes, Peter I. of Russia and Charles XII. of Sweden, though they mingled little more in English affairs. Peter had, indeed, an envoy in London named Matveof, who got into debt, and was imprisoned on the suit of his creditors. Queen Anne caused him to be released, but did not fulfil Peter's demands that the creditors should be severely punished or even put to death, though Lord Whitworth made ample apologies to the Czar.

Peter's improvements were carried on with ardour, though they often jarred terribly on his people. When he built a palace at Voronetz on the Don, he adorned the portico with statues of Mars and of Venus. These were a grievous scandal to the people, and when Peter invited their Bishop to dinner, he received a refusal to come as long as the heathen statues were there. The good man then went to his cathedral, fully expecting to be imprisoned for his resistance; but, on coming out, he met a message that the Czar expected him to supper, and that the images were taken down.

The Patriarch of Moscow was almost a Pope, with undefined powers which sometimes interfered with those of the Czar, and Peter, on the first vacancy, made a 'guardian of the Patriarchal chair' to perform episcopal functions, appointed a Council for the administration of the Church, and, when petitioned to fill up the vacant chair, said, 'Behold in me your Patriarch!'

The strange wilful captivity of Charles XII. in Turkey had given every opportunity to his enemies, and was the ruin of poor Stanislas Lecksinski, who was driven out of Poland, came after

Charles to Turkey, and was there kept prisoner. Prussia, Saxony, Denmark, all wanted—as well as Russia—to seize on his dominions.

Peter attacked Finland, and Frederick IV. of Denmark the Swedish Isles. Denmark was at this time in a very prosperous state. Frederick was an able and beneficent king. It was he who sent forth the noble missionary, Hans Egede, to work among the Greenlanders, and Ziegenbalg to Tranquebar to the Hindoos, thus beginning that great work which in successive hands has had such mighty results in Western India.

He possessed an admiral of great talent and bravery, Peter Vassen, once a tailor's apprentice, better known by his nickname of Torden Skjold—Thunder Shield—whom he sent to attack the Swedish possessions. Bremen and Verden were taken, and then sold to George I., for the benefit of the dukedom of Hanover. When Charles XII. suddenly presented himself at Stralsund, in 1715, he refused to confirm the surrender of his two cities, and took the command of Stralsund, which was threatened by the two Kings of Denmark and Prussia. There was a great fight when the trenches were opened, but though the slaughter was great, the siege was not prevented. Hearing that a descent was to be made on the island of Rugen, Charles hurried thither and took the command of the two thousand Swedes it contained. He actually stormed the camp of the Prince of Anhalt, whose numbers were far superior; but he was finally beaten off, with a wound in his breast, and had to make his way back to Stralsund. He held the place with his wonted obstinacy, but at last, when all the fortifications were in ruins, the commandant persuaded him that the garrison could make better terms without him, so he escaped, through the very midst of the confederate fleets, in a little fishing boat, with only ten persons, at midnight, to Ysted, in Schonen, whence he went to Carlskrona, and there spent the winter in his strange sullen fashion, being perhaps ashamed to enter Stockholm as a beaten man, but still making every exertion to retrieve his cause, and well seconded by his high-spirited nation. Men were hired throughout the kingdom, down to boys of fifteen. All the iron was bought up, provisions seized, taxes imposed on silk dresses, gilt swords, and wigs, and the people did not murmur. By the month of March, 1716, he had 25,000 men in hand, and with these he dashed over the Dovrefelds, and burst into Norway, carrying all before him, and defeating the Danes over and over again; but hunger defeated

him at last, and for want of provisions he was forced to retire into Sweden.

If Russia had joined the alliance against that country, Charles could hardly have saved it; but he had a very remarkable Minister, the Baron von Gortz, a Franconian adventurer of great shiftiness and ability, and with a special dislike to the House of Hanover. He persuaded Charles to let him go to Moscow, where he arranged with Peter a scheme, by which Charles was to yield Finland and Livonia to Russia, and the two were to unite to restore Stanislas to Poland, and James Stuart to England.

After this, Gortz proceeded to the Hague as Swedish envoy to Holland, and in his suite was a young man who afterwards became well known as Voltaire, but was then going by his father's name of Arouet.

Peter again visited Holland, and renewed all the associations of his shipbuilding days at Amsterdam, going to his old hut and handling his tools with much delight. He then made a flying expedition to Paris, where he had much conversation with the Regent Orleans, and was introduced to the little five-year-old Louis XV., who had learnt a short speech by heart. Two chairs of equal height were placed for the two monarchs, but to the great surprise of the French courtiers, the Czar caught the royal child up in his arms and tossed him up, while to their equal astonishment, little Louis laughed and was delighted with the rough play. Peter, however, said to his own people: 'Alas for this country and its child king! Luxury will sooner or later prove their ruin.' He also had a great desire to see Madame de Maintenon, who let him come to her bedside at St. Cyr. He sat down for a moment, and asked, through an interpreter, what ailed her.

'Extreme old age,' she answered, with a smile.

He thrust aside the curtains, gazed at the shrunken old face, and tramped off. On the whole, he seems to have been better behaved than he was at the Court of William III., for St. Simon admired his grace and politeness! He went to see the tomb of Richelieu, where he stood in deep thought, and finally exclaimed, 'Oh! great man, one half of my Empire would I give to learn of thee how to govern the rest.' The doctors of the Sorbonne oddly enough requested his advice as to the supremacy of the Pope, which was rather like asking that of Henry VIII., but he very wisely declined to reply, saying that

he was only a soldier, and could not decide. He then went on to Berlin, to the Court of the strange, fierce, old trooper Frederick William. Rough as Frederick was, he was civilised compared with Peter. The Queen, Sophia, was frightened by the twitching of Peter's face, and was not reassured when caught by the arm and held tight. 'Of more tender mould than my Catherine,' he said. His domestic habits were not improved, for he did as much mischief at her Palace of *Mon Bijou* as at Sayes Court in only two days, for he was summoned home by reports of the misconduct of his son Alexis.

This unhappy young man was the only child of Peter's first wife Eudocia, who had been much disturbed and displeased by his innovations, and had inspired her son with all her dislike to them and to his father. The marriage with the low-born Catherine had of course further alienated the youth, and there was some of the insanity of the Romanoffs in his nature. He became violent and reckless, and showed little improvement when married to the good and gentle Christina of Brunswick in 1712. Peter was very fond of this sweet lady, and bore with his son for her sake, though Alexis caused her bitter grief, by his vices as well as his obstinate refusal to interest himself in any public matter. She died in 1715, when only twenty-one, leaving one daughter, and one son named Peter.

After her death, the Czar wrote a terrible warning to his son, telling him, 'I will give you a fixed time for repentance, but if you remain unchanged, I will cut you off from the succession as a diseased limb is severed from the body. Think not that because I have no other son, this is a vain threat. If I spare not my own life for the good of Russia, how should I spare yours? I would rather leave the sceptre to a stranger than to a worthless son.'

Alexis, in answer, made no promises of amendment, but offered to resign the succession; and his discontent was increased when Catherine gave birth to a son. When Peter had started on his southern journey Alexis fled to Vienna and asked the protection of Charles VI., whose wife was his sister-in-law. The Emperor sent him to Naples, whence his father summoned him home, giving a promise not to touch his life or liberty. On his arrival, however, he was imprisoned, and Peter appointed a tribunal of 186 nobles and fifty-five clergy to try him for a conspiracy against his father.

Every companion of his was closely examined, but nothing

was absolutely proved against him except bitter murmurs and contemptuous expressions about the reforms, and his having asked the German Emperor to support him with an army if he were disinherited. By Russian law this was sufficient ground for condemnation, though the clergy interceded for him, and appealed to the example of David and to the words of our Blessed Lord; but the Czar was inexorable, and on the 8th of July, 1718, it was given out that the Czarovitch had died of convulsions on hearing his sentence, but it was universally believed that the sentence had been privately executed. Like Philip II. of Spain, Peter had believed himself bound to prevent the accession of an unworthy, if not insane successor, but when Catherine's only son soon after died, his agonies of grief evidently partook of remorse.

In the meantime Baron Gortz was carrying on his intrigues at the Hague and had arranged that Charles and Peter should make peace, and with the assistance of Spain should attack the Regent in France and George I. in England, Charles XII. himself invading Scotland with 12,000 men.

The little Jacobite Courts of St. Germain and Avignon were full of eager anticipation and in high spirits, but the despatches of Gortz to Count Gyllenborg, the Swedish envoy in London, were intercepted and deciphered, and it was decided in council that to conspire against the Government was to forfeit the rights of ambassadors, and accordingly General Wade was sent to arrest Count Gyllenborg and seize his papers. Gortz, who was on his way to England, was arrested by order of the States, and the whole scheme was disconcerted. Charles was at first exceedingly angry and imprisoned the British envoy, but the mediation of the Duke of Orleans was accepted, and the two envoys were exchanged and set at liberty.

Charles does not seem to have renounced his schemes on behalf of the Stewarts, but in the meantime he decided on again attempting the conquest of Norway in the very depth of winter. He sent General Arenfield into the interior with 10,000 men, and himself laid siege to Frederickshall, though it was December. The ground was frozen so hard that the trenches could hardly be dug, and the unfortunate sentinels were often found dead at their posts. The fire from the town was steady, and late in the evening of the 11th of December, 1718, Charles went out to visit the posts. He stood upon a gabion, leaning against a parapet, in the midst of a fire of chain shot from the ramparts, and when his

aide-de-camp and chief engineer begged him not to expose himself to such useless danger, he refused with his usual obstinacy to move away. A few moments later they found him dead, shot through the head. He was in his thirty-sixth year, a man of iron, with something of the ancient Northman in his composition.

It is impossible not to quote respecting him Dr. Johnson's apt lines—

> 'His fate was destined to a foreign strand,
> A petty fortress and an unknown hand;
> He left the name at which the world grew pale,
> To paint a moral or adorn a tale.'

Well might Britain 'grow pale' when we remember that in the very lifetime of the writer, this veritable Berserk was planning a descent on our shores!

He had never married, and the Crown passed to his sister Ulrica Eleanora, who was married to the Prince of Hesse. These were reasonable people, who immediately retracted Charles's crazy measures. The siege of Fredrickshall was raised, and Gortz with the consent of the Senate, was arrested. The natives passionately admired their late King, but they chose to visit upon Gortz the calamities that he had brought on them, and they insisted that the Minister should suffer for the exhaustion and danger of the nation through his wild schemes. So Gortz was brought to trial for tampering with the public credit, and for inciting the King to a ruinous campaign, with designs of interfering with the succession. He defended himself with great ability, and disproved all the accusations brought against him; but the Swedes were resolved to have a victim, and he was executed, saying, in German, as he laid his head on the block, 'Glut yourself, Sweden, with that blood for which you have so craving an appetite.'

Suspicion arose that Charles's death, so opportune for his kingdom, had been, not the deed of the enemy, shooting 'at a venture,' but of an assassin; and his remains, interred at Riderholm, have been examined to discover whether the shot seemed to have come from before or behind, but the skull is so shattered that there can be no certainty.

Peace was the object of the new Queen, all support of the Jacobites was dropped, and England mediated with her King as Elector of Hanover. He paid a million of crowns for the cession of Bremen and Verden, and the Kings of Denmark and Russia likewise made treaties, Augustus of Saxony was accepted

as King of Poland, and the only remaining enemy was Peter, who sent his fleet to lay waste the whole Baltic coast of Sweden.

However, in 1721, a peace was concluded at Nystadt, by which Sweden resigned to Russia the provinces conquered by Peter, namely Livonia and Esthonia, though Finland was restored to Sweden. There were immense rejoicings at Petersburg, and three years later, Anne, Peter's eldest daughter, was married to the Duke of Holstein, son to Queen Ulrica's elder sister.

Peter's health was breaking up, though he was only fifty-two, and when he caught a chill by wading into Lake Ladoga to rescue a stranded boat, he could not recover, and after severe suffering began to sink. 'See what a miserable being man is,' he said. He became unable to speak or write. His last attempt was 'Restore all to——' but the last words he could not trace. He died on the 28th of January, 1725, aged fifty-two, after a wonderful reign, in which his single hand had raised Muscovy from a barbarous state to be one of the great Powers of Europe, but with a strange hollowness of savagery beneath the superficial cultivation.

THE JOURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN the year 1832 a clever little girl came down one morning with red eyes and a black ribbon round her waist. 'What is the matter, Kate?' said her mother.

'I'm in mourning for Sir Walter Scott,' said Kate, with a burst of tears.

That little girl grew up to work 'Sir Walter Scott in his Study,' in tent-stitch, a reproduction, more or less, of the frontispiece to the second volume of the Journals now published, and lived to imbue a younger generation with her own enthusiasm for the Waverley novels. Since the Wizard of the North opened the mediæval world to the general reader, there has doubtless been time to penetrate farther into it; its mysticism, its splendour, and its horrors have been painted in deeper, and perhaps truer colours, by those who, having mounted on the strong and steady shoulders of a giant in literature, obtained a better view of the past, which he did so much to make popular. Be that as it may, those have missed much who have not, with the Black Knight, seen the pasty come out of Friar Tuck's private cupboard, enjoyed a chat with the Antiquary, and divided their affections between Minna and Brenda Troil. Certainly the heroines do lecture their lovers and the heroes are not always very heroic; but there is hardly one 'character part' who is not worth knowing, and there is not one in all the many volumes for whose acquaintance any one would be the worse. But the author of Waverley never drew so interesting a character as himself. He never wrote a story so full of pathos as his private Journal. He never conceived any struggle so loyal, so brave, so hopeless, as his own. These Journals, written during the last years of his life, are very sad. They tell of failing health, and of fortunes that had failed already, of powers, that alas, failed too, under the strain that was put on them, when he felt himself in honour bound to write novels, that their proceeds might discharge his debts.

Then, they were not so popular and did not sell so well as the earlier ones, and the natural pain which this fact gives is expressed simply and truly. But what he can earn he must and he will. We read of the loss of his wife, of his anxiety about his delicate little grandson, and of aches and pains, weariness and dulness of spirit, worries and perplexities innumerable. And yet through it all there is that sense of the good of the common things of life, which, as has been well said, makes the Waverley novels such good companions through a long life. The dogs bark cheerfully, dinner parties are sometimes pleasant, the weather is fine, other people's books are clever, above all, friends are kind and faithful. Sir Walter Scott's possession of this cheerfulness of spirit is often contrasted with the gloomy and morbid views of some other writers. It is interesting and instructive to see in these Journals that he was not exempt from the trials and the temperament of other men of genius. He evidently had most variable spirits, and was extremely sensitive to weather and surroundings of all kinds. He speaks of fits of tears, when alone, in youth; of the need of solitude, of much that shows that he himself was made of finer and tenderer stuff than he chose to use in the making of most of his heroes. One feels that he was not so much good because he was healthy minded, as healthy minded because he was good. The Journals are well worth reading, and may perhaps send some of their younger readers to a first perusal of the works there spoken of. To those who never knew their imagination unpeopled by the grand and gay procession that walks through the pages of Scott's novels and poems, it is delightful to know the author so much more intimately than before, and to feel more than ever certain that,

> 'Whatever record leap to light,
> He never shall be shamed,'

even though, like his little admirer long ago, they cannot but mourn for the troubles of Sir Walter Scott.

C. R. COLERIDGE.

THAT STICK.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DOWER HOUSE.

OVER the hearth of the drawing-room of the Dower House, in the sociable twilight that had descended on the afternoon tea-table, sat three ladies—for Lady Adela and Miss Morton had just welcomed Mrs. Bury, who, though she had her headquarters in London, generally spent her time in visits to her married daughters or expeditions abroad.

Amice had just exhibited her doll, Elmira's last acquisition, a little chest of drawers, made of match boxes and buttons, that Constance Morton had taught her to make, and then she had gone off to put the said Elmira and her companions to bed, after giving it as her grave opinion that Lady Northmoor was a great acquisition.

'Do you think so?' said Mrs. Bury, after the laugh at the sedate expression.

'She is very kind to Amice, and I do not think she will do her any harm,' said Lady Adela.

'Governessing was her *métier*,' added Bertha, 'so it is not likely.'

'And how does it turn out?'

'Oh, it might be a good deal worse. I see no reason for not living on here.'

'And you, Birdie?'

'No, I *couldn't!* I've been burning to get away these seven years, and as Northmoor actually seems capable of taking my boys, my last tie is gone! I'm only afraid he'll bore them with too much Sabbatarianism and temperance! He is just the cut of the model Sabbath-school teacher, only he vexes Addie's soul by dashes of the Ritualist.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Bury, 'the excellent Mr. Woodman is capable of improvement.'

'But how?' said Lady Adela. 'Narrow ritualism without knowledge or principle is a thing to be deprecated.'

'Is it without knowledge or principle?'

'How should an attorney's clerk get either?'

'But I understand you that they are worthy people, and not obnoxious.'

'Worthy!' exclaimed Bertha. 'Yes, worthy to their stiff backbones, worthy to the point of utter dulness; they haven't got enough vulgarity even to drop their h's or be any way entertaining. I should like them ever so much better if they ate with their knives and drank out of their saucers, but she can't even mispronounce a French word worse than most English people.'

'No pretension even?'

'Oh, no, if there were, one could get some fun out of it. I have heard of bearing honours meekly, but they don't even do that, they just let them hang on them, like the stick and stock they are. If I were Addie, it would be the deadly liveliness that would drive me away.'

'Nay,' said Adela; 'one grows to be content with mere negations, if they are nothing worse. I *could* be driven away, or at least find it an effort to remain, if Lady Northmoor were like her sister-in-law.'

'Ah, now, that's just what would make it tolerable to me. I could get a rise or two out of that Mrs. Morton. I did get her to be confidential and to tell me how much better the honours would have sat upon her dear husband. I believe she thinks that if he were alive he would have shared them like the Spartan kings. She wishes that "her brother, Lord Northmoor" (you should hear the tone), "were more worldly," and she begs me to impress on him the duty of doing everything for her dear Herbert, who, in the nature of things, must be the heir to the peerage.'

'I am sure I hope not,' said Lady Adela. 'He is an insufferable boy. The people about the place can't endure him. He is quite insolent.'

'The animal, man, when in certain stages of development, has a peculiar tendency to be unpleasant,' observed Bertha, philosophically. 'To my mind, Master Herbert is the most promising of the specimens.'

'Birdie! He is much worse than his uncle.'

'Promising, I said, not performing. Whatever promise there may have been in Northmoor must have been nipped upon the

top of a high stool, but if he has sense enough to put that boy into good hands he may come to something. I like him enough myself to feel half inclined to do what I can towards licking him into shape for the honour of the family! It is that girl, Ida, that riles me most.'

'Yes,' said Lady Adela, 'she behaved fairly well in company, but I saw her tittering and whispering with Emily Trotman in a tone that I thought very bad for Emily.'

'She's spoilt; her mother worships her,' said Bertha. 'I had a pleasing confidence or two about how she is already admired, or, as Mrs. Morton calls it, how the gentlemen are after her, but now she shall not put up with anything but a *real* gentleman, and of course her uncle will do something handsome for her.'

'Poor man! I wish him joy. Has he more belongings?'

'Providentially, no. We have the honour of standing nearest to him, and she seems to have none at all, unless they should be attracted by the scent.'

'That is not likely,' said Lady Adela; 'she was a clergy orphan, and never heard of any relations.'

'Then you really know no harm of them, in these four or five months?' said Mrs. Bury.

'No; except having these relations,' said Adela.

'Except being just sensible enough not to afford even the pleasure of laughing at them,' said Bertha. 'Nay, just worthy enough'—she said it spitefully—'not even to give the relief of a good grumble.'

'Well, I think you may be thankful!'

'Exactly what one doesn't want to be!' said Bertha. 'I like sensations. Now Letitia is going to come down with a prediction that they are to become the blessings of our lives, so I am off!'

And as the door closed on her, Lady Adela sighed, and Mrs. Bury said—

'Poor Birdie; is she always in that tone?'

'Yes,' said Lady Adela; 'there seems to be always a bitter spot in her heart. I am glad she should try to work it out.'

'I suppose living here with her father tended to brooding. Yet she has always done a good deal.'

'Not up to her powers. Lord Northmoor never ceased to think her a mere girl, and obstructed her a good deal; besides, all his interest being in horses, she never could get rid of the subject, and wounds were continually coming back on us—on her.'

'On you as well, poor Addie.'

'He did not understand. Besides, to me these things were not the raw sore they were to her. It has been a very sad time for her. You see, there is not much natural softness in her, and she was driven into roughness and impatience when he worried her over racing details and other things. And then she was hurt at his preferring to have me with him. It has been very good and generous in her not to have been jealous of me.'

'I think she was glad he could find comfort in you! And you have never heard of Captain Alder?'

'Never! In justice, and for the sake of dear Arthur's wishes, I should be glad to explain; but I wonder whether, as she is now, it would be well that they should meet.'

'If it is so ordained, I suppose they will. What's that?'

It was Lord and Lady Northmoor, formally announced, and as formally introduced, to Mrs. Bury.

They had come, the lady said, when they were seated, with a message from 'old Swan,' to ask for a bit of my lady's plaster for his back to ease his rheumatism at night. His daughter was only just come in from work, so they had ventured to bring the message.

'Is any one coming for it?'

'I said we would bring it back,' replied Mary, 'if you would kindly let us have it.'

'Why, it is a mile out of your way!'

'It is moonlight, and we do so enjoy a walk together,' she answered.

'Well, Adela,' said Mrs. Bury, when they were gone with the roll of plaster, 'I agree that they might be worse—and by a great deal!'

'Did he speak in all the time?'

'Yes, once. But there are worse faults than silence; and she seems a bonny little woman. Honeymooning still—that moonlight walk too!'

'I can fancy that it is a treat to escape from Mrs. Morton. She is depths below them in refinement!'

'On the whole, I think you may be thankful, Adela.'

'I hope I am. I believe you would soon be intimate with them; but then you always could get on with all sorts of people, and I have a shrinking from getting under the surface—if I *could*.'

And indeed, further intercourse, though not without shocks and casualties, made Mary Northmoor wish that Letitia Bury had been the permanent inhabitant; above all, when she undertook to come and give her counsel and support for that first tremendous undertaking—the dinner-party. Lady Kenton was equally helpful at their next; and Sir Edward gave much good advice to his lordship as to not letting himself be made the tool of the loud-voiced Squire, who was anxious to be his guide, philosopher, and friend in county business—advice that made Frank's heart sink, for thus far he felt only capable of sitting still and listening.

CHAPTER XIV.

WESTHAVEN VERSIONS OF HONOURS.

'THANK you, a bit of partridge, Mr. Rollstone, if you please.'

'Excuse me, Mrs. Grover. This is a grouse from Lord Northmoor's own moors, I presume,' replied Mr. Rollstone, to the tune of a peal of laughter from Herbert and exclamation—'Not know a grouse!'—for which Ida frowned at him.

'Yes, indeed,' said his mother; 'we had so much game up at my brother's, Lord Northmoor's, that I shall quite miss it now I am come away.'

'Flimsy sort of grub!' growled an old skipper. 'Only fit for this sort of a tea—not to make a real meal on, fit for "a man"!'

The young folk laughed. Captain Purdy was only invited as a messmate of Mrs. Morton's father.

'You'll excuse this being only a tea,' went on Mrs. Morton. I hope to have a dinner in something more of style if ever I return here, but I could not attempt it with my present establishment after what we have got accustomed to. Why, we never sat down to dinner without two men-servants!'

'Only two?' said Mr. Rollstone. 'I have never been without three men under me; and I always had two to wait, even when the lady dined alone.'

Mrs. Grover, who had been impressed for a moment, took courage to say—

'I don't think so much of your grouse, Mrs. Morton. It's tasty and 'igh.'

'High game goes with high families,' wickedly murmured

Herbert, causing much tittering at his corner of the table; and this grew almost convulsive, while another matron of the party observed—

'Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. Holt's sister in Scotland, once sent us some, and really, Mrs. Morton, if you boil them down, they are almost as good as a pat-ridge!'

'Oh, really now, Mrs: Holt! I hope you didn't tell Mrs. Macdonald so!' said Mrs. Morton. 'It is a real valuable article, such as my brother, Lord Northmoor, would only send to us, and one or two old friends that he wishes to compliment at Hurminster! But one must be used to high society to know how such things should be relished!'

'Are Lord Northmoor's moors extensive?' asked Mr. Rollstone.

'There's about four or five miles of them,' responded Herbert; 'and these grouse are awfully shy.'

'Ah! the Earl of Blackwing owns full twenty miles of heather,' said the ex-butler.

'Barren stuff!' growled the skipper; 'breeding nothing worth setting one's teeth into!'

'There are seven farms besides,' put in Mrs. Morton. 'My brother is going to have an audit-day next week.'

'You should have seen the Earl's audits,' said Mr. Rollstone. 'Five-and-twenty substantial tenant farmers, besides artisans, and all the family plate on the side-board!'

'Ah, you should see the Northmoor plate!' said Mrs. Morton. 'There are racing cups, four of them—not that any one could drink out of them, for they are just centre-pieces for the table. There's a man in armour galloping off headlong with a girl behind him—— Who did your uncle say it was, Conny?'

'The Templar and Rowena, mamma,' said Constance.

'Yes, that was the best—all frosted. I liked that better than the one where the girl with no clothes to speak of was running like mad after a golden ball. They said that was an heirloom, worth five hundred——'

'Lord Burnside's yachting cups are valued at five thousand,' said Mr. Rollstone. 'I should know, for I had the care of them, and it was a responsibility as weighed on my mind.'

So whatever Mrs. Morton described as to the dignities and splendours of Northmoor, Mr. Rollstone continued to cap with more magnificent experiences, so that, though he never pretended to view himself in the light of a participator in the grandeur he

described, he continued, quite unintentionally, so to depreciate the glories of Northmoor, that Mrs. Morton began to recollect how far above him her sphere had become, and to decide against his future admission to her parties.

The young ladies, as soon as tea was over, retired into corners in pairs, having on their side much to communicate. Rose Rollstone was at home for a holiday, after having begun to work at an establishment for art and ecclesiastical needlework, and it was no small treat to her and Constance to meet and compare their new experiences. Rose, always well brought up by her father, was in a situation carefully trained by a lady head, and watched over by those who deepened and cultivated her religious feeling; and Constance had to tell of the new facilities of education offered to her. Ida was too delicate for school, their mother said, and was only to have music lessons at Brighton, or in London, whenever the present house could be parted with; but Herbert had already begun to work with a tutor for the army, and Constance was to go to the High School at Colbeam and spend her Sundays at Northmoor, where a prettily-furnished room was set apart for her. She described it with so much zest that Rose was seized with a sort of alarm. 'You will live there like all the lords and ladies that papa talks of, and grow worldly and fashionable.'

'Oh, no, no!' cried Constance, and there was a girlish kissing match, but Rose seemed to think worldliness inevitable.

'The Earl my papa lived with used to bet and gamble, and come home dreadfully late at night, and so did my lady and her daughters, and their poor maid had to sit up for them till four o'clock in the morning. Then their bills! They never told his lordship, but they sold their diamonds and wore paste. His lordship did not know, but their maid did, and told papa.'

Constance opened her eyes and declared that Uncle Frank and Aunt Mary never could do such things. Moreover, she averred that Lady Adela was always going about among the cottages, and that Miss Morton had not a bit of pride, and was going to live in London to teach the dust-pickers and match-box makers. 'Indeed, I don't think they are half as worldly in themselves,' she said, 'as Ida is growing with thinking about them.'

'Ah! don't you remember the sermon that said worldliness didn't depend on what one has, but what one is?'

'Talking of nothing better than sermons!' said Herbert,

coming on them. 'Have you caught it of the governor, Con? I believe he thinks of nothing but sermons.'

And Constance exclaimed, 'I am sure he doesn't preach!'

'Oh, no, nothing comes out of his mouth than he can help; trust him for that.'

'Then how do you know?'

'By the stodgy look of him. He would be the awfullest of prosers if he had the gift of the gab.'

'You are an ungrateful boy,' said Rose. 'I am sure he must be very kind to you.'

'Can't help it,' said Herbert. 'The old fellow would be well enough if he had any go in him.'

'I am sure he took you out hunting!' exclaimed Constance, indignantly, 'the day they took us to the meet. And he leapt all the ditches when you——'

He broke in, 'Well, what was I to do when I've never had the chance to learn to sit a horse. You'll see next winter.'

'Did you hurt yourself?' asked Rose, rather mischievously.

To which Herbert turned a deaf ear and began to expatiate upon the game of Northmoor, till other sounds led him away to fall upon the other *tête-à-tête* between Ida and Sibyl Grover. In Ida's mind the honours of Northmoor were dearly purchased by the dulness and strictness of the life there.

'My uncle was as cross as two sticks if ever Herbert or I were too late for prayers, and he said it was nonsense of Herbert to say that kneeling at church spoilt his trousers—kneeling just like a school child! It made me so faint!'

'And it looks so!'

'I tried, because Lady Adela and Miss Bertha and all do, said Ida, 'and they looked at me! But it made me faint, as I knew it would,' and she put her head on one side.

'Poor dear! So they were so very religious! Did that spoil it all?'

'Well, we had pretty things off the Christmas-tree, and we lived quite as ladies, and drove out in the carriage.'

'No parties nor dances? Or were they too religious?'

'Ma says it is their meanness; but my aunt, Lady Northmoor, did say perhaps it would be livelier another year, and then we should have had some dancing and deportment lessons. I up and told her I could dance fast enough now, but she said it would not be becoming or right to Lady Adela's and Miss Morton's feelings.'

'Do they live there?'

'Not in the house. Lady Adela has a cottage of her own, and Miss Morton stops with her. Lady Adela is as high and stand-offish as the monument,' said Ida, pausing for a comparison.

'High and haughty,' said Sibyl, impressed. 'And the other lady?'

'Oh, she is much more good-natured! We call her Bertha; at least, she told us that we might call her anything but that horrid Cousin Bertha, as she said. But she's old, thirty-six years old, and not a bit pretty, and she says such odd things, one doesn't know what to do. She thought I made myself useful and could wash and iron,' said Ida, as if this were the greatest possible insult, in which Sibyl acquiesced.

'And she thought I should know the factory girls, just the hands,' added Ida, greatly disgusted. 'As if I should! But ma says low tastes are in the family, for she is going to live in London, and go and sit with the shop girls in the evening. Still I like her better than Lady Adela, who keeps herself to herself. Mamma says it is pride and spite that her plain little sickly girl hasn't come to be my Lady.'

'What, doesn't she speak to them?' said Sibyl, quite excited.

'Oh, yes, she calls, and shakes hands, and all that, but one never seems to get on with her. And Emily Trotman, she's the doctor's daughter, such a darling, told me *such* a history—so interesting!'

'Tell me, Ida, there's a dear.'

'She says they were all frightfully dissipated' (Ida said it with quite a relish)—'the old Lord,' and Mr. Morton, Lady Adela's husband, you know, and Miss Bertha—always racing and hunting and gambling and in debt. Then there came a Captain Alder, who was ever so much in love with Miss Bertha, but most awfully in debt to her brother, and very passionate besides. So he took him out in his dog-cart with a fiery horse that was sure to run away.'

'Who did?'

'Captain Alder took Mr. Morton, though they begged and prayed him not, and the horse ran away, and Mr. Morton was thrown out and killed.'

'Oh!' with extreme zest. 'On purpose?'

'Miss Bertha was sure it was, so that she might have all the fortune, and so she told him, and flung the betrothal ring in his face, and he went right off, and never has been heard of since.'

'Well, that *is* interesting. Do you think he shot himself?'

'No, he was too mean. Most likely he married a hideous millionaire; but the Mortons were always dreadful, and did all sorts of wicked things.'

'I declare it's as good as any tale—like the sweet one in the *Young Ladies' Friend* now—"The Pride of Pedro." Have you seen it?'

'No, indeed, uncle and aunt only have great old stupid books! They wanted me to read those horrid tiresome things of Scott's, and Dickens's too, who is as old as the hills! Why, they could not think of anything better to do on their wedding tour but to go to all the places in the Waverley novels.'

'Why! they are as bad as history! Jim brought one home once, and pa wanted me to read it, but I could not get on with it —all about a stupid king of France. I'm sure if I married a lord I'd make him do something nicer.'

'I mean ma to do something more jolly,' said Ida, 'when we get more money, and I am come out. I mean to go to balls and tennis parties, and I shall be sure to marry a lord at some of them.'

'And you will take me,' cried Sibyl.

'Only you must be very genteel,' said Ida. 'Try to learn style, *do*, dear. It must be learnt young, you know! Why, there's Aunt Mary! When she has got ever so beautiful a satin dress on, she does not look half so stylish as Lady Adela walking up the road in an old felt hat and a shepherd's-plaid water-proof! But they all do dress so as I should be ashamed. Only think what a scrape that got Herbert into. He was coming back one Saturday from his tutor's, and he saw walking up to the house an awfully seedy figure of fun, in an old, old ulster, and such a hat as you never saw, with a knapsack on her back, and a portfolio under her arm. So of course he thought it was a tramp with something to sell, and he holloaed out, "You'd better come out of this! We want none of your sort." She just turned round and laughed, which put him in such a rage, that though she began to speak he didn't wait, but told her to have done with her sauce, or he would call the keepers. He thinks she said, "You'd better," and I believe he did move his stick a little.'

'Ida, have done with that!' cried Herbert's voice close to her. 'Hold your tongue, or I'll——' and his hand was near her hair.

'Oh, don't, don't, Herbert. Let me hear!' cried Sibyl.

'That's the way girls go on,' said Herbert, fiercely, 'with their nonsense and stuff.'

'But who——?'

'If you go on, Ida——' he was clutching her braid.

Sibyl sprung to the defence, and there was a general struggle and romp interspersed with screams, which was summarily stopped by Mr. Rollstone explaining severely, 'If you think that is the deportment of the aristocracy, Miss Ida, you are much mistaken.'

'Bother the aristocracy!' broke out Herbert.

Calm was restored by a summons to a round game, but Sibyl's curiosity was of course insatiable, and as she sat next to Herbert, she employed various blandishments and sympathetic whispers, and after a great deal of fuss, and 'What will you give me if I tell,' to extract the end of the story, 'Did he call the keeper?'

'Oh, yes, the old beast! His name's Best, but it ought to be Beast! He guffawed ever so much worse than she did!'

'Well, but who was it?'

And after he had tried to make her guess, and teased his fill, he owned, 'Mrs. Bury—a sort of cousin, staying with Lady Adela. She isn't half a bad old party, but she makes a guy of herself, and goes about sketching and painting like a blessed old drawing master.'

'A lady? and not a young lady.'

'Not as old as—as Methuselah, or old Rolypoly there; but I believe she's a grandmother. If she'd been a boy, we should have been cut out of it. Oh! yes, she's a lady—a born Morton, and when it was over she was very jolly about it—no harm done—bears no malice, only Ida makes such an absurd work about every little trifle.'

CHAPTER XV.

THE PIED ROOK.

CONSTANCE MORTON was leaning on the rail that divided the gardens at Northmoor from the park, which was still rough and heathery. Of all the Morton family, perhaps she was the one who had the most profited by the three years that had passed since her uncle's accession to the title. She had been at a good boarding house, attending the High School in Colbeam, and spending Saturday and Sunday at Northmoor. It had been a happy life; she liked her studies, made friends with her companions, and enjoyed to the very utmost all that Northmoor gave her, in country beauty and liberty, in the kindness of her

uncle and aunt, and in the religious training that they were able to give her, satisfying longings of her soul, so that she loved them with all her heart, and felt Northmoor her true home. The holiday time at Westhaven was always a trial. Mrs. Morton had tried Brighton and London, but neither place agreed with Ida; and she found herself a much greater personage in her own world than elsewhere, and besides could not always find tenants for her house. So there she lived at her ease, called by many of her neighbours the Honourable Mrs. Morton, and finding listeners to her alternate accounts of the grandeur of Northmoor, and murmurs at the meanness of its master in only allowing her £300 a year, besides educating her children, and clothing two of them.

Ida considered herself to be quite sufficiently educated, and so she was for the society in which she was, or thought herself, a star, chiefly consisting of the families of the ship-owners, coal-owners, and the like. She was pretty, with a hectic prettiness of bright eyes and cheeks, and had a following of the young men of the place; and though she always tried to enforce that to receive attentions from a smart young mate, a clerk in an office, a doctor's assistant, or the like, was a great condescension on her part, she enjoyed them all the more. Learning new songs for their benefit, together with extensive novel reading, were her chief employments, and this was the greater pity because her health was not strong. She dreamt much in a languid way, and had imagination enough to work the tales she read into her visions of life. Her temper suffered, and Constance found the atmosphere less and less congenial as she grew older and more accustomed to a different life.

She was a gentle, ladylike girl, with her brown hair still on her shoulders, as on that summer Saturday, she stood looking along the path, but with her ears listening for sounds from the house, and an anxious expression on her young face. Presently she started at the sound of a gun, which caused a mighty cawing among the rooks in the trees on the slopes, and a circling of the black creatures in the sky. A whistling then was heard, and her brother Herbert came in sight in a few minutes more, a fine tall youth of sixteen, with quite the air and carriage of a gentleman. He had a gun on his shoulder, and carried by the claws the body of a rook with white wings.

'Oh, Herbert!' cried Constance in dismay, 'did you shoot that by mistake?'

'No! Stanhope would not believe there was such a crittur, and betted half a sov that it was a cram.'

'But how could you? Our uncle and aunt thought so much of that poor dear Whitewing, and Best was told to take care of it. They will be so vexed.'

'Nonsense! He'll come to more honour stuffed than ever he would flying and howling up there. When I've shown him to Stanhope, I shall make that old fellow at Colbeam come down handsomely for him. What a row those birds kick up. I'll send my other barrel among them!'

'Oh no, don't, Bertie. Uncle Frank has one of his dreadful headaches to-day.'

'Seems to me he is made of headaches!'

'Yes, Aunt Mary is very anxious! Oh, I would have done anything that you had not vexed them now and killed this poor dear pretty thing!' said Constance, stroking down the glossy feathers of the still warm victim, and laying them against her cheek, almost tearfully.

'Well, you are not going to tell them. Perhaps they won't miss it. I would not have done it if Stanhope had not been such a beast,' said Herbert.

'I shall not tell them, of course,' said Constance; 'but, if I were you, I should not be happy till they knew.'

'Oh, that's only girl's way! I can't have the old Stick upset now, for I'm in horrid want of tin!'

'Oh, Bertie, was it true then?'

'What, you don't mean that they have heard?'

'That you were out at those Colbeam races!'

'To be sure I was, with Stanhope and Hailes and a lot more. We all went except the little kids and Sisson, who is in regular training for as great a muff as the governor there. Who told him?'

'Mr. Hailes, who is very much concerned about his grandson.'

'Old sneak; I wonder how he ferreted it out. Is there no end of a jaw coming, Con?'

'I don't know. Uncle Frank seemed quite knocked down and wretched over it. He said something about feeling hopeless, and the old blood coming out to be your ruin.'

'Of course it's the old blood! How did he miss it, and turn into the intolerable old dry fogey that he is, without a notion of anything fit for a gentleman?'

'Now, Herbert——'

'Oh, yes! You should just hear what the other fellows say about him. Their mothers and their sisters say there is not so stupid a place in the county; he hasn't a word to say for himself, and they would just as soon go to Portland at once as to a party here.'

'Then it is a great shame! I am sure Aunt Mary works hard to make it pleasant for them!'

'Oh, yes, good soul, she does. She can't help it, but when people have stuck in the mud all their lives, they can't know any better, and it is abominably hard on a fellow who does, to be under a man who has been an office cad all his life, and doesn't know what is expected of a gentleman! Screwing us all up like beggars——'

'Herbert, for shame! for shame! As if he was obliged to do anything at all for us!'

'Oh! isn't he? A pretty row my mother would kick up about his ears if he did not, when I must come after him at this place, too!'

'I think you are very ungrateful,' said Constance, with tears, 'when they are so good to us.'

'Oh, they are as kind as they know how, but they don't know. That's the thing, or old Frank would be ashamed to give me such a dirty little allowance. He has only himself to thank if I have to come upon him for more. Found out about the Blackbird colt, has he? What a bore! And tin I must have out of him by hook or by crook, if he cuts up ever so rough. I must send off this bird first by the post to confute Stanhope and make him eat dirt, and then see what's to be done.'

'Indeed, Bertie, I don't think you will see him to-night. His head is dreadful, and Aunt Mary has sent for Mr. Trotman.'

'Whew! You have not got anything worth having, I suppose, Conny?'

'Only fifteen shillings. I meant it for—— But you shall have it, dear Bertie, if it will only save worrying them!'

'Fifteen bob! Fifteen farthings you might as well offer! No, no, you soft little monkey, I must see what is to be made of him or her ladyship, one or the other, to-day or to-morrow. If they know I have been at the place it is half the battle. Consequence was! Provided they don't smell out this unlucky piebald! I wish Stanhope hadn't been such a beast!'

At that moment, too late to avoid her, Lady Northmoor, pale and anxious, came up the path and was upon them. 'Your uncle is asleep,' she began, but then starting, 'Oh, Conny! Poor Whitewing! Did you find him?'

Constance hung her head and did not speak. Then her aunt saw how it was.

'Herbert! You must have shot him by mistake; your uncle will be so grieved.'

Herbert was not base enough to let this pass. He muttered, 'A fellow would not take my word for it, so I had to show him.'

She looked at him very sadly. 'Oh! Herbert, I did not think you would have made that a reason for vexing your uncle!'

The boy was more than half sorry under those gentle eyes. He muttered something about 'didn't think he would care.'

She shook her head, instead of saying that she knew this was not the truth; and unable to bear the sting, he flung away from her, carrying the rook with him, and kicking the pebbles, trying to be angry instead of sorry. And just then came a summons to Lady Northmoor to see the doctor.

Yet Herbert Morton was a better boy than he seemed at that moment; his errors were chiefly caused by understanding *noblesse oblige* in a different way from his uncle. Moreover, it would have been better for him if his tutor had lived beyond the neighbourhood of Northmoor, where he heard, losing nothing in the telling, the remarks of the other pupils' mothers upon his uncle and aunt; more especially as it was not generally the highest order of boy that was to be found there. If he had heard what the fathers said, he would have learnt that though shy and devoid of small talk, and of the art of putting guests together, Lord Northmoor was trusted and esteemed. He might perhaps be too easily talked down; he could not argue, and often gave way to the noisy Squire; but he was certain in due time to see the rights of a question, and he attended thoroughly to the numerous tasks of an active and useful county man, taking all the drudgery that others shirked. While, if by severe stress he were driven to public speaking, he could acquit himself far better than any one had expected. The Bishop and the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions alike set him down on their committees, not only for his rank, but for his industry and steadiness of work. Nor had any one breathed any imputation

upon the possession of what used to be known as gentility, before that good word was degraded, to mean something more like what Mrs. Morton aspired to. Lord and Lady Northmoor might not be lively, nor a great accession to society, but the anticipations of either amusement or annoyance from vulgarity or arrogance were entirely disappointed. No one could call them underbred, or anything but an ingrain gentleman and lady, while there were a few who could uphold Lady Northmoor as thoroughly kind, sweet, sensible, and helpful to her utmost in all that was good.

All this, however, was achieved not only unconsciously but with severe labour by a man whose powers could only act slowly, and who was not to the manner born. Conscientiousness is a costly thing, and Strafford's watchword is not to be adopted for nothing. The balance of duties, the perplexities of managing an impoverished and involved estate, the disappointment of being unable to carry out the responsibilities of a landlord towards neglected cottagers, the incapacity of doing what would have been desirable for the Church, and the worry and harass that his sister-in-law did not spare, all told as his office work had never done, and in spite of quiet, happy hours with his Mary, and her devoted and efficient aid whenever it was possible, a course of disabling neuralgic headaches had set in, and a general derangement of health, which had become alarming, and called for immediate remedy.

(*To be continued.*)

STUDIES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.
1770–1832.

IV.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER (1759–1805) was born at Marbach on the Neckar. His father had settled at Marbach as a surgeon, and married, in 1749, the daughter of Georg Friedrich Kodweis, who was at that time a well-to-do townsman, but who later was reduced to poverty. Schiller's father made a very small income by his practice, and was driven to take a post in the army in 1757.

He joined the Würtemberg Regiment as ensign and adjutant, and also acted, when necessary, as army surgeon. At the end of the Seven Years' War he had risen to be a captain, and had saved a little money. After settling for a time at Lorch, where the boy Friedrich received some education with the sons of the pastor of the parish, they removed to Ludwigsburg, where his father sent him to the Latin school. He had already, at nine years old, decided to be a clergyman, and it was a bitter disappointment to him, as well as to his father and mother, when he was later forced to give up this cherished purpose.

On New Year's Day, 1769, he presented his parents with a little hymn. This is the earliest complete specimen of his poems which has been preserved.

Captain Schiller was a skilful gardener, and had laid out for himself a small nursery at Ludwigsburg. This attracted the notice of the Duke of Würtemberg, and in 1770 he appointed Schiller overseer of his gardens and forests near Stuttgart at Die Solitüde, and the family removed there, leaving Friedrich as boarder with his tutor, J. F. Jahn, a somewhat stern and pedantic man.

In 1772 Schiller had gone through the Latin school, and should now have commenced his special study for the ministry; but the Duke interfered. Hearing that Schiller was a clever boy, he offered to take him into his new military training school, where he would be trained free of cost. This offer was really a command, and, as the living of the whole family depended upon this arbitrary Duke, after much consideration and with much regret, the offer was accepted. His parents had to enter into a bond that he should not leave the Duke's service

without permission, and Schiller entered the school, and began the study of jurisprudence. This he disliked so much that he was afterwards permitted to change it for the study of medicine. The discipline in the school was very strict, and Schiller felt the bondage terribly.

His favourite studies had to be carried on in secret; he even feigned sickness that he might be left in peace to pore over his favourite authors. Klopstock's 'Messias' had been read long before with his mother, and at fourteen he wrote an 'epic-poem' entitled 'Moses.' His attention was directed to the drama by Goethe's 'Götz,' and he made several attempts in this direction.

In 1780 he left the Karl's school, and was appointed regimental surgeon at Stuttgart, and after this enjoyed more liberty. He was allowed to visit his parents at the 'Solitüde,' and frequently made use of the privilege, as he was tenderly attached to his family, especially to his mother and his eldest sister Christophine; and to these two he confided all his literary plans. He was rather extravagant at this time, and later, and involved himself in many petty debts and difficulties, from which his first published writings did not serve to free him. 'Die Räuber,' which appeared in 1781, and which was composed while he was smarting under the tyranny of the Karl's school, is a very wild production, even more of the 'Sturm und Drang' type than Goethe's first drama, 'Götz.' No doubt it has its beauties, and there is a certain wild grandeur about the hero, Moor (who throws off all restraint and becomes the leader of a band of robbers), especially at the last, when he becomes convinced of his errors, and in giving himself up to justice, does so through a poor day labourer, so that this man may receive the reward offered for his capture. But the play is as extravagant and as unnatural as might be expected from a youth shut up in the strict discipline of a military school, and having very little intercourse with the world. Wild as it was, it, like 'Götz,' and more even than 'Götz,' sprang at once into a wide popularity, and as 'Götz' gave rise to many 'Ritter-dramas,' so 'Die Räuber' was followed by many worthless 'Robber-romances.'

It was acted at Mannheim in 1781, and Schiller could not resist the temptation of going to see it. He was reprimanded, forbidden to write anything poetic again, and finally suffered a fortnight's arrest. He begged hard for his release from military service, but this was absolutely refused, and at last he made up his mind to escape from these fetters altogether. He was urged on to this, partly from a fear that he might have the same fate as the unfortunate Schubart, who, having given offence to the Duke of Würtemberg by his writings, was imprisoned by him for ten years without any form of trial.

Schiller informed his sister of this determination, and she told their mother. The father was kept in ignorance of it, partly that he might

not be blamed by the Duke, but also because his strict notions of military honour would probably have forced him to take extreme measures to prevent what he would regard as desertion.

One friend of Schiller's, Streicher, a musician, was also taken into his confidence, and he resolved to accompany Schiller in his flight.

Schiller's parting from his family was a very sad one, and he and his mother could hardly command their feelings sufficiently not to betray themselves to his father.

About midnight on the 17th of September, 1782, Schiller and his friend Streicher left Stuttgart, the secrecy of their flight being assisted by great festivities which were going on in the town in honour of the Russian Prince (afterwards Czar Paul) and his bride.

Schiller had determined to go to Mannheim and throw himself upon the mercy of the manager of the theatre there, Dalberg; the same who had brought out his 'Die Räuber,' and had given him great encouragement. He had with him the manuscript of the 'Verschwörung des Fiesco,' a tragedy, chiefly noticeable as being the first of his historical dramas.

He and his friend had very little money between them after paying their way to Mannheim. They arrived there safely, however, and though the Duke was exceedingly angry when he heard of their flight, he did not visit his wrath upon the Schiller family. Schiller's father was also very angry and much hurt, and it was long before he fully forgave his son, or considered his flight justifiable, although he did his best to help him in the new difficulties in which he now found himself involved. He had left several small debts behind him in Stuttgart. The manager of the Mannheim theatre did not receive him with open arms as he had expected, for he was rather afraid to harbour a rebel, and he did not consider 'Fiesco' nearly so good as 'Die Räuber.' He returned it to Schiller to remodel, and advanced him no money on it.

Schiller and Streicher lived as long as they could on the few pounds they had, and then were obliged to part company. The MS. of 'Fiesco,' after being remodelled, did not suit Dalberg, and was sold to the bookseller Schwan at one Louis d'or the sheet. This Schwan proved a faithful friend; he was the father of the 'Laura' of several of Schiller's early poems. After this Schiller left Mannheim, and found a refuge with the mother of an old schoolfellow, Frau von Wolzogen, at Bauerbach, near Meiningen. Here he lived for about eight months under the name of Doctor Ritter. Only the Court Librarian, Reinwald, who afterwards married his sister Christophine, was trusted with the secret of his identity.

Here he wrote 'Kabale und Liebe' (1783), a tragedy which, though still belonging to his 'Sturm und Drang' period, shows in the burgher maiden, Luise Miller, one who could renounce her own love in

obedience to a higher law. The drama deals with the worthlessness of rank without character, and the nobility of true worth.

In July, 1783, Schiller left his refuge at Bauerbach, and returned to Mannheim, where Dalberg now offered him the post of poet to the theatre, with a small salary. It was only about £50 a year, and Schiller being still pressed by old debts, was forced to apply several times to his father, who helped him, though with great inconvenience to himself, and many remonstrances.

'Kabale und Liebe' was acted with great applause, and Schiller began 'Don Carlos.' 'Der Flüchtling,' one of his early poems, was probably written rather before this time.

In 1784 Schiller's friendship with Körner (father of the poet Körner) began, and this was very beneficial to him. He also made the acquaintance of Duke Karl August of Weimar, who gave him the title of 'Rath.' This support made him safe from any attack by the Duke of Würtemberg.

The following short extracts will give some idea of Schiller's views with regard to the stage.

From 'The German Theatre of To-day'—

'One would think that an open mirror of human life, in which the most secret corners of the human heart are illuminated and revealed . . . . . should imprint the clear conception of happiness and misery as much more forcibly as the sensual representation is more lively than mere traditions and phrases. Should, I say—and, if you listen to the seller, what is there his wares should not do? . . . So long as the theatre is less a school than a recreation—more used to enliven sleepy dulness, and cheat the disagreeable winter nights, and to enrich the great army of our sweet idlers with the froth of wisdom, and the tinsel of feeling . . . . so long may our playwriters renounce the patriotic vanity of being teachers of the people. . . . Declamation is always the first rock upon which most of our actors make shipwreck, and declamation makes two-thirds of the illusion. The way of the ears is the most open, and nearest to the heart.'

In a note—

'Would that men everywhere could get rid of the prejudice that acting is degrading to persons of rank and honour! Certainly this would spread good taste more widely, and the feeling of the good, the beautiful, and the true, be throughout more revived and refined. It would also, by a sharper competition, make the actors by profession more industrious in maintaining the fame of their calling.'

From 'The Stage as a Moral Institution'—

'The theatre is, more than any other public institution of the State, a school of practical wisdom, a guide through life for the citizen, an unfailing key to the most secret avenues of the human soul. . . . The theatre is the common canal in which the light of wisdom flows down from the thinking, better part of the people, and from thence, in milder rays, spreads through the whole State.'

Schiller always wrote and worked with the desire to make the stage

an institution for the moral education and elevation of the people. Even in the preface to 'Die Räuber' he gives this as his object—

'I venture to promise my writing . . . . a place among the moral books: vice ends in a way worthy of itself. He who has erred returns and submits to the laws. Virtue triumphs. From him who acts so fairly towards me as to read the whole of my work, to wish to understand me, I may expect, that he—does not admire the poet, but values in me the upright man.'

The following extracts are from his 'Philosophische Briefe,' written about this time—

'The Almighty speaks to me through His works, and so I understand the teaching of the Omnipresence of God. . . . Misanthropy is a lengthened suicide, egotism is the greatest poverty of a created being. . . . "Be ye perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect," said the Founder of our Faith. Weak humanity turned pale at this command, so He explained Himself more clearly: "Love one another."'

While at Mannheim, Schiller undertook the management of the journal 'Thalia,' and in it the first part of his 'Don Carlos' appeared. It has some of the faults of his early period, which may be said to close with it. After 'Don Carlos' Schiller gave up poetry almost entirely for several years, and when he returned to it, it was to produce the most splendid works of his ripened genius.

The 'Letters on Don Carlos' give very clear explanations of much that might be found difficult without them. Schiller says, that through certain circumstances the writing of 'Don Carlos' had been interrupted (it was not finished until 1787), and that he had not been able to finish it in the spirit in which it had been begun. Especially the character of Don Carlos had lost its interest for him, and that of the Marquis von Posa had taken its place. But the first part was already in the hands of the public, so his only choice was to suppress the piece, or make it match as well as he could with his altered feelings. 'Its chief fault is that I took too long about it; a dramatic work should be the bloom of a single summer.' Schiller goes on to show that anxiety for the good of Flanders is Posa's ruling passion, which includes and dominates his love for Don Carlos, and that he did not die for Don Carlos, but for Flanders.

The motive of the play is then explained: 'What is the so-called "unity" of the piece if it must not be love and cannot be friendship? With the former, the three first acts are concerned, with the latter, the two last—but neither of the two occupy the whole. Friendship sacrifices itself, and love is sacrificed; but it is neither to the one nor the other that this sacrifice is offered. Therefore, there must be a third object in question, which is different from friendship and love, for which both act, and to which both are offered up; and if the piece has a "unity," where else than in this third object can it lie? . . . . .

Thus between both friends is formed an heroic plan to bring about the happiest condition which is attainable by human society, and this heroic plan, especially as it appears in conflict with passion, is the action of the present drama. . . . Virtue acts grandly for the sake of laws; enthusiasm for the sake of its ideal; love for the sake of its object. From the first class we would choose our law-makers, judges, kings; from the second, our heroes; but only from the third, our friends. Carlos had reason to regret that he did not consider this distinction, and made a great man his bosom friend.'

In the character of Posa, and the way in which he involves himself and Carlos in a common destruction, by acting only for the one end, without sufficiently considering the means he was employing, Schiller shows how: 'In things moral, man cannot leave without danger his natural, practical instinct, to rise to universal abstractions. A man may trust himself much more safely to the impulse of his heart, or to the instant and individual feeling of right and wrong, than to the dangerous leading of general ideas of wisdom, which he has cleverly made out for himself; for nothing leads to good that is not natural.'

Scherer ('Geschichte der deutschen Litteratur') compares 'Don Carlos' with Lessing's 'Nathan' and Goethe's 'Iphigenie': 'All three serve the ideal of humanity and toleration. In all three there is one conspicuous scene, in which a king, a sultan, and an uncontrolled despot listen to the voice of truth and cannot withstand it. Goethe's scene is somewhat different from the other two, in that the priestess, in forcing herself to speak the truth to the King, only completes the triumph of humanity over the rude barbarian hearts which she had long been preparing. But between the scene in "Nathan," in which the wise Jew puts the Sultan to shame, and the scene in which the Marquis von Posa touches the heart of the Spanish despot, there is a strong external resemblance.'

Carlyle says: 'Schiller's "Carlos" is the first of his plays which bears the stamp of anything like full maturity.' It is also the last which bears the stamp of youth, and slight acquaintance with the world. Before the completion of this play, Schiller was feeling hampered and unhappy at Mannheim from various causes, and the friendship of Körner enabled him to leave it (March 1785), and choose Leipzig as his residence for a time; at the end of the summer he moved to Dresden, and spent his time between Dresden and Körner's home at Löschwitz till 1787. During this time he finished 'Don Carlos,' began, among other things, a romance, 'Der Geisterseher,' which was never finished, and turned his attention to the study of History. He wrote the 'Abfall der Niederlande' in 1787–8, which, with the 'Geschichte der dreiszigjährigen Kriegs' (1790), is his most important prose work. He wrote several other historical sketches, as the 'Geschichte der Unruhen in Frankreich' and 'Egmont' (1789), which is a very clear, interesting account of the

life of Egmont, and should be read in connection with Goethe's play of the same name.

In 1787 Schiller visited Weimar for the first time. He was received with great friendliness by Herder and Wieland; Goethe was absent in Italy. He contributed to Wieland's journal, the 'Deutsche Merkur,' some smaller poems, and the 'Letters on Don Carlos.' From Weimar he visited Frau von Wolzogen at Bauerbach, and at Rudolstadt he made the acquaintance of his future wife, Charlotte von Lengefeld.

In 1789 Goethe obtained for him the post of Professor of History at Weimar, to which only a small salary was attached, but which gave him a settled place and position, and in 1790 he married. His marriage was a very happy one, and it was a great joy to his parents to see him comfortably settled after so many wanderings. Unhappily, he devoted himself too constantly to study and writing, and in 1791 his work was interrupted by a serious illness, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. Help came to him now from the hereditary Prince of Holstein-Augustenburg, and the Count von Schimmelmann, who offered him a pension of about £150 for three years, and he went for a time to Stuttgart to be near his parents. On his recovery he applied himself to the study of Kant's Philosophy, and wrote several prose essays, as 'Anmuth und Würde' (which appeared in the 'Thalia,' 1793), etc., and in 1795 he started a new journal, 'Die Horen,' to which Goethe, Herder, Kant, and Klopstock contributed.

Schiller's friendship with Goethe dates from 1794; they worked together for this journal, and afterwards joined to avenge its failure in the series of epigrams, 'Die Xenien,' which appeared in 1797 in another journal, the 'Musenalmanach,' started by Schiller.

About this time Schiller wrote his finest ballads: 'Die Kraniche des Ibykus,' 'Der Kampf mit dem Drachen,' 'Lied von der Glocke,' 'Der Spaziergang,' and 'Das Ideal und das Leben,' in which the lines occur—

'Wollt ihr schon auf Erden Göttern gleichen,
Frei sein in des Todes Reichen,
Brechet nicht von seines Gartens Frucht!
An dem Scheine Mag der Blick sich weiden;
Des Genusses Wandelbare Freuden
Rächet schleunig der Begierde Flucht.
Selbst der Styx der neunfach sie umwindet,
Wehrt die Ruckkehr Ceres Tochter nicht;
Nach dem Apfel greift sie, und es bindet
Ewig sie des Orkus Pflicht.'

Schiller's historical studies now began to bear fruit in the series of splendid historical dramas, of which the first was 'Wallenstein' (1799), to the consideration of whose character he had been directed in studying the Thirty Years' War.

This drama is divided into three parts—

'Wallenstein's Lager,' 'Die Piccolomini,' and 'Wallenstein's Tod.'

The first part gives a lively and truthful picture of Wallenstein's camp, and the heterogeneous materials of which his army was composed —all only held together by the personal influence of their leader.

'Die Piccolomini' describes the intrigues of which Wallenstein is the centre. He himself is meditating treachery to the Emperor and alliance with the Swedes. The Emperor has sent Questenberg to remonstrate with him openly for insubordination, but with secret orders to give the command to Octavio Piccolomini, and declare Wallenstein an outlaw—which really means to procure his assassination.

Octavio, while pretending still to be Wallenstein's friend, is on the side of the Emperor, and quite ready to sacrifice Wallenstein.

Max Piccolomini, the son, is a great contrast to his father; the one is cold and calculating, the other frank and honourable. Max has been sent to bring Wallenstein's wife and his daughter, Thekla, to the camp, and on the journey Thekla and he have been thrown much together by Wallenstein's sister, the Countess Terzky, who wishes to bind Max to Wallenstein by this means, but has no intention of encouraging their affection further than is necessary for this object, and tries to check them when she thinks they have gone far enough. Thekla is at first happy in the love of Max, but she soon discovers that they are only being made use of, and that both her aunt and her father have other schemes than to procure their happiness.

In spite of the intriguing of the Countess Terzky, there is something very fine in her devotion to her brother Wallenstein. She is quite willing to sacrifice herself for him, and thinks that every one else should feel the same.

Thekla and Max are allowed an interview after their arrival at the camp, but it is soon interrupted by the Countess, who drives Max away to a feast, which has been got up by Wallenstein's supporters. They have drawn up two declarations of their intention to stand by Wallenstein, and not allow him to be superseded—one contains a clause asserting loyalty to the Emperor, the other does not. The former is to be handed round to be read, but the latter is to be offered for signature after the feast, when it is hoped that the difference will not be noticed. By this means Wallenstein's supporters hope to secure the wavering, who will have gone too far to draw back, and, by assuring Wallenstein of their support, to induce him to break with the Emperor altogether. All sign but Max, who suspects nothing, but still wishes not to act without some consideration.

Thekla, left alone, sings the well-known song—

> 'Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
> Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
> Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
> Und sie singt hinaus in die finstre nacht,
> Das Auge von Weinen getrübet.'

In an interview with Max, Octavio Piccolomini tells him of Wallenstein's intentions. Max is shocked and incredulous; horrified by his father's explanation that Wallenstein had confided the fact to him, relying on his friendship, and that he means to use the rash confidence for Wallenstein's ruin; and, being convinced, declares his purpose of appealing to the Duke to save his own honour and good name. In this part also is mentioned Wallenstein's belief in astrology. Some of his people think that he is only waiting for a favourable conjunction of the stars to take a decisive step—which was really partly the case.

The third part, 'Wallenstein's Tod,' opens with a scene in the Astrological Chamber. Wallenstein and the astrologer, Seni, find that the conjunction of the stars is favourable to action, when Terzky comes hastily to say that their envoy to the Swedes has been captured, with all his papers. His officers urge that now all choice is taken from him, and that he must join the Swedes. Wallenstein dislikes the thought more than before now that it is seen so close. But his hesitation is ended by the picture his sister draws of the dreary life of inaction which is before him if he submits now. He decides to recall the Swedish general and come to terms with him. Afterwards Max tries hard, but vainly, to change his resolution and prevent his becoming a 'traitor.'

Octavio Piccolomini now shows his authority from the Emperor to those of Wallenstein's officers, whose fidelity to their leader he thinks can be shaken; among others, to Butler, who had once applied to the Emperor for the title of 'Count,' but was contemptuously refused, and has never forgiven it. Octavio shows him a letter from Wallenstein, proving that it was through his influence this was done, his object being to detach him from the Court. This turns all Butler's hatred and desire for revenge against Wallenstein. He asks to be allowed to remain behind when Piccolomini and the others, who have deserted Wallenstein, leave the place to meet at Frauenberg. This is permitted without too close an inquiry into his motives.

The news of the desertion of the troops is brought to Wallenstein, but he is only overcome when convinced of Octavio's treachery. Butler is still supposed to be true, and is welcomed warmly when he appears, although he comes to say that the failure of their plans is even greater than they had feared.

Wallenstein's wife at last learns the truth from the Countess Terzky, who can conceal it no longer, and they, with Thekla, join Wallenstein. Max comes to them, and Wallenstein urges him, by all his former kindness, not to desert him now. Max is torn between duty to the Emperor, and his affection for Wallenstein, and love for Thekla. He appeals to Thekla to tells him what is right, and she bids him part from her and do his duty. Max accepts her judgment, and departs—to fight desperately with the Swedes and there meet his death. The news is brought to Thekla; she summons up sufficient self-control to find out

exactly where he has been buried, and the last we are told of her is that she sets out that same night with her maid, to seek his grave and 'rest' there.

Then follows the murder of Wallenstein and his faithful followers by Butler and his associates, and the suicide of the Countess Terzky, who was determined not to survive her brother's fall.

Carlyle says—

'This tragedy of Wallenstein, published at the close of the eighteenth century, may be safely rated as the greatest dramatic work of which that century can boast. . . . . What an assemblage of images, ideas, emotions, disposed in the most felicitous and impressive order! We have conquerors, statesmen, ambitious generals, marauding soldiers, heroes and heroines, all acting and feeling as they would in nature, all faithfully depicted, yet all embellished by the spirit of poetry, and all made conducive to heighten one paramount impression—our sympathy with the three chief characters of the piece.'

In 1800 Schiller took up his residence at Weimar, and spent the last years of his life there, enjoying the friendship of all that brilliant circle, and above all, that of Goethe.

In 1800 also appeared his next drama, 'Maria Stuart,' in which Schiller asks for our sympathy for this unfortunate Queen on the grounds that she was unjustly tried by a prejudiced tribunal, and that she sincerely repented of her crimes.

The 'Jungfrau von Orleans' followed in 1801. The Jungfrau is first shown as the shepherdess, but living somewhat apart from the common life of the family, listening to the 'voices' which speak to her, and coming forward to rescue France in obedience to this inner guidance. The Dauphin is described simply as too weak for stormy times—

> SOREL. You will plant peace again—
> Be the new founder of the Realm of France.
> CHARLES. Not I. These troublous, wild, and stormy times
> Require a stronger man to guide the helm.
> I might have made a peaceful people happy,
> I cannot tame a wild rebellious folk;
> Nor with my sword can make a way to hearts
> Now closed against me with a bitter hate.'

Joan, though showing no mercy to foreigners, will not turn her sword against the Duke of Burgundy, who has quarrelled with the Dauphin, and is fighting against him, but instead, induces him to be reconciled to his king.

This is the highest point of Joan's happiness. Though she has still to accomplish the coronation of the Dauphin, and does so, a cloud has come over her in her involuntary love for the English Lionel, which appears to her such a crime. Schiller departs widely from history in this, and in the account of Joan's death. She is taken prisoner by the

English, but breaks her chains when she hears that the battle is going against France, flies to the rescue of her king, and is killed in the moment of victory. Her last words are: 'Short is the pain, eternal is the joy.'

The 'Brant von Messina' (1803) was Schiller's next play. In it he introduces the chorus in the manner of the Greek drama. The moral is contained in the words—

'Das Leben is der Güter höchstes nicht,
Der Uebel grösstes aber ist die Schuld.'

In 1804 was finished Schiller's last, and to my mind, very finest play, 'Wilhelm Tell.' But it is also the best known of all his plays, so I need give no account of it here. Carlyle, in his 'Life of Schiller' (which I should strongly advise students to read), gives translations from it, and there are several extracts also in Gostwick and Harrison's 'History of German Literature.' This play had an immediate and enormous success all over Germany. It appealed to the hearts of a people kept down by the iron tyranny of Napoleon, and did its part in bringing about the War of Liberation.

Schiller began another play, 'Demetrius,' but it was never completed. In the spring of 1805, a violent return of the malady from which he had suffered more or less for years, cut short his work at its prime. 'Feeling that his end was come, he addressed himself to meet it as became him; not with affected carelessness or superstitious fear, but with the quiet, unpretending manliness that had marked the tenor of his life. Of his friends and family he took a touching, but a tranquil, farewell. He ordered that his funeral should be private, without pomp or parade. Some one inquiring how he felt, he said, "Calmer and calmer;" simple but memorable words, expressive of the mild heroism of the man. About six he sank into a deep sleep; once for a moment he looked up with a lively air, and said, "Many things were growing plain and clear to him." Again he closed his eyes, and his sleep deepened and deepened, till it changed into the sleep from which there is no awakening; and all that remained of Schiller was a lifeless form, soon to be mingled with the clods of the valley' (Carlyle). And thus passed away on the 9th of May, 1805, one of Germany's greatest men.

Read 'Don Carlos,' 'Egmont,' and 'Die Belagerung von Antwerpen' (ed. by Buchheim). 'Maria Stuart,' 'Jungfrau von Orleans,' or 'Brant von Messina,' and 'Wilhelm Tell.'

M. W.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—IV.

Questions.

24. Give a short account, with dates, of the life of Schiller.

25. Which of his plays belong to the period of 'Sturm und Drang'? and why are they said to belong to that period?

26. What are his most important prose works?

27. Give a list, with dates, of his dramas.

28. Give an account, in your own words, of any one of his dramas.

29. Give your own translation (verse preferred) of Schiller's poem 'Hoffnung.'

Answers to be sent not later than May 4th to Miss Watson, Brightwell, Tetsworth, Oxon.

GERMAN LITERATURE COMPETITION.

February List.

Class I.

Dame Durden	99	Nigra	89	Richmond	83
Undine	92	Weissnichts	86	Eidechse	82
Zell-am-See	91	Sam	85	M. E. W.	81
L. F. B., Bede	89	Spes	84	Grizel, M. L. C.	80
		L. E. S.	83		

Class II.

M. A. G.	79	Creagh-an-Fitteach	77	Camensis	74
E. M. B., Kitto, Capercailzie	78	Gretchen	76	Brownie	73
Grossmutter, Inge	77	Klumpp, Karlsruhe	75	B. G. C.	72
		Fleurange	74	Speranza	70
				Scawfell	69

Class III.

White Cat 33

Received too late for insertion in March.

Class I.—January.

Capercailzie 99

No answers received from *Dear Me* and *Oublions.*

Church History Society.

ENGLAND IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

Questions for April.

13. A Chronological Table of the events from 1108–1200, connected with the Church of England.

14. Illustrate Becket's character from the events of his life. Was he a Martyr?

15. Give some account of the Gilbertine Order of Sempringham, and of the Premonstratensian Order;

or

An abstract of the Constitutions of Clarendon.

16. Explain the following: '*Legatus a latere*' and '*Legatus natus*'; 'Immunities of the clergy'; 'Gratian's *Decretum*'; 'Mitred Abbots.'; and 'Saladin Tithe.'

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by May 1st.

January Class List.

Class I.

Etheldreda . . . 40	Ierne 34	Charissa 31
Hermione . . . 39	Andromache, Decima . . 32	Papaver 30
Water Wagtail . . 34		

Class II.

Firenze, Vorwärts, De Maura . . . 29	Erica, Fidelia, Agatha 25	*Robin Redbreast . 23
Cratægus, Honeysuckle . . 27	White Cat, Veritas . . . 24	Blue-bell, Spider, Meniza . . . 21
		Miss Molly . . . 20

Class III.

Edythe 19	Ααμβδα 14	*Grizel, Jumbo 10
Hoffnung, North Wind . . 16	Mary Beatrice, Shamrock . . 13	Stokes, *Nancy 8
Damaris, Gooseberry . . . 15	*Ashpüttel . . . 12	Honeysuckle II. . . 1

* Three answers only.

REMARKS.

1. The causes of Separation of East and West are very well done by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Andromache*, and *Ierne*. Upon the whole these may be taken as follows; Members can see where they have failed. 1. Removal of Government to Constantinople, leading to division of

Empire, and establishment of the New Patriarchate. 2. The Alliance of Papacy and Franks, and the disputes about Ravenna. 3. The difference of Language. 4. Divergence of character and tone of mind. 5. Frequent lapses of Eastern Patriarchs into heresy. 6. Iconoclastic struggle. 7. The Western addition of Filioque. 8. Papal supremacy. 9. Quarrel of Photius. 10. Celibacy of Western Clergy, and minor differences, e.g. unleavened Bread. Λαμβδα: The Filioque was first heard of at Toledo, 589, which was a century earlier than the Council in Trullo. *Honeysuckle II.* gives as one cause the election of a 'female Pope in the 9th century.' Surely she does not believe in Pope Joan! Perhaps she was thinking of the evil female influence of the Pope-makers, Theodora and Marozia, in the 10th century. *Meniza:* Most of the third division of the Nicene Creed was drawn up at Constantinople in 381. *Mary Beatrice:* The Eastern Church was always quite Orthodox as to the Procession of the Third Person; their mistake was accusing the West of a heresy which it did not hold. *Nancy:* The flat Eikons were the bone of contention. There was no question as to images as distinct from these. *Jumbo:* Iconoclast means Image-*breaker*, not worshipper. *Stokes:* The Iconoclasts did not think the Spirits were called into the images.

2. The Schism of 1054 is best described by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Charissa*, *Erica*, and *Decima*. Cerularius did not, as *Stokes* and *Ashpüttel* think, send his orders to the Pope, but to the Bishop of Trani, and the Pope heard of it. *Honeysuckle II.* mistakes the question, omits all mention of Cerularius, and transfers the quarrel of Photius to 1054. *Hermione* calls attention to the fact that as Leo IX. was dead when the excommunication was laid on the altar of St. Sophia, no Pope ever signed it. *De Maura:* Fasting 'on the Sabbath Day' meant Saturday. *Mary Beatrice* should be clearer. Having conducted the legates to Constantinople, she says Berengarius and Hildebrand were both present. Probably she does not mean at Constantinople, but at Rome a little before, or at Tours the next year; but she does not say so. *Ashpüttel:* All this did not happen in 1854, but 1054.

3. *Etheldreda* gives the more important efforts at Reunion best. The following include nearly all—

1st. 1059. Stephen IX.'s embassy.
2nd. 1098. Synod of Bari. St. Anselm tries to convince the Greeks.
3rd. Various embassies and conference in first half of 12th century.
4th. 1165. Actual brief reconciliation between Manuel Comnenus and Alexander III.
5th. 1203. Brief enforced subjugation of Constantinople to Rome.
6th. 1234. Council of Nymphæum. Gregory IX. sends legates to Germanus.
7th. 1245. Schism discussed at Lyons. No result.
8th. 1274. Union at second Council of Lyons between Gregory X. and Michael Palæologus.
9th. 1334–68. Several attempted negotiations.
10th. 1438. Council of Ferrara-Florence, the outcome of some earlier negotiation.

Of these the 4th, 8th, and 10th are the most important. It is better, as a whole, to speak of the *Eastern*, rather than the *Greek*, Churches. The Churches of Assyria and Armenia, e.g. are Greek neither in nationality nor obedience. *Papaver:* Lyons, 1274, is sometimes styled 14th Œcumenical, but never 14th Lateran. *De Maura* and *North Wind:* The John Palæologus who sought aid of the Pope in 1369 was grandfather to him of the Council of Ferrara, 1438. *Robin Redbreast:* There was no such Emperor as Palæologus II. Palæologus was a family name. John (called by Gibbon VII., by Milman VI., by others V.) was the seventh Emperor of that house, and came to Ferrara. *Honeysuckle II.* gives the Great Schism of the West, instead of that between East and West. The modern attempts mentioned by some,

are more of the nature of declaration that there is not, and never truly was, any Schism between England and the East, than attempts at Reunion. The Churches with which we have had friendly relations during the last four years, are the Orthodox Churches of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, Cyprus, and Russia; and of the Separated Churches, the West Syrian Jacobites, and the Assyrian Church. By the way, overtures were made by the Nonjuring Bishops to the Eastern Patriarchs in two or three Councils on the subject at Constantinople between 1718 and 1723.

4. Most succinct accounts of Ferrara-Florence by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Vorwärts*, and *Honeysuckle*. No decisions are given by *Charissa* and *Cratægus*. Poor Bessarion has received scant justice. He was very learned and much more able than almost any one at the Council. He proposed the only basis of Reunion which will ever have a chance of acceptance. Mark of Ephesus was honestly wrong. Why must Bessarion have been dishonestly right? The fact that he became a Cardinal, and remained at Rome, was unpatriotic; but if he sincerely believed in Reunion, it was the only means of preserving his soul in peace. The West owes much of the revival of Greek Literature to him.

Many of the new Members are advised to read rather more, and more carefully, before writing their answers, which are not wholly bad, only inadequate.

Subscriptions received from *Etheldreda*, *Laura*, and *Onward*.

Honeysuckle II. is requested to choose another *nom de plume*.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is Robert Browning the greatest teacher of this generation?

This is by far the best written set of answers Chelsea China has ever received. She thinks they are, many of them, too valuable to be thrown away, and will depart from *her invariable practice*, and return any for which stamped and directed envelopes are sent. But, for her purpose, she wishes they were shorter. There is not one dissentient voice, and Chelsea China certainly does not wish to raise a discordant note. The realisation of the last part of 'Easter Day' should be an epoch in the spiritual life of the reader. She thinks it best to give one essay in full, with one quotation from *Atheline*.

Papers received from *Veritas* (the best, but too long), *Periwinkle* (excellent), *Gillott's B.* (very good also), *Greta*, *Willow Pattern* (good), *Marcia* (a conversation from America which we heartily welcome—interesting, but too long), *Black Rabbit*, *Hyppogriff*, *Double Daisy*, *Jessamine* (Chelsea China would gladly print them all). *H. M. Owl* (very clear).

Atheline.—Robert Browning has taught this age and generation as nobody else has taught it—the gospel of failure. Which gospel, paradoxical as it may appear, leads straight on to the gospel of hope—hope in its fullest,

broadest, completest sense! For when we see life in its worst and meanest aspects, when we feel nothing but suffering and depression, Browning bids us 'Trust God, see all, nor be afraid!' For when we have erred most, if our only aim be pure and direct, we must know (he tells us elsewhere) that, 'what we aspired to be, and were not, comforts us.' Yes, this is his teaching, and again and again he impresses it: 'Not failure, but *low aim* is crime.'

'Learn where is wisdom, where is strength, where is understanding, that thou mayst know also where is length of days and life, where is the light of the eyes and peace.'

I will answer 'Yes' unhesitatingly, and then endeavour to prove my answer. First shall I define a great teacher? Is it not he who teaches most forcibly the greatest number of the greatest truths? Is it not also he who shall teach us something which we did not know before? Which are the greatest truths? Are they not those which concern man and his destiny?—his relations to himself, to his fellows—above all, his relations to God?

As regards man and his destiny—his relations to himself—few teachers have been more firm and full in their enforcement of the doctrine of personal immortality. It is Mr. Browning's fundamental belief which he has taught from the first line of 'Pauline' to the last word of the Epilogue in 'Asolando.' 'Abt Vogler,' 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,' 'La Saiziaz,' 'Easter Eve,' are merely the first examples which occur to me of the thought which underlies almost every word he ever wrote, which he himself expresses in the words, 'My sun sets to rise again.' It is needless to say that his faith in immortality is indissolubly bound up with faith in a Personal God of infinite power. As regards our relations to each other, he believes and teaches that men and women are intended to gain in this life a pure and noble union of soul with soul.

> 'If any two creatures grew into one
> They would do more than the world has done;
> Though each apart were never so weak.
> Yet through the world should we vainly seek
> For the sum of knowledge and the might
> Which in such union grew their right.'

In 'Christina' and 'The Last Ride Together,' he teaches us (in the words of another poem) how this life is 'just our chance of the prize of learning love;' its 'true end,' with 'some other soul to mingle.' If this end is missed, as in 'Dis Aliter Visum,' 'Youth and Art,' 'Too late,' life is incomplete to the end. And if the union fails in nobleness, that is if one soul is unworthy of the love bestowed, the other soul fails of all the great things it might have accomplished, as in 'Andrea del Sarto,' or is utterly ruined, as in 'The Worst of it.' Browning's ideal of this 'prize of learning love' is the love of a true-hearted husband for a 'perfect wife,' who purifies, exalts, and guides him, as in 'By the Fireside,' 'One Word More,' the dedication of the 'Ring and the Book' (a 'Lyric Love'), the lyrics in 'Ferishtah's Fancies;' this love begun in time is to be continued (as in 'Any Wife to any Husband'), or completed (as in 'Evelyn Hope') in eternity. Such a love is the highest development —*save one*—that humanity is capable of, and of this higher development it is at once the foreshadowing and the symbol, as in the closing lines to a 'Death in the Desert' ('Groom for each Bride'), and I think also in some of the lyrics in 'Ferishtah,' where the thoughts on human love seem expressive and explanatory of something beyond it.

The teaching of human immortality, Divine Power and human love is, however, incomplete without teaching on Divine Love and its manifestation. So far it is like an arch without a keystone. But we are not left without a keystone. What supplies it? The clearest teaching on the Manifestation of Divine Love that any poet has ever given. Canon Furse has called Browning 'the poet of the Incarnation.' This truth of truths has indeed been

enforced and upheld by few with such absolute conviction, with such clear refutation of all arguments brought against it. In 'A Death in the Desert' and 'Saul,' he teaches that it is the highest truth revealed to man; in the Epilogue to 'Dramatis Personæ,' that it is the highest point the human race can reach. In the 'Sun,' in 'Ferishtah,' and in the Pope's Soliloquy in the 'Ring and the Book,' he proves that it is the only perfect revelation of the Divine nature to Man. In 'Sordello' and in 'Saul' he shows that it alone can satisfy the human soul. Few human words can be spoken of it with deeper meaning than those lines at the end of 'Karshish.' In 'Christmas Eve' and 'A Death in the Desert' he refutes all arguments against it. But we owe to Browning not only true and noble teaching on Immortality—human life—and the manifestation of Divine Love. Besides truths 'forgotten and misdelivered,' he is full of original suggestions on various problems, which he endeavours to solve by his doctrines of the *probation of life*, the *progressive perfection* of man, and the *uses of evil*. These groups of teaching really, I think, spring from one source—his belief that human life is a period of probation and education for eternity.

Since life is a probation it must needs be that there are difficulties in making and cleaving to the right choice. Take Faith in religion, for instance—the most momentous choice. It is of its very essence that it shall not be perfectly proved. 'You must mix some uncertainty with Faith, if you would have Faith *be*.' Difficulties of belief are to Mr. Browning rather an argument *for* than *against* the truth of a revelation, as we see in 'A Death in the Desert,' 'Easter Day,' 'Fears and Scruples,' and 'Bishop Blougram.'

Since man is immortal, his 'reach must exceed his grasp' in the world, 'or what's a heaven for?'—that is, he is not to rest in an achievement limited by this life, which affords him too narrow a scope to do more than *try* his powers in. He is placed here to test his worth, which is to be perfected in another life. Through trial of his faculties, through struggle, and through failure, he is to learn to aspire to this future and higher life. Therefore the failure of such as Paracelsus, Aprile, Sordello, Luria the Patriot, the Grammarian is no cause for despair, but rather for hope and triumph in that their powers transcended the narrow limits of time to secure full scope and achievement in eternity. On the other hand, those who, like 'Andrea del Sarto' and the hero of 'Dis Aliter Visum,' prefer the low and limited success of this world, must forego the prize they might have aspired to in the next. Mr. Browning has a solemn warning for two classes: those who 'have their reward' here, and those of the 'unlit lamp and the ungirt loins,' who are too cowardly and too indolent to run any risk in pursuit of their aim. It is just in this quality of aspiration and progression that lies the glory of Christian art: it strives towards Infinity, therefore it is incomplete; whereas Pagan art, though perfect, is finite.

Mr. Browning's teaching on the problem of the existence of evil is closely connected with these two lines of thought. He holds that evil is necessary for the discernment and development of God. Since life is a probation, and we are placed here to try whether we will discern and cling to what is highest, bad must needs exist, or where is the choice afforded to a free will? It is 'by means of evil' that a soul is to see that 'God is best.' As man is to rise from one level to another through struggles to perfection; sorrow, suffering, and temptation must exist to purify, strengthen, and perfect him. 'When pain ends gain ends too.' Only through pain unspeakable is the perfection of such a character as Pompilia attained. Evil is then as it were the reverse side of good. 'Silence implying sound,' the shade without which the light could not be discerned.

This is the most inadequate sketch of what seems to me the main points of Browning's teaching. A just estimation of its value demands far more knowledge than I possess, and more power of thought than I am capable of. May one not say emphatically of it that it is 'profitable'—'*having promise*,' *not*

only 'of the life that now is,' but also 'of that which is to come.' How many of our teachers have thrown a light at once so clear, so elevating, and so comforting on 'the life that now is?' From which of them have we obtained so full a promise of 'that which is to come?'—receiving no promise at all in some cases, but a sorrowful recommendation to do our best to make shift without it (or at the most a vague and fragmentary hypothesis). And those who, true to man's highest instincts, *have* spent their lives in maintaining this promise—their teaching *expands* indeed, but hardly *adds* to the teaching of Robert Browning. There is one we have lately lost who might have been called the Preacher of the supreme Truth, of which Browning was the poet—the great Canon of St. Pauls. Independent of each other as their influence was, their teaching was in this respect the same, their arguments identical; and in 'A Death in the Desert,' 'Saul,' 'Karshish,' and 'Christmas Eve,' we find the thoughts and arguments of the great preacher condensed. But this is a digression. I only mention it because it is an interesting proof of the lofty Christian character of Browning's philosophic teaching, and vindicates his claim to another title I have heard bestowed on him, 'the greatest Christian Philosopher of our day.' MICHAL.

Chelsea China has received four papers on Novels as Works of Art, which she believes were unduly delayed last month. *Blackbird* and *Marigold* consider the Art injured by a definite object. *Vera* votes on the other side. *Marcia* sends across the sea a paper which pretty well embodies the ideas expressed in other novels by Chelsea China last month. But Richardson's novels have had a much longer time to die than Sir Walter's, and their 'object' was suited to another age than ours. Chelsea China would like to refer her readers to Rossetti's beautiful 'Hand and Soul,' first published in the Germ, and now included in his complete works, a paper on which appeared in vol. 9 of the 'Monthly Packet,' Third Series. It contains a wonderful sermon on the duty of an artist to his art. *Muffin Man* has sent a striking paper by Mr. Coventry Patmore, cut from the Anti-Jacobin, which, arguing for the morality of art, may be taken as a good vote in favour of using art to enforce morals.

Spermologos's answer to *Post* is given, also *Undine*.

Undine. 'Story of a Thief.'

1. Definite moral aim. Events in Thief's life selected so as to show the evil of theft. Final Ruin.

2. Definite *immoral* aim. Events in Thief's life selected to show what jolly times he had, and how rich he became.

3. Realistic study of Thief, 'nothing extenuated and nought set down in malice.'

Why should not all three be works of art. If No. 3. is written by a thief it will have an immoral *tone* and *result*, if by an honest man a moral one, though it has not a definite moral or immoral object.

Can there be a Work of Art without a design underlying it? And that design *must* be good or bad—neutrality is not possible. It is quite true that there are some compositions which are emanations of pure *gaieté de cœur*, outbreaks of drollery, like Pickwick or Harry Lorrequer, but surely no one could call these works of art compared with 'Oliver Twist' or 'Nicholas Nickleby,' which both had a decided purpose.

And are vague stories without 'moral' half so amusing as those with some soul or spirit in them to give them life? Do they not soon weary?

When *Post* complains of disquisitions on religion or politics in a novel, it is true that these injure it as an artistic performance, just as a statue would be spoilt if the anatomical construction of the limbs were obtruded. The true literary work of art should leave a strong effect on the mind as a whole, not by lectures introduced, but in point of fact; its right aim is the development of character and the consequence of certain lines of conduct rather than to deliver actual lessons in discourses. SPERMOLOGOS.

Happiness, Chelsea China regrets to say, is altogether squeezed out. *Esmeralda* and *Felicitas's* papers received with thanks.

Felicitas sends also interesting paper on Amusements.

Kitto's paper on having amusements *with* working girls rather than *for* them, delights Chelsea China's heart. But ah, 'when we were young, ah, woeful when?' What are those to do to whom Philanthropy if not Life, 'would be tolerable *but* for its amusements?' *Kitto* and her girls will be happier all their lives long for the love and the pleasure they share together. It takes a great deal of moral influence to make up for youth in common when a school treat was a joy.

QUESTION FOR APRIL.

As every one has agreed that Robert Browning is the greatest *Teacher* of our day, here is a more disputable point. Is he the greatest *Poet?*

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, marked 'Debatable Ground' *outside*, before April 30th.

SECOND SHELF.

EGG-SHELL CHINA,

OR

THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.

A letter from an elder sister in charge of motherless children to a clever young daily governess, who teaches them well, but is untidy and talks slang. N.B.—She does not want to part with the governess.

It will be granted that the first quality necessary in treading on egg shells is a light foot. The *tact* necessary in this complication would surely be shown by touching lightly on what were not moral faults, and also, in a letter from one young lady to another, by carefully avoiding any assumption of superiority or appearance of preaching. Many of the letters are far too 'high-falutin' for the occasion. If that is slang, Chelsea China can only say with her correspondents that it is catching (she has studied some modern specimens with great interest!). Many are far too much *de haut en bas*, possibly suitable from a mother, but intolerable from a sister-in-charge. Chelsea China is sure that in real life no young lady *could* have signed herself to another, 'Your true and sincere friend, and (hoping to remain so).' What *would* be the effect on the governess! Some are too flattering, some too timid, some read like a sermon on the evils of slang and untidiness. Many are in tone all they should be, and of these Chelsea China has selected *Mary Carmichael's* as, on the whole, the one she would rather have received herself, under the circumstances, giving a word of praise to a *A Bee*, *Ethel Ball*, and *Frances Drake*. *Geraldine Glasgon's* is an admirable letter, but hardly that of a girl. Eighty-nine letters received.

The Firs, Charminster, Feb. 23.

DEAR MISS ARMSTRONG,—

As we both have the same responsibility on our shoulders—the moral and mental charge of those small sisters of mine—and are neither of us very aged or widely experienced, it is far better that we should be coadjutors than rival powers, so I am taking counsel with you on one or two matters that you will very likely prefer thinking over quietly by yourself.

I must tell you how pleased my father is with the way that Christie and

Floss have got on lately. They both look intelligently on life nowadays, and do not consider the schoolroom as a sort of domestic chamber of horrors. Even Rex has mastered his declensions with amazing celerity for him. This is due to your influence, and we are grateful to you for it. But have you noticed that the girls are less orderly and particular in some ways, and Christie's phraseology is apt to savour of terms more forcible than elegant. I am sure you will be willing to help me on these two points, and forgive me for suggesting that a personal latitude in such matters, permissible among one's contemporaries in circles where one is known, may be less harmless, when seen in those in authority by others whose instinct is to imitate, and in doing so, to exaggerate any idiosyncrasy they may observe in those whom they regard with admiration and respect.

I hope that your cold is better. Do not scruple to stay over the fire with it if you feel inclined, and I will send you a consignment of literature. Mudie's box came down this evening.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

MARY CARMICHAEL.

Chelsea China thinks it is easier to solve than to invent the complications. She offers for the fourth—

Young governess offering herself for a situation in answer to an advertisement, stating her qualifications, and making such stipulations as to her own privileges as she thinks necessary.

Paper Knife gives as advice to Egg-shell readers: 'Don't hesitate; don't shuffle; don't give way; only use essential and relevant facts, and those with absolute accuracy.' It would greatly assist Chelsea China's work if her correspondents *did* keep the same *nom de plume* all through. It is impossible to print anything like a class list of the letters, and even to acknowledge all those received will be difficult. Perhaps each writer of the fourth letter will mark on it how many she has written before.

Chelsea China has been put into great difficulty by the despatch from the Publishers of the January parcel of letters a day before the date advertised. She has examined all the belated letters. *Eva Vickers* still holds her own; but *Eliz. Home, Edith Moore, M. E. T.*, and a *Spectre* run her very close. The *Three W's* will be found credited with their answers. The mistake will not occur again; but letters must be in Bedford Street *before* the last of the month.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

1. It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass (alas). James V. of Scotland.

2. In Kingsley's 'Two Years Ago.' Major Campbell picked it for Lucia when her husband refused.

3. The hero of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem 'Love.'

> 'Oft in my waking dreams do I
> Live o'er again that happy hour,
> When *midway on the mount I lay,*
> *Beside the ruined tower.*'

4. Catherine Morland in Northanger Abbey.

5. Prince Arthur, 'The Faery Queene,' Book II., Canto 10.

6. *Ereenia*—The Glendower, Southey's 'Curse of Kehama.' *Roswal*—Sir Kenneth's dog in 'The Talisman.' *Godfrey Cass*—Silas Marner. *Flapsey*—Mrs. Barbauld's Robins. *Mrs. Baiseyes*, 'Pilgrim's Progress.' *Katie Willows*—Tennyson's 'Brook.'

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

L. N. V., 3; *N'Oublie*, 1; *Kate Anstey*, 2; *Hiawatha*, 2; *Black Rabbit*, 3; *Unsigned*, 1; *Rule of Three*, 2; *Cedar*, 3; *Proud Maisie*, 2; *Iceland*, 2; *Innisfail*, 2; *Rex*, 2; *Magdalen Millard*, 1; *White Cat*, 1; *Theodora*, 2; *Three Rocks*, 1; *Wedgewood*, 1; *M. R. Awdrey*, 2; *Nemo*, 1; *McHalliday*, 3; *A. C. Shipton*, 2.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST FOR JANUARY.

Rex, 4; *Ahmed Abdallah*, 3; *Iceland*, 3; *M. M. Rich*, 5; *Rule of Three*, 5; *E. A. Clarke*, 3; *Mr. Halliday*, 4; *White Cat*, 1; *A. E. Auckland*, 3; *Lina Ross*, 3; *Edina*, 5; *Bassetlaw*, 3; *Stanzerl*, 3 (*only* correct answer to 6); *Hiawatha*, 2; *Narcissus*, 2.

Chelsea China has credited no one with the composite question unless *all* the names were given correctly.

Browning's 'Fireside' is a good answer for 3. Several puns quite as good as Chelsea China's.

QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

1. Who had eyes like pomander balls?
2. What town was conspicuous for the absence of a weathercock?
3. Who rode on horseback 'on principle?'
4. Whose foot was too light to crush a hair-bell?
5. Who said one salmon was worth a hundred frogs?
6. Who forgot the cucumber?

The Search questions are taken from anywhere, and may be about anything.

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters from *Muffin Man*, *Three Rocks*, *la Bigoterie*, and *Moonraker*, besides remarks enclosed in other letters, have been received in answer to *Bird of Ages*, but as they all agree pretty well with Chelsea China's principles as given last number, she thinks they would fill up too much space.

The question started by *Peter Piper* might form the subject of a future debate.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

Is it legitimate to enter a protest, in which I am sure many readers of the 'Packet' will concur, against what seems to be the position of the ingenious author of a paper in the February number, entitled 'A Little Further On'?

Having no experience of country towns and country parishes, I am not prepared to deny that in them there may be here and there some tendency to overdo the desire to make Church services popular at the expense of reverence, and to lay more stress on mere amusement than on spiritual guidance. No movement of any force, spiritual, intellectual, or philanthropic, has ever been free from votaries who plunge into extravagances. But the effect of such a paper as the one I refer to, is to cast ridicule on the whole attempt to recognise that dreariness is not piety, nor long prayers religion; that human nature, if it is to attain its true development, must be given a certain amount of free play; and that if the Church will not lend its organisation to help the exuberant vitality of youth to find legitimate and healthy outlets,

that vitality will find its own outlets very much to the general detriment. To the dweller in cities, it seems a painful mockery to talk of overdoing the provision of amusements. If twenty times the money and twenty times the labour now given were spent merely on teaching young people in our great London parishes what enjoyment really means, there could be no waste in it.

PETER PIPER.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Would any one kindly supply the second verse of Hymn 538, 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' which is omitted; and I am told that it contains the key-note of the hymn.

Authors requested—

'O foolish one and blind!
Canst thou not see
This *waiting* is the work
God sends to thee?
Stoop, kneel, take up the task,
His wish fulfil;
Thou would'st give God thy *work*,
He craves thy *will!*'

Also of

'Be the day never so long,
At last cometh evensong.'

C. KATE PETER.

It is Skelton's Epitaph, as the 'Monthly Packet' has many times answered.—ED.

Azile.—I wish to know of a good short history of the Merovingian dynasty. There is an excellent one in French, Thierry's 'Rois Merovingiens.'—ED.

APPEALS.

Help is earnestly asked to purchase a piano for a large Home for Factory Girls, in a very poor South-East London district. Contributions will be most gratefully received by Miss A. Newmarch, 3, Dent's Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W., or by the Sister in Charge, 49, Nelson Square, Blackfriars, S.E.

The Coppice, Henley-on-Thames.

Miss Phillimore ventures to recommend to the notice of the thoughtful readers of the 'Monthly Packet' the work of the S. Mary's Training Home for young girls at Notting Hill, as described in the leaflet issued in this number of the magazine, and to ask from all those who from childhood upwards have been nurtured in the safe security of their homes, to send a Postal note for 1*s.* towards maintaining an institution which supplies a share of this same blessing to young girls who, homeless and houseless, are 'set in the midst of many and great dangers.'

QUOTATION FROM LETTER OF DRESDEN MUSICAL STUDENT.

'Student life is very hard work—a blessed life, but a life of difficult blessedness, as George Eliot would say; but it is a merry life too, and everybody is full of purpose and enthusiasm about something.'

ODDS AND ENDS.

Chelsea China would like to call attention to a most interesting article on Women Students in London, in the March *G. F. S. Advertiser*. Also the advice given in Atalanta's Brown Owl to girls, who think education ends at eighteen, is excellent, if any such still exist in these enlightened days.

ORIENTAL CHINA.

THE TEA-CUP.

To touch her lips, in far Japan,
The dainty cup they mould and plan,
The golden dragon-coil they trace,
And quaint-hued flowerets interlace;
Fierce wars, sweet loves in tiniest span!

Then, borne by Eastern caravan,
And onwards o'er the waters wan
They speed the cup to win the grace
To touch her lips.

Yet toil that in the East began,
And utmost craft of skilful man,
And wandering far to see her face,
May nothing serve *their* evil case
Unworthy deemed, do all they can
To touch her lips.

Pellegrino to Pellegrina.

M.

DAILY PLEASURES.

Bright on the surface of the hidden flood,
Th' eternal joy that GOD pours forth for man;
Sparkle the myriad forms of common good,
Gladd'ning each pilgrim through his earthly span.

"SPES."

BOOK NOTICES.

Short Readings from the Gospel of St. Matthew and from the Acts of the Apostles, by C. M. and *S. T. M.* (Wells Gardner). These little books contain a carefully arranged commentary on the words of Scripture. They are intended for household reading, and would form most suitable presents for a lady to give to superior and thoughtful friends among the working classes, by some of whom they have been much valued. Their tone is thoroughly reverent, and they contain much valuable information. We conclude that most of our readers know Professor Drummond's two beautiful little books, *The Greatest Thing in the World*, and *Pax Vobiscum* (Hodder and Stoughton). They have a peculiar charm of style, and of illustration, and to praise the matter of them would be almost an impertinence. A very useful little *Catechism on the Book of Common Prayer*, by *E. S. B. Sydney* (Simpkin and Marshall), has been sent to us for notice.

Miss Wordsworth's *St. Christopher and other Poems* (Longman) has some beautiful pieces. She departs from the ordinary legend of St. Christopher a little for poetical purposes. Her final dramatic outline, called 'The King's Father,' is a true picture of that noble specimen of patience, the son of Louis XV. And we old people highly agree with the clever verses 'Madame Etiquette.'

THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

MAY, 1891.

LILIAN AND LILI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' 'A CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION,' ETC.

CHAPTER X.

IT was not without much anxious consideration that Miss Bruce had invited Lili to Rescar. She had known there would be disappointments and difficulties, and believed herself thoroughly prepared for them, but what she had not foreseen was that these would be of a different order to anything she had imagined. Lili was a creature altogether outside of her experience, intriguing, but ready at any time to explain her little plots, with a comical expectation that their cleverness must win admiration; selfish, yet affectionate; apparently submissive, yet a tyrant; taking an ell whenever an inch was given; partly a Bruce, partly something else unknown to Lilian; something which came from other forefathers and circumstances such as Lilian guessed nothing of; and above all, showing a watchful jealousy which resented any interest or sign of affection shown to any one but herself by Lilian. This was a difficulty which did not immediately make itself felt, but which grew rapidly, and was likely to prove formidable. It was on Pearl Egerton that this jealousy centred, for not only did Lili mark and grudge every look and word of tenderness bestowed on her by Miss Bruce, but she viewed her as an aspirant to Rescar, and took her air of being at home there, and the little services which from old habit she rendered Lilian, as so many

affronts to herself. She made Rescar so unpleasant to Pearl that only strong affection for Lilian could have made her continue her visits there, and this was particularly hard at a time when Pearl was more unhappy than she had ever been in her life.

It was not Pearl only, however, who excited Lili's jealousy; she disliked Mitchell, the cat, nearly if not quite as much. Although, after her feat of shutting him up in the blue room, she could not persuade anybody that she was afraid of him; she really had an aversion to his kind, and felt some genuine discomfort when he was near, and it must be allowed that Mitchell was wanting in tact. He could no more understand that he was not wanted than could Lili herself, would jump on the chair she was intending to sit down on, curl himself on the mantle which, after her usual untidy habit, she had flung on a sofa instead of putting away, and had even considered her hat as meant for him to sit in, and Lilian never could be made to see how bad such conduct was. She even seemed to think it a proof of Mitchell's cleverness. Lili's persistent aversion to the cat, and tenacity in urging that he should be banished, made Miss Bruce more uncomfortable than she liked to admit.

'My dear Lili,' she would say, 'I owe a debt of gratitude to Mitchell; he was a kitten when my illness began, and the first thing that amused me was his pranks; besides, he belongs to Milly, and I must not treat him badly in her absence. You know you are not really afraid of him—remember the blue room!'

'But it is to please me—your little Lili!'

Even this did not induce Lilian to banish her favourite, nor did more than one fit of sulks. It vexed her that Lili should be so pertinacious, and she would not give way. Lili made it a kind of trial of strength, and was proportionately annoyed at her failure. When in good humour she was so alert and bright that her presence was a real pleasure to Miss Bruce, but she was not by any means always so. There was not enough to occupy her in the well regulated household at Rescar, and Miss Bruce was sometimes at her wits end to find her something to do. She would not read, professing to think stories a waste of time, and declining more solid books as dull, and when Lilian tried to arrange for her going into society, the attempt failed. There were friends of the Bruce family who invited her, and would have chaperoned her, but she declared that English parties bored

her insufferably; everything was so fatiguing, so stiff, so ponderous; she would rather stay at home, and Lilian, with recollections of having as a girl felt something of the same, could well imagine that her visitor, with no English interests, no knowledge of the people whom she met, must find afternoon tea-parties or even lawn-tennis a tedious way of spending the time. She was constrained, defiant, aggressive, and her foreign air prejudiced the neighbourhood against her. She was not of them, and what was more, did not wish to be of them, and showed it plainly. If Lilian could have taken her out herself, things might have gone better; as it was, Miss Lili Bruce was not a success.

'I know I do not fulfil your hopes, Ma-belle,' she would say, with one of her translations of a French idiom, 'but what would you have? I am not of the same flour as these people, and I am sure they would not gain on acquaintance. I would rather stay in this dear room with my Ma-belle. I have fallen in love with you, I think.'

It was impossible for Lilian not to respond to the girl's caressing affection, which of its kind was perfectly sincere, but on the other hand to let her spend the day in chattering and trimming hats or altering her frocks was impossible. Lilian cast about for employment for her, and suggested her helping to train the village choir, telling her how formerly she had done so herself. Lili agreed, and went over, but returned quite clear that it was her duty not to do so again.

'Imagine, my cousin, how I felt,' she said, opening her brown eyes, as she had a way of doing when she wanted to be impressive. 'I go to the schoolhouse as you bid me, where are the boys and girls.' Rescar had a mixed choir of village children—'and the young *vicaire*, the one who looks all skin and grief, that is newly come; not the curé, but that young man, and he did not know what to say to me, nor I to him, but I staid to please you, Ma-belle, and sang, only you will not ask me to do it again, for it fatigues my voice.'

'There was some mistake; I thought Mr. Grey would be there,' said Lilian, vexed at the blunder, and feeling the disadvantage of not being able to go about and see to things herself. 'It will not happen again.'

'No, I shall not go any more; I must not spoil my voice. It may be so important to me later to have a voice,' said Lili. 'It is not as if I should always have this home, is it?'

She waited to see what came of this leading question, but Miss Bruce was not clear enough as to the future to reply to it.

'Well, I must find something else for you to do, then. Would you like to take a packet of tea to a dear old woman who lives in a cottage at the back of the garden? I want you to know some of our old Rescar folks.'

'Oh, I will do that; it is what you call playing the Bountiful Lady, is it not? I know it is right for Châtelaines in England to do so. I read that in a book.'

Lili set off accordingly, though, as she remarked to herself, 'there was a wind to blow the horns off an ox;' but she was much less afraid of weather than she had been on her first arrival. She arranged a little speech to fit the part she supposed herself playing, and wondered whether she should be able to follow the talk of the old dame; quick as she was in picking up scraps of information, languages seemed to offer insuperable difficulties to her. She spoke English just as imperfectly after nearly three weeks spent entirely among people who talked nothing else as she did on her first arrival, and need not have been in the least afraid of losing her foreign idiom and accent. She knew her way about the immediate neighbourhood of Rescar by this time, and easily found her way to the low, bare cottage, built of grey stone and crouching as it were in a slight hollow of the ground, standing on the turf, without yard or garden. Gardens were almost unknown in this part of the world around a cottage. Lili stood in the doorway, looking at the little old woman, knitting as she watched a pot on the hearth. She looked up and recognised her visitor.

'Bless thee, lass, come in,' said she. 'It's the Captain's daughter! Come in, I say, and sit down; I'll just take t'milk off fire'—suiting the action to the word. 'If a leave it't will be bishopped, and then a canna stomach it. An' hoo's Miss Bruce? An a were na so withered with rheumatics a'd go and see her, a would!'

Lili presented the tea, having followed but little of this speech; she laid up the word 'bishopped' in her mind as one which required explanation. The old dame looked at her wistfully; she too, recollected Algernon Bruce, with the mingled disapproval and admiration which seemed his lot to awaken.

'Yo do na favour your faither,' she said, 'for he were a fine mon!'

As far as Lili could understand, this was not complimentary

to herself. She looked round the bare room, with its flagged floor, and tried to think what a 'châtelaine' would have said next. The sight of a shelf of books suggested to her to ask if Widow Aymer liked reading.

'A've read more than you, I expect,' said the old dame, rather affronted. 'A canna read mich now-a-days, but I've a vast o' thoughts in myself and a've done more than most folks, for a've read "Paradise Lost" ovver and ovver again; a can say a good bit o't by 'art; as long as my 'usband lived a used to go out o' nights to meet him comin' 'ome, and larn a bit as a went along. There's na more walkin' for me now; I'm nowt but a lame ould body. Two nights sin' a fell backwards into t' coal-skep, juist as t'clock gone eight, and when it struck ten I war there yet. My 'art failed me, it did, but I thowt o' Ercles in t'ould time, and cheered oop, and by the blessin' of Providence I got out at long and at last. A'm sorry for Adam, poor mon,' she added, returning to 'Paradise Lost,' ''e 'd a' been a better sort o' mon if 'e'd a' 'ad different sort on a wife.'

She looked at Lili for her opinion, but 'Paradise Lost' was as unfamiliar to her as Hercules under this north country disguise, and she was silent.

'Yo've lived out o' England?' said the old woman, gazing at her with scrutinizing eyes. 'That's plain to see.'

'But I like Rescar,' said Lili, eagerly.

'Eh! so I should think. Yo may go far and wide and nivver find another place like Rescar. And nivver a lad to be heir to it! If yo was only a lad now instead of a lass! But 'tis not your fau't, no, no. No but a lass!' She shook her head over Lili's shortcomings.

'A lass has it now,' said Lili, gathering the sense of what had been said.

'More's the pity. Whatever good's a wench to own property? Though a've nowt to say against Miss Bruce, 'cept that she *is* a wench.'

Lili reported this speech when she got back; she did not think Widow Aymer was a proper person to have tea, if she would speak so, and she could not understand Lilian's assurance that, for a Rescar woman, the old dame had given her warm praise.

On the whole it did not answer to find occupations for Lili; she accepted all proposals readily, but she did not follow them up. Those she found for herself, on the other hand, did not

always suit Miss Bruce. There was so little that Lilian could do that she prized every occupation possible to her, and knew that even a little extra fatigue was better for her than to have nothing to do. This Lili could not understand, and she was always on the watch to prevent her from tiring herself, with anxious solicitude.

'You will let me do the flowers for you,' she said, one day when Lilian was very busy, and set to work on the trayful which the head gardener had sent up from the hothouses.

Lilian never refused an offer of help from her which she could possibly accept, and, absorbed in her letters, did not notice what she was doing until her attention was called to the completed work. All the vases were filled with stiff little crowded bunches of flowers, their stalks cut short and as many as possible put in each vase.

Lilian loved flowers and loved arranging them; she could hardly suppress an exclamation of dismay.

'Don't you like them?' Lili asked, much disappointed. 'I thought you would be so pleased.'

Lilian had not the heart to criticise; she thought that next time she would give a lesson on how to arrange flowers, and that Lili would learn. But Lili could not learn; her nosegays were always such a grievance to Miss Bruce's eyes that it cost her quite a strong effort of self-denial to let the girl continue to make them, and not to take them all to pieces again. She did not, because Lili honestly believed that she was helping her very much and was happy over it.

The attempt to turn her into something of a secretary was more successful, and this office she thoroughly liked; she felt as if she were taking Pearl Egerton's place and was doing it well. It was true that she could only copy, as there was no prophesying what extraordinary phrase or outlandish word she might not use, if left to herself; when at a loss, her plan seemed to be to look in a dictionary and take the most remarkable word she could find under the head of what she required.

'My dear child, what induced you to use "advocation" instead of "plea"? I never heard the word,' Lilian exclaimed, looking over a letter which she had entrusted to her.

'It is a dictionary word, and I thought plea must be wrong, it sounded too simple,' Lili replied, and proceeded to write. 'My cousin has much dolor in her head to-day,' which produced another remonstrance. She re-wrote her page without a murmur,

quite willing to be corrected and desirous to learn, with a humility which rather surprised Miss Bruce, in contrast to her usual temper of mind, but she volunteered a partial explanation.

'It may be very useful to me some day to know how to write English well. There never is any telling what may happen.'

Lilian wondered whether the girl guessed that Rescar might come to her; it was not an unnatural idea. But Lili was not just then thinking of Rescar.

'Will you teach me how to write business letters?' she continued. 'Suppose I wanted to say I could let some one have an apartment and on what floor, would it be like this?'

'You mean if you wanted to take one, I suppose?'

But Lili meant nothing of the sort. She was prepared to marry Chris, but if nothing came of it, and matters seemed to her advancing very slowly, after all her fate might be to return to Dieppe. This thought oddly underlay her devotion to Lilian and her ambitious visions of a future in Rescar. For the moment she had got into a new region where the forces which had formerly influenced her almost ceased to operate, but it was quite possible that they might one day reassert their power. They did so in some degree whenever she received a letter from Petite, with news of the pension and of acquaintances. Petite was a good letter-writer, and when Lili handed the packet over to Miss Bruce, as she often did, Lilian was struck with the honest, innocent tone of these communications. She got a very fair notion of what her young cousin's life must be, and she also came to the conclusion that Abeille had taken less harm from it than Lili. She hoped that her invitation would be accepted and that the younger sister would come and make friends with her.

But Petite did not choose to come. She was pleased by the kind tone of the invitation, and she accepted the money which Lilian desired to make over to her, feeling that she had a certain right to it, and that it would be silly to refuse, but she would not go to England, where her mother had been badly treated, nor to Rescar, which ought to have been her father's. Lili's critical nature made her feel Captain Bruce's short-comings too keenly not to own that he had deserved to forfeit his inheritance, although she had been fond of him; but to Petite no such cool analysis was possible where she loved. Her father was her father, and that was enough for her; she had loved him even more than she did her mother, and resented his wrongs in proportion.

And then there was M. Charles! He was so unhappy, and there was nobody to comfort him but herself, who knew all about that distant, respectful admiration for Lili which he had cherished ever since he first saw her, and which Lili now encouraged, now rebuffed, and now was very unlikely ever to listen to favourably —even if Charles could induce his father to consent to the marriage, which was doubtful. Lili had not made a favourable impression on the former when she and Petite and Madame Lobineau spent a day at the Clos-Pommiers a year before . . . she had held up her head and her skirt, and taken no interest in the cattle or the apples, or the butter, all of which had delighted Petite; the sunflowers and the lilies in the garden had not won a word of admiration from her; she had not known lavender from sage, nor cared to walk in the path sheltered by thick hornbeam hedges, where the nightingales built, and where Charles detained Petite to pour his confidences into her kind ear. Madame Alain, the mother, was a sad, gentle, pious woman, with a daughter like herself, both troubled in mind, because their son and brother had given up the priesthood for a secular life. They owned the necessity of it when his elder brother died, but still it troubled them greatly, though they kept their thoughts to themselves, or only whispered them to one another. Marie-Jeanne, the daughter, secretly proposed to atone for this defection by entering a convent, but she had not yet ventured to suggest the plan to her father, who was not pious, and jeered at the 'superstitions' of his wife and daughter, though he looked another way when they hung up a medal blessed at Lourdes in the orchard, to ensure a good crop, owning to himself that it might be wise . . . it could do no harm, and might do good, for aught he knew. He mocked too at his son's downcast eyes and soft step, and covered him with confusion by calling the girls' attention to them, but for all that the father and son were good friends and understood one another, though the farmer was rough, cordial, calculating and shrewd, and Charles had something of his mother's gentleness and candour. Petite always remembered that day as an epoch in her life, while to Lili it seemed a rather disappointing episode. She felt that she could never endure a life with those timid, pious women, who seemed to look on a 'demoiselle from the town,' as an alarming, exotic creature, and she found the farmer insufferable, with his crude outspoken talk, his storms of abuse when any of his people displeased him, and his tone of mastery in his house.

It might all do for Petite, perhaps, but not for her. This had

not always been so clear to her, but since the invitation to Rescar had come, she had felt no doubt on the subject, and told Petite so in private scraps of letters, which did not reach Madame Lobineau, though she regarded her nieces' correspondence as her property, and would not have scrupled to open any letter addressed to one of them. Petite, however, was always on the look-out for the postman, now that Lili was in England, and secured her letters promptly. She would have given her aunt any that only regarded herself, but she did not feel bound to reveal all Lili's affairs to her. She stood reading one just arrived by the first post as M. Charles came to the door with a basket of fruit in his hand. It was very early, but Madame Lobineau had risen as usual hours before, and gone out with Marie the bonne carrying a basket to do her marketing, and now was dusting upstairs in a costume which was hardly less dishabille than the camisole and white cotton nightcap with a tassel, which she wore when she first pushed open her shutters between four and five in the morning. There was a smell of onion soup in the air. Marie was kneading bread, her large red hands plunged in the dough; and Petite had stolen a few minutes for her letter. She looked up with a smiling welcome at the young man, advancing with a certain rustic gravity and honesty in his whole air which suited well with his fresh complexion and provincial accent. Now that Lili was not here he was neither awkward nor shy; Petite and he were fast friends.

'Ah, you have news!' he said, rather wistfully than with eagerness.

'Nothing new. My sister seems happy and satisfied. Our cousin is very good to her; she must be kind and generous; I think I judged her wrongly.'

Petite could not have told herself why she did not tell her friend of Lilian's gift, which made such a difference in her position, but something held her back.

'Your sister will not return to France?'

'I do not know, I wish I could say what you desire!'

Petite spoke so gently and cordially that the young man was touched.

'You are always good to me,' he said. 'You do not think me absurd!'

'Absurd.' Why do you say that?'

'She does. It may be true, but it hurt me to hear it. Some one told me—oh, there are always people to repeat such things

—that she had said if I took pains I might be one day able to keep our flock.' Petite blushed with pain and embarrassment; to look after the flock was the employment reserved for the old who were too feeble to do anything else, or the young, too silly or too inexperienced to be charged with a more responsible office. She could not deny that Lili had said so, but she could try to make the speech less offensive.

'She was annoyed when she said that; she never imagined you would hear of it; Lili says things and forgets them,' she pleaded.

'That may be, but when I heard this, and that she had mimicked my mother, I knew she could never love me, and that I could not bring home a daughter-in-law who did not reverence my good mother. I have grieved her enough already, the dear woman. Sometimes I myself wonder if I have done wrong. . . . but after all, what else could I do? My brother gone, no one but me to work with my father. Only you see I was not sorry, I was glad, more glad than I can tell you. My heart leaped when I smelt the newly turned earth, and heard the cattle lowing, and the pigeons cooing on the roofs—yes, and my father swearing at Margemont for having gone to sleep under a tree and let the sheep get in to the corn. . . . I felt I was at home again, in my right place.'

'Mme. Alain and Marie-Jeanne know that.'

'They know it, but they tremble and fear. Have you heard that Marie-Jeanne is to be a nun? You can guess why.'

'I know she desired it; she told me when we were at your house.'

'Ah, she told you! I am not surprised; you are so kind, so good; every one comes to you in trouble.'

Petite coloured with pleasure; she vaguely perceived that for the first time Charles was thinking of her, not Lili, while they conversed.

'My father was furious for a long while, but at length he consents. It is my mother who will miss Marie-Jeanne.'

'Indeed she will,' said Petite, suddenly perceiving that not only would the hardworking mistress of the Clos-Pommiers miss the companionship of her daughter, but that a great deal of additional work would be thrown on her already full hands. 'What will she do?'

'We have been talking of that. My father says . . . But I will not talk of that to day. You will tell your sister what you

think well, mademoiselle—after all it is best I should have learned her sentiments.'

'I am afraid it is. I do not think she would marry you,' said Petite, faltering at having to deal the blow, but too honest to give hope.

'Sometimes I hoped . . . but as she said, I am a fool,' answered her companion, bitterly. 'I do not hope—no, nor wish, anything now. And the Clos-Pommiers did not please her; I saw that. If she had cared for me at all, she would have tried to please my father, and had a pleasant word for my mother—as you had,' said the young fellow, not at all seeing the bearing of his words, and Petite would have received them, as simply as they were said, had not Lili's half-contemptuous advice to marry M. Charles flashed on her memory, and sent such a sudden, hot wave of colour over her face that he could not but perceive it.

'My aunt is calling me—will you come in?' she said hastily.

'Another day—please offer her these from my mother. Adieu, mademoiselle, no one ever has been so patient and kind to me as you,' said Charles, lifting his hat and retiring. He thought more of that blush as he went away than of Lili.

CHAPTER XI.

IF Lili were provoking, and she certainly was very provoking, there must yet have been something in her which attracted some people inevitably, to the great indignation of those who did not feel it. Sturt had been her champion from the first hour he saw her; Eccles the coachman was for ever lauding her spirit and her seat on horseback, and even her surly old boatman boasted of her fearlessness and the readiness with which she learned to handle an oar. The womankind of the Rescar household flouted them, but this only strengthened their delusion. Lilian too, though often repelled by the girl, felt the odd attraction about her, and could not but be touched by her admiration and affection. It was sweet to be thus loved and looked up to, even though the love brought inconveniences and trials. 'I want to resemble you,' Lili declared so sincerely that she caught something of Miss Bruce's gentleness and grace, and strove with all her might to avoid what was 'common,' as she put it, and gazed at herself in the glass, trying to detect some likeness to Lilian. 'Miss Lili will wear out all the looking-glasses in the

house,' Elizabeth Pease would remark spitefully, but it was rather humility than vanity which made her thus study her reflection, and sigh as she perceived that she had taken after her mother's family only; there was nothing of the Bruces in her face or figure.

That she was a pretty girl, however, there was no doubt, and young Egerton, Pearl's eldest brother, who rode over rather sulkily to call at Rescar with his sister, was so struck with her that Pearl's rather cold assent to his praises of Lili's good looks caused him to exclaim: 'Confound it, Pearl, all you girls are alike; you never have a good word for one another. I tell you she is the prettiest little thing anywhere about, and I like her spirit.'

Pearl's lip curved. She never admired her brother's taste in women, and his praises did not lead her to be more lenient to Lili. She made no answer, but she wondered if Miss Bruce guessed why they had been sent to call at Rescar and to invite Lili to Moulton Hall.

Miss Bruce guessed it easily, and it troubled her. She did not wish the neighbourhood to assume that Lili was to inherit Rescar; complications might arise out of it, yet it was only natural that they should do so.

Lili did not return her visitor's admiration. 'Ah, Ma-belle,' she cried, flying back to Miss Bruce when he was gone, 'How weary I am of that monsieur. I grilled with envy to see him depart. So large, so heavy, nothing to say, no little genteel compliments, only questions, questions, and stared at me as if his eyes would devour me. I even prefer M. Chris to that young man, yes, a thousand times!'

'I am glad you have such good taste,' laughed Miss Bruce, but she saw more in young Egerton's visit than did Lili, alive as the damsel was to a hint of any possible *parti*. Lili forgot all about him directly in arranging papers and memoranda for Miss Bruce. As it was well known that Lilian was wealthy and liberal, it followed as a matter of course that every one who had a church to restore, a wing of a hospital to open, or a charity to pull out of debt appealed to her, and as she had a conscientious desire not only to do good, but to do as little harm as possible with her gifts, she found herself obliged to sift and weigh the claims made on her, and burdened with an amount of correspondence which occupied both herself and Miss Miller fully. Lili slipped into the post of secretary and took great pains to fill it, but she was provokingly jealous if Pearl chanced to come while she was absent, and lent a helping hand. She would refuse

to ride or boat, and stay at home all day if she thought there was any chance of a call from Pearl, and was deaf to either remonstrance or reproof.

It interested her much to learn what Lilian did with her money, and she was very curious as to the amount of her income, and rather vexed that she made so little show with it.

'If I were you, my cousin, I would do some great thing,' she would say. 'No one knows how many good things you do and they hardly thank you. If I did charitable works, I would have a hospital or an orphanage of my own, here at Rescar.'

'But I do not want anything of my own, dear, there are so many good works which already exist and want help. It would be different if I could think of something new, really wanted.'

'Oh, but it is so dull to help in other people's things,' said Lili, unconsciously expressing a very general feeling. 'Now I will ticket these papers.'

One inconvenient result of Lili's assuming the post of secretary was that she considered she had acquired a right to hear all about Lilian's affairs, and to be present when Chris came on business. She was quite willing to sit silent and did not interfere, but Lilian was aware that her presence disconcerted Chris, and that he was wishing her away all the time, and she now suggested that when Chris presently arrived, she should go for a ride or a row. Lili opened her eyes. 'But I like to hear what you are saying.'

'Yes, but a third person rather puts Chris out.'

'Does Miss Miller go away when Mr. Chris comes?'

'No, but that is another thing, dear.'

'I do not see it, but of course it must be as you please. I am only a stranger.'

Miss Bruce resisted the temptation to kiss the quivering lips and deny the assertion; she had to consider Chris as well as Lili. 'I think Chris is a little afraid of you,' she said, with a smile.

'Ah, that is *bête!*' Lili answered, but she brightened up. 'Yes I believe that is so, Ma-belle, but he must surmount that, must he not? Still, I am glad he is discreet, I have no need to be embarrassed when we are together.'

'None at all,' said Lilian, amused.

'English ways are so unlike French ones,' Lili added, rather plaintively. 'Everything would have been settled directly in France, and I have been here a whole month and things are hardly more advanced than at first.'

She could not approve of the leisureliness of matrimonial proceedings in England, and was about to astonish Miss Bruce by a direct question when Elizabeth Pease entered, with the formal, 'Can I speak to you, ma'am?' which Lilian had learned to dread of late.

'Yes, certainly, Elizabeth.'

Lili, who always showed marked offence to Elizabeth, gave her an angry glance and walked out of the room, and the housemaid stood before her young mistress with a formal respect which boded no good.

'If you please, Miss Bruce, it would be best you should speak to Ruth yourself, since she does not choose to mind me.'

'Does not mind you!' repeated Lilian. That a young underservant should venture to disobey Elizabeth Pease was a state of things which might well astonish her.

'It is as I say, ma'am. As long as I am here and over the girl I shall expect her to do her work, but if I'm to be told that she's not goin' to do this or that, and that Miss Lili wants her and must be served first and foremost, I can't do my duty by the girl nor my work neither.'

Miss Bruce hesitated what to answer, and her silence increased Elizabeth's wrath.

'The girl will be ruined, Miss Bruce, that's all I have to say. When she first came she'd no more adared to sauce me than she would Mrs. Benson, but what with Miss Lili callin' her off her proper work, and now chatterin' to her about all sorts o' things, treatin' her like an equal, and then again, behavin' to her as if she was the dirt under her feet, it's just ruin to her, and I can't sit by and see it.'

'You know I expect her to wait on Miss Lili, Elizabeth.'

'Yes, ma'am, and she's welcome to it for me,' said Elizabeth, with an imperceptible toss of the head 'but there's a time for everything, and if a girl's called from her work all day long—and if you knew the nonsense they two talk together. However, I've spoken now, and you'll do as you think best.'

'Perhaps to find her another place—a girl trained by you will always easily get one.'

'I hope so, ma'am. I'm known to spare no pains on my girls, and mostly they do me credit, as is well known, but I can't answer for Ruth if this goes on.'

She went away the image of severe probity and Lilian reflected uncomfortably. The girl was an orphan; such relations as she had

were likely to do her no good; it was important to keep her at Rescar. Lili came in while she lay thinking and instantly noticed that she did not meet her with her usual smile of welcome.

'That horrid Elizabeth has been worrying!' she said. 'And she has left you between two airs; you will catch cold,' closing the door as she spoke. 'She is an impertinent that woman, she called Ruth away this morning and when I rang she was long in arriving, and had cried because that old horror had been scolding her. Ruth is my maid, and I will not have it.'

'Dear, I am afraid you spoil Ruth. Do you know, I think it will be best for her to find her another place. I am very sorry——'

'Oh, no, Lilian, you could not be so cruel! It would be too bad of you! I know it is that villainous Elizabeth who has put it into your head. She hates Ruth and is jealous of her, and says all sorts of nasty things to you of her and me. I hate Elizabeth. If I were mistress here it is she who should go. It is very hard to send away the only servant I like, the others are all dull, and old, and horrid; every one is old here, I think,' Lili was sobbing by this time. 'You say you want me to be happy and now you are going to send away the person I like best just to please that Elizabeth.'

Lilian's silence exasperated her; she knew that she could make her unhappy, she also believed that she could make her yield, as she had done so often, where only herself was concerned.

'You make me come here and then you treat me as if—as if I were a dependent, when you know, Lilian, that in justness I should be mistress here,' she cried. 'It is only because grandpapa was abominably unjust that you are here instead of me.'

'My dear, we had better leave that question alone; it was settled for us and we must accept things as they are.'

'But no, if you chose you could set it right this moment,' said Lili, and waited the effect of this shot, with eager eyes. Miss Bruce smiled and sighed.

'Don't you think we had better talk of something else?' she said gently; 'I do not think it is very wise, or very desirable to discuss this matter.'

'And you will send away Ruth!' exclaimed Lili, returning with double acrimony to her grievance, because she was keenly disappointed that Miss Bruce seemed so little disposed to follow her lead. 'Then all I can say is you are enormously unkind, and I have a great mind to go back to Dieppe.'

Lilian did not reply. She was conscious that she should not be altogether sorry if the girl carried out her threat, yet she sincerely wished to keep her and give her a further chance. She blamed Dieppe rather unfairly for Lili's faults.

Perhaps Lili was startled by her own words; she certainly was not sorry that at this moment Chris walked in, bringing the second post letters with him, which he had called for at Muston, as he often did. There was one from Petite to Lili, and another for Miss Bruce. Chris sat down and waited while they read them, and thought to himself that something had distressed Lilian; he did not like the pink flush on her cheek nor the faint contraction of her brow. There was an immense fund of tenderness and affection in Chris, under his blunt manner, and Lilian's calm self-control never deceived him, as it was apt to do other people. 'When is Miss Miller coming back?' he asked abruptly.

'I have written to beg she will not hurry—one of her nieces is ill,' answered Lilian, reading on, and Chris gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, and looked at Lili, suspecting her of being at the bottom of the mischief,' as he said to himself. She was evidently much interested in her letter; there was a laugh in her eyes; her recent excitement had given her animation. Chris owned that she was prettier than he had been aware of—improved too—less French, as he put it, but then how could she help improving when she lived with Lilian? She looked up suddenly. 'Petite will not come,' she said, 'and I think—' she stopped and laughed. 'I will read my letter to you by and by, *chérie*.'

'Thank you,' said Lilian, in a puzzled, considering way. 'No; she does not come, but I cannot understand—Chris would you give me that photograph?'

Then Lili's lips parted with a smothered cry. To soften her refusal and show she was not ungrateful, Petite had had her photograph taken again, 'since the other had so ill succeeded,' as she wrote, in English more broken than even Lili's. Miss Bruce put it by the one which Lili had sent her, and Chris looked over her shoulder. 'What can this mean?' she said.

'Why, that they are two different girls,' said Chris, unaware of what the difficulty was.

'Lili, you must explain,' said Miss Bruce, and Lili, seeing there was no choice, began, rather confused but more entertained.

'It is this, my cousin, Petite looks so ill in a photograph; it was not just to her to give you so unfavourable an idea of her;

what would you have thought of us? So I sent you one—not of her. That is all.'

The dead silence that followed startled her. She looked from one to the other, and saw trouble in Lilian's face, contempt in the honest eyes of Chris.

'You English make every bagatelle so big—it is *ennuyeux*—it is *bête*, I think,' said Lili, with angry defiance.

'Had we not better get to our work, Lilian?' said Chris.

Seeing them busy with papers and plans, Lili slipped away. 'Poor little thing!' said Miss Bruce wistfully. 'She has had so little training, but she is so loving and willing that one gets very fond of her.'

'She has got her chance now, if she likes to take it, and I can see she is improving,' said Chris. 'She can't help being half French, poor girl.'

And that was all that either said on the matter, though Lili, furious with anger and mortification, imagined them discussing her instead of leases and repairs, and went downstairs ready to spite or punish anything on which she got the chance to vent her feelings.

As it happened, the victim was Mitchell. All along she had been determined that she would never rest until the cat should be exiled from the morning room. Whenever she could she turned him out; she made it a favour that Lilian should put him off her lap, drove him out of the arm-chair, and in short, made persistent war against him, though she had grown rather fond of the collie, and would take him out walking with her.

Mitchell was quite equal to the occasion; perhaps this persecution made a variety in a too prosperous life, and his calm indifference exasperated Lili exceedingly. Just now he had found her garden hat, thrown carelessly on a table, and being, as his mistress had said, more fur than cat, had managed to curl himself into it. He was uncomfortable, but he had found a new place to sleep in, and one which was not intended for him, and that made up for being cramped. 'Ah, you animal!' cried Lili, ejecting him roughly—'I wish you were in the kingdom of pepper!' And then a sudden thought struck her; she ran and got a round basket which hung in the hall; hustled the cat into it, and tied it down. 'Where shall I send him?' she thought. 'Ah, there is Elizabeth's friend Smith at York—he shall go there.' And she promptly addressed the basket 'Mr. Smith Bookstall, York Station,' put on her hat, and walked out, carrying

it in her hand, and looking out for some one who might be going towards the railway. It was market day, and she presently saw a cart coming along, driven by a boy. 'Stop!' cried she, waving her hand and holding up a florin; 'I want you to take this basket to the station. Please to pay for it, and keep the rest for you.'

The boy looked at her, nodded and drove off with the basket.

'Ough! it was heavy,' said Lili, stretching out a cramped arm. 'That is good.'

She went back to Rescar, which was hardly out of sight. 'It looks dull,' she thought, standing still to look at it, a few minutes later. 'Dieppe was more gay. But I am glad I belong to something which has been here always.'

Lili was not at all imaginative, yet a kind of perception came over her of all that such a house as this included; how brides had come there, and others, daughters of the family, had gone away from it; the dead had been carried out of those doors to the little Churchyard over the brow of the hill; joy had made hearts flutter, and anguish had rained tears within its walls; lives had been lived there, generation after generation. The girl's mood changed as she looked, though she could not tell why—a sudden dismay and shame seized upon her. 'Oh! what will Lilian say?' she cried—'What did I do it for?' The thought of poor Mitchell smote her; she seemed to herself as if some malicious spirit had possessed her, and that she had suddenly come to herself.

'Hey, Missie!' said old Sturt's voice, close at hand. 'In the dumps! What's wrong?'

'Oh, everything! Dear, good Sturt, do help me!'

'Dear, good Sturt, hey?' repeated the old steward, mimicking her tone, but kindly enough. 'What do you want to coax me out of now?'

'I—I was angry; it was that Elizabeth, and—and other things—and—I was foolish, I think; I have packed up Mitchell and sent him to York!'

When, after a great deal of questioning, Sturt succeeded in understanding the story, which Lili told him with the utmost frankness from beginning to end, the old man shook with inward laughter, which made his attempt to look severe quite futile.

'My patience, what a baby it is!' he said. 'Mercy on me! that she should have played such a prank as this! What do you expect your cousin will say, eh, missie? She can be angry,

can Miss Bruce, though you mayn't think it. You'd better look out, I can tell you.'

'Oh, but she will be grieved, and that is worse. She is so fond of that beast.'

'Well, well, don't cry, my dear. Mercy, what a joke it is! But, after all, we must try to set matters straight. I expect I shall have to go to the station and telegraph. You see what trouble you are giving, my lady!'

'Yes, yes, do telegraph, and I will—I will always love you, my good friend!'

Sturt went off, laughing to himself. Lili entered the house, wound up to desperation, and walked straight into the morning-room, regardless of the business on which Chris and Lilian were engaged.

'I want to tell you,' she began, bursting into tears, 'I have been very wicked; I have sent Mitchell to Mr. Smith at York!'

When Miss Bruce arrived at a comprehension of the affair, she was far from being amused, like Sturt; she was altogether puzzled and distressed, the more that Lili seemed to have no rational explanation to give of her conduct. Chris, on the other hand, was more friendly than he had yet shown himself.

'Cheer up, Lili,' he said to the weeping girl, calling her for the first time by her Christian name. 'You have spoken out bravely, and Mitchell will come back all right, you'll see. You were upset, and Mitchell came handy—that's about it.'

Lilian could not take quite such a temperate view; she was kind, but Lili felt that she was not forgiven, which, after all, was a good thing for her. She went away mournfully, and Lilian exclaimed—

'But what hopeless childishness! Poor Mitchell! What will Milly say?'

'Sturt will look to Mitchell, and he will be all the better for his journey. As for Miss Lili, she was heartily ashamed of herself about the photograph, and altogether overwrought, and fell upon Mitchell. I liked the way she told the whole story; I should not have expected it of her. There is no great harm in her, after all.'

'Poor praise, Chris,' said Lilian, sighing. 'Honestly, can you think that Lili could ever be trained into a person to whom one could in conscience entrust a good deal of money and property—which means the welfare of a great many people?'

She felt as she spoke that it was hardly fair to ask Chris for

an answer which might be so much to his own disadvantage, and, as if the thought in her mind had somehow passed to his, as happens sometimes with people strongly in sympathy, he coloured suddenly, and said rather quickly—

'I think you cannot judge yet; these are early days; you don't know what you may make of her. She is your next of kin, and there is a good deal in that.'

'I know; but that is only one side of the question.'

Chris made no reply. He could not tell her that another possibility, of which he had never thought, had been forced upon him by a speech of Mr. Egerton's. It made him doubly careful to say nothing to the disadvantage of Lili Bruce.

After all, Mitchell's adventure turned out comic rather than tragic. Sturt telegraphed, and received a reply promising to send the basket back by the next train, and accordingly it returned that very night—but empty. When it reached York there was no cat in it. Sturt brought the melancholy news next day, and asked to see Lilian.

'I am sorry to say——' he began, and stopped short; Mitchell was lying on Miss Bruce's lap in calm content. Sturt stared at him incredulously.

'I can't explain,' said Lilian. 'He walked in as usual this morning when Benson brought my breakfast, and seemed rather sleepy—that is all.'

And that was all that ever was divulged. Sturt opined that the boy had opened the basket, to see what was inside, and let the cat escape, and then thought it safest to send on the basket and say nothing. He and Lilian tacitly agreed to keep the story a secret from the household, and Lili was very much relieved by this end of the affair, though she remarked characteristically—

'I am glad the beast came back, and I will not interfere again with him; but I love him not at all, for he got me into trouble, and made you displeased with me, my cousin. But I will leave him tranquil henceforward; I have given you my word for that!'

Evidently it would take a great deal of time and training to fit Lili to be heiress of Rescar and Ormston; Miss Bruce asked herself often how it was to be given, and whether this troublesome little creature were capable of receiving it.

(*To be continued.*)

WORK AND WORKERS.

BY THE ACTUAL WORKERS.

III.—ART AS A PROFESSION FOR GIRLS.

MANY are the tales in which the heroine, in difficulties of one sort or another, turns to painting, and so finds a way out of them in a very short time. Have we not all read stories in which the heroine's sweet girlish figure—she's only seventeen—and the rapid touches of her brush—which she wields with the skill of a master who has been at work for forty years—fill the hero with amazement and admiration, as he suddenly comes upon this charming figure in the foreground of the landscape? Of course he has the opportunity very soon of rescuing the lady and her picture from a mad bull or a big wave, or some other natural phenomenon; and when the danger is over he gazes at the picture and exclaims, 'This is a masterpiece! From whom did you learn this manner of painting, combining the sweetness of Raphael with the majesty of Michael Angelo?'

To which she replies, 'Oh! I am so glad you like my little effort; *I taught myself!*'

Then the plot thickens; he goes away, she loses her friends, her money, everything, except her paints and brushes. With these she rapidly covers a large canvas, painting some easy little subject such as the Meeting of the Gods in Walhalla, or Joan of Arc leading her Troops to Victory; paints them without models, or 'properties,' or books of reference, or anything save her own imagination; sends the picture to the Academy, where the Hanging Committee exclaim as one man, 'This is a work of genius; let us hang it in the place of honour, with a wreath on one corner of the frame;' and when the heroine wakes, on the first Monday in May, she finds herself famous. The dealers rush to buy the picture of the year, but it has already been seen at the

private view by the hero, just returned from visiting the Grand Llama of Thibet, who has given him pockets full of gold; he purchases the picture which he recognises as the handiwork of the very young genius whose life he had saved. He gets her address from the catalogue, flies to her, and finds her as sweetly modest as ever, although all England is ringing with her praises. They are married in due course, and henceforth she devotes herself to painting only for the delight of her husband and friends, although the dealers go on their knees to her for examples of her work.

This sort of tale belongs, of course, to the past; no one would now think of writing or of reading such a story, so I need not warn girls with artistic inclinations that such things are impossible. The hero and the mad bull and the girl of seventeen may exist, but not the pictures. Most people are beginning now to understand that the power of painting even fairly well comes only after years of downright hard work to the majority of art students; and the exceptions are so few that it is wiser to consider oneself as one of the majority, and not as a genius. Now that Schools of Design are scattered all over the country, and a large number of people are consequently more able to learn what is bad workmanship and what is good, the untaught 'artist' has a bad chance. Even before this, those writers who aimed at giving true pictures of life did not attempt to give their heroines talent that was marketable. One of the most pathetic parts of that pathetic book 'Vanity Fair,' is that in which the unhappy Amelia tries to sell her drawings.

Student Life.

When a girl thinks of becoming an art student, the first consideration is—has she an intense desire to learn to paint or to model? Without that strong desire she will fail, even if her talent be great, for the power of doing good work can only be obtained at the price of more patient drudgery than is needed for most other occupations. There is more hope for a girl with a very little talent and 'an infinite capacity for taking pains,' than for one who has good natural gifts but who lacks industry and perseverance. And it is almost impossible to say whether there is talent or not until the power of working hard has been exercised for some time.

When it has been decided that a girl shall go to some School

of Art, the question arises—Where is the best place to send her?

There are schools in connection with the Art Department, South Kensington, scattered all over the United Kingdom, the better-managed being, as a rule, in the larger towns. In London there are not only several Government Schools of Design, but many other, such as the Slade School, at University College; the school known as 'Heatherley's, in Newman Street, etc., to say nothing of several 'studios,' which are really private art schools. My own impression, after seeing something of most of these schools and their students, is, that a large school is preferable to a small one, because it is likely to have a better staff of teachers, a larger number of students in all stages of development, and more advantages in the way of scholarships, etc. Last, but not least, among the points to be considered in selecting a school for a girl, is that of the liberty of choosing associates. It is much easier to limit one's acquaintance or to extend it in a large school than in a small one.

Each of the large metropolitan schools has some special advantage over the others, and is generally selected by its students on account of that one thing. But a girl who has perseverance and originality will find that she can get what she wants in the way of training at any one of these schools, very often learning as much from seeing the different methods of work, the failures or successes of her companions, as from the instructions of the teachers.

The first lesson a beginner has to learn is the management of her tools and materials. The simplest of these—lead-pencil and india-rubber—are difficult to control. It is wonderful into how many places on the paper the point will wander before it will go near the right one, and what firm lines, difficult to rub out, it will trace anywhere but in the right track. Black chalk presents yet more difficulties to the student, although when once it is brought under control it is one of the most manageable of materials. Brushes and colours are the last and most troublesome tools to conquer; good workmanship in laying on the colour, either in oil or water, being attained by most people only after years of practice.

At the same time as these powers of work are being slowly acquired by the student, she has another and a greater difficulty to struggle with—she must learn to *see*. Most people who do not paint or draw take it for granted that it is only the ability to put

colours on canvas or paper which distinguishes the artist from themselves, and most art students start with the idea that they can see as much and as well as the greatest of painters. But it is not so. The natural sense of colour is often so keen as not to require much training, but the power of seeing any but the most clearly-marked light and shade—such, for instance, as the shadow of a cart thrown on a sunny roadway—is one which very few people possess naturally; it has to be cultivated with extreme care by the teacher and by very appreciable efforts on the part of the student. It is difficult for an untrained eye to see, say, the light and shade which, on a cloudy day, make the trunk of a tree look round instead of flat, like this sheet of paper. Without that delicate light and shade, every curve in the outline might be correctly marked, every crease in the bark put in, and yet the drawing would look like a diagram, a map, not like a solid rounded mass. To this appreciation of subtle degrees of light and shade the student slowly advances, beginning by learning to see the well-marked shadows on a white cast hung near a strong light—working day after day at one problem after another; finding out how to make an apple look round and a wall look flat, and how to represent all the many different degrees of curved surface which lie between a sphere and a plane. The drawings are generally made in black chalk while the student is learning the elementary principles of light and shade, but they can be done in lead-pencil or paint of one colour. From light and shade the student goes on to learn the use of colours, and, after much practice, to mix her pigments rapidly and almost without conscious effort, to match the colours of her subject. Slowly she learns to see the greys of which, when she began, she was perhaps almost unconscious; learns to see the difference between the colour of a glossy light and a dull one, on objects of the same colour; learns how, when one colour is put next another it looks quite different from when it was on her palette; learns how limited is the scale of colour in her box, and how, by artful management, those colours which look dull beside the sunset sky, yet shall give an impression of the brilliancy of that sunset when they are contrasted with others on the canvas. All her life the artist will be learning more about light and shade, more about colour, more about the beauty of form; the world to her will be an ever more and more beautiful place, for she will see more and more of the beauty that is in it, the beauty that can only be seen after the patient breaking away of many thorns of difficulty, after many an

hour of watchful effort to see what seems so elusive. And the training for this begins in the art school, in the room full of easels, and boards, and canvasses, where the casts from the old Greek marbles stand, in their wonderful colourless beauty, among the English girls full of life and brightness, who make themselves aprons of many colours and (some of them) in the fulness of time, an income and a name.

The working-day in the school in which I was trained was nominally from 10 to 3 o'clock, but all who held scholarships or who had shewn themselves specially hard-working began at 9.30 A.M. and drew until 4 or 5 P.M. There was an interval of half an hour for lunch, when, at the sound of a gong, we all trooped down to the luncheon-room. How our tongues wagged, and what experiments we tried in cookery! We chattered about all sorts of subjects, grave and gay; we helped each other over difficulties in perspective or anatomy, and, happiest theme of all, planned sketching expeditions for the summer holidays.

Those were happy times, but had to come to an end. Some of us went from the School of Art into the Royal Academy Schools. This is the best, almost the only thing to do in England, in order to get helped over the difficult passage from the stage of student to that of artist. It is difficult to obtain admission to these schools, as the competition is very keen and the number of vacancies few. The works which have to be sent in before the student is admitted as probationer are such as can only be done after long and careful study, and recently the Academicians have limited the competitors to those under twenty-three years of age. The majority of the students of the Royal Academy are, of course, well on their way to be entitled artists, and it is a great privilege to be one of this picked set of workers. The men-students have more advantages, both in the way of study and of substantial prizes, than the women-students, but the ladies have frequently carried off some of the more important medals and other awards in spite of their disadvantages. The latter part of the term of studentship is spent in a gradual metamorphosis from a light-hearted student into a sober, hard-working artist, with a studio of severely attic type, up many steep stairs, with very large windows in it, but with little else. One thing it always has if it belong to a lady, that is, a tea-pot and one or two cups and saucers.

And now that our student has become committed to the career of an artist we will consider her chances of success in—

Art as a Profession.

There are two things which seem to be the ends for which an artist works—money and fame. At least, these are the two which would be considered by 'parents and guardians.' Really, the artist works because he cannot help it; he can no more leave off painting than a bird can leave off flying when it has once learned how to do it.

As regards the earning of money; it is of no use to look forward to making a good income, or even a regular small one, by the sale of pictures, at all events until the painter has been at work for many years, and has slowly built up a sort of fame for herself. In some cases this comes rather more quickly. If a painter has the faculty of finding out and painting subjects which please the popular taste, there is sure to be a market found for them at once; even although from an artist's point of view they may be very indifferent works of art. But this happens to very few; the majority have to wait and to fail for many years before success comes to them. So that it is wiser not to reckon on making an income in this way. Most young artists earn their living by doing other things, of which the most usual are (1) illustrating stories for books and magazines, and (2) teaching drawing and painting. Each of these requires a special aptitude, and both want much patience. Either of them can be carried on while part of one's times is reserved for painting pictures. Beside these two methods of earning money, there are many bye-ways, such as chromo-lithographic work; designing Christmas cards and booklets; painting panels, screens and fans; drawing costumes, etc., for the papers devoted to that kind of thing. It is not very difficult to make an income of one or perhaps two hundred pounds in the year, if one is willing to do anything, small or great, that is offered; and some women earn several hundreds in the course of a year. Portrait painting is perhaps the most lucrative of all branches of the artist's work, when one has become sufficiently well-known to get a succession of commissions for portraits. In any case, an income large enough to live upon can only be gained after some years of hard work.

As for fame, it is well known that she is a capricious dame, and shuts her eyes when she has a gift to throw away. The best work sometimes has to wait for recognition, while inferior pictures are becoming famous among the frequenters of picture exhibi-

tions; but in the long run—a very long one sometimes—fame does crown the best works, although the hand that touched them into beauty may have vanished. Sometimes fame does not make a mistake to begin with, and the lucky artist enjoys all the pleasures and the draw-backs belonging to the career of a well-known painter. Read Thackeray's description of an artist—Thackeray, who himself wished to be a painter in colours rather than in words:—'Out of that bright light looked his pale, thoughtful face, and long locks, and eager brown eyes. The palette on his arm was a great shield painted of many colours; he carried his maul-stick and a sheaf of brushes along with it, the weapons of his glorious but harmless war. With these he achieves conquests, wherein none are wounded, save the envious, with that he shelters him against how much idleness, ambition, temptation! Occupied over that consoling work, idle thoughts cannot gain the mastery over him; selfish wishes or desires are kept at bay. Art is truth, and truth is religion, and its study and practice a daily work of pious duty. What are the world's struggles, brawls, successes, to that calm recluse pursuing his calling? See, twinkling in the darkness round his chamber, numberless beautiful trophies of the graceful victories which he has won—sweet flowers of fancy reared by him—kind shapes of beauty which he has devised and moulded.'

FLORENCE REASON.

A DAUGHTER OF THE GIRONDE.

IN a room on the second floor of a house in the Rue Favart in Paris—a large room scantily and untidily furnished—a man sat reading by the light of an oil lamp. The hour was late, the night a July night in the year 1794. The house already slumbered round him; the sounds of Paris rose to his ears softened by night and distance. Intent on his work, he nevertheless looked up from time to time to make a note, or, drawing the lamp a little nearer, trimmed its wick and set it back. When this happened, the light falling strongly on his face, and bringing into relief its harsh lines and rugged features, showed him to be a man past middle life, grey-haired, severe, and almost forbidding of aspect.

Peaceful as his occupation seemed, there was something in the general air of the room which suggested change, even danger. The floor was littered with packing cases and books piled together at random. On the low bedstead lay a travelling cloak; on the table, by the reader's hand, were a pistol and one of those huge sabres which were then in fashion. Nor were these signs without meaning. The man reading on, wrapt and unconscious, in his upper room, merely followed his bent. He read and reasoned, though in the great city round him the terror of the Revolution was at its height, though the rattle of the drum had scarcely ceased with nightfall, and the last tumbril was even now being put back in its shed.

For men grow strangely callous. The danger which impends each day ceases to be feared. Achille Mirande had seen the chiefs of his party fall round him. He had seen Pétion and Barbaroux, Louvet and Vergniaud die—the Girondins who had dreamed with him of a republic of property free and yet law-abiding. Nor had his experiences stopped there. He had seen

his foes perish also, the Hébertists first and later the Dantonists. But for himself, death seemed to have passed him by. Danger becoming second nature, the very rumbling of the tumbrils passing his house on the way to the guillotine had ceased to be anything but annoying; until to-day, to avoid it, he had left the Rue St. Honoré and established himself in this empty flat in the little Rue Favart.

By-and-by he laid down the book he was reading and fell into gloomy meditation. Sitting thus, alone and silent in the silent room, a sound, which a keener ear might have noticed before, attracted his attention. Startled in some degree by it, he roused himself and looked round. 'A rat, I suppose,' he muttered. Yet he continued to gaze into the corner whence the sound had come, and presently he heard it again. The next instant he sprang to his feet, as a door in the panelled wall at the back of the room—a door in the wall where there should have been no door—swung slowly open, and a man appeared standing in the aperture.

The man was young and of middle height. Dazzled by the light, and suffering apparently from weakness, he paused, leaning for support against the doorway. His eyes were bright, his sunken cheeks told of fever or famine. His clothes stained and dusty, and his unkempt air, added to the wildness of his appearance. For a moment he and the owner of the room glared at one another in speechless wonder. Then a name sprang to the lips of each:

'Monsieur Mirande!' the younger man muttered.

'De la Réole!' exclaimed the other.

The stranger said no more, but shaking with agitation walked tremulously to a chair and sat down. Mirande, his face rigid with suppressed passion, stood watching him in silence the while. Then the Republican found his voice.

'You villain!' he hissed. 'Was it not enough that you stole into my house and robbed me of my daughter? Was it not enough that you led her to forfeit her life in your plots and then left her to die? Was not this enough, that you now come and insult me by your presence?'

The young man raised his hand in deprecation, but seemed unable to reply. Mirande, gazing pitilessly at him, presently read his silence aright, and an expression of cruel joy for a moment altered his harsh features.

'I understand,' he said grimly. 'You have been in hiding here. To be sure, your name has been on the list of suspects these three months. And you all the while have been starving like a

rat behind the panels! Well, you shall have food and wine. I would not have you cheat the guillotine for the world.'

He went to a cupboard as he spoke, and, taking from it bread and wine, placed them before the other. The young man made a slight gesture, as though he would have refused them, but his pale face flushing with desire negatived the action, the momentary resistance of his pride gave way, and he ate and drank, sparingly, yet with the craving of a man half-famished.

'I have not tasted food for three days,' he murmured presently, looking up with a glance of apology. The wine had already done its work. He looked a different man. His hand was steady, his cheeks wore a more healthy colour. 'M. Chareloi hid me here,' he went on, 'but a week ago I heard a disturbance in the house, and coming out when all was quiet found it empty and locked. I fear he was arrested.'

'He was guillotined five days ago,' replied the Girondin, with brutal frankness.

'Why? For what?' the young man exclaimed.

'As a suspect,' Mirande answered, shrugging his shoulders.

La Réole had partly risen from his chair. He sat down again, stunned.

'Things move quickly nowadays,' Mirande continued, with a ferocious smile. 'To the Luxembourg, thence to the Conciergerie, thence to the Place de la Revolution is a journey of three days at most, and the path is well trodden. You will find yourself in good company, M. le Vicomte.'

'You will give me up?'

'Ay!' the Republican answered hoarsely. He had risen, and stood leaning forward, facing his antagonist, his hands on the table, his face flushed and swollen. 'Ay, though you were my own son! What have you not done to me? You crept like a snake into my house, and robbed me of my daughter!'

'I made her my wife!' the Vicomte answered, with proud calmness.

'Ay, and then? After that mighty act of condescension you led her to take part in your vile plot, and when she was discovered and arrested, you left her to pay the penalty. You left her to die alone rather than risk one hair of your miserable head!'

'It is false!' the young man cried. And he sprang to his feet in sudden ungovernable excitement.

'It is true!' roared Mirande, striking the table so that the

room rang again and the flame of the lamp leapt up and for an instant dyed the two angry faces with a lurid gleam.

'I say it is false!' the Vicomte answered sternly. 'On the contrary, being at Rheims when I heard that Corinne was arrested, I took horse on the instant and rode for Paris as a man rides for life. I was anxious to give myself up in her place if I could save her in no other way. But at Meaux I met your agent, M. Mirande——'

'And went back to Rheims again and into hiding,' the other continued, with a bitter sneer, 'after sending me, her father, the shameful message that your duty to your race forbade the last of the La Réoles to die for a merchant's daughter.'

'I sent that message, do you say?'

'Yes, you sent it after hearing from me that if you would surrender, the Committee of Safety would let her escape! So much my services had wrung from them—in vain. What? Do you deny that you met my agent at night in the yard of the Three Kings at Meaux, M. le Vicomte?'

'I met him; but I did not send that message by him!' the young man answered firmly, though his frame was trembling with excitement. 'Nor did he give me such a message as you state. On the contrary, he told me that I was too late, that my wife had suffered two days before, and that you bade me save myself.'

'Ay, she suffered,' Mirande answered incredulously, 'but for the rest you tell me nothing but lies, and clumsy ones.'

'What I tell you,' the Vicomte rejoined, with a solemnity which at last enforced the other's attention, 'is as true as that I loved my wife and would have died to save her. I swear it!'

M. Mirande passed his hand over his brow, and stood for a moment gazing at his son-in-law, a new and startled expression in his eyes.

'Should you know the messenger again?' he asked at last.

'I think not,' the Vicomte answered. 'He enquired for me by the name agreed upon. We were together for a few minutes only, and the night was dark.'

'Would he know you, do you think?'

'I cannot say.'

Mr. Mirande shrugged his shoulders, and strode half a dozen times up and down the room, his face dark with thought, suspicion, uncertainty. At length he stopped before his son-in-law.

'Listen to me,' he said, casting a penetrating glance at the young man's face. 'It is possible that what you say is true —that you are not the coward I have thought you. At any rate, you shall have justice at my hands. Before I give you up to the Committee of Safety, who will deal shortly with you, I will resolve the doubt. Until I find the means to test you, you may stay here.'

'Thank you!' cried the young man proudly. 'But what if I am not willing to be beholden to you?'

'Then you have your alternative!' retorted Mirande coolly. 'Come with me to the nearest Guard House, and I will inform against you. After all, it will be the shortest way. It was only that being a citizen, and not a *ci-devant*, I wished to do justice —even to you.'

The young man hesitated. He had spoken truly in suggesting that he was unwilling to be beholden to Mirande. But the alternative meant certain death.

'I will stop,' he said at last, shrugging his shoulders as he accepted the strange offer made him. 'Why should I not? It is your agent who has lied, not I.'

'We shall see,' replied the other, without emotion. 'There is one thing, however, I should name to you. I know that you are a gallant among the ladies, M. de la Réole. My daughter Claire, who was at the seminary when you visited me before, is now at home. You will kindly restrict your intercourse with her to the most formal limits. Unfortunately,' he continued, with a strange bitterness in his tone, 'she is like her sister, and the same arts may win her from the path of duty.'

'For shame, sir!' the young noble answered, his eyes sparkling. 'You insult, not me, but your dead daughter! Do you think that I loved her for her fortune alone, or that her very image untenanted by her soul would satisfy me?'

'They were singularly alike,' Mirande muttered, with a grim shrug.

The young man shot at him an angry glance, but said no more, and Mirande, seeming to be satisfied that his condition was accepted, dropped the subject and proceeded to show his guest where he might sleep, the latter feeling a natural reluctance to return to his narrow prison behind the wainscot. In a few minutes the light was extinguished and the two men, thus strangely brought together again, lay a few feet from one another, the mind of each turning, no doubt, in the stillness of the night,

to the link which had bound them, nay, which still bound them in an uncongenial union.

The Vicomte was aware that his host ran considerable risk in sheltering him. The supremacy which Robespierre had at this time won, and the desperate lengths to which he had gone, exposed all who were not of his immediate following to his jealousy—that jealousy which had already hurried to the guillotine the chiefs of half-a-dozen sections of the Republican party. Mirande, as one of the few surviving Girondins and as still possessing friends and influence of a kind, was peculiarly obnoxious to suspicion. The slightest accusation, the word of a servant, the hint of a rival, would suffice to send him at last along that path which so many trod daily.

The Vicomte, therefore, on rising in the morning, proposed to withdraw to his hiding-place. M. Mirande, however, somewhat to the other's surprise, would not hear of this ; observing curtly that he could trust his household, and that a change of name was all that was required. The younger man, whose anxiety was not on his own account only, would have argued the point, but his host cut short the matter by opening the door, and the Vicomte found himself, almost before he was aware, on the threshold of another room—a room, large and scantily furnished indeed, but in other respects in striking contrast to that which he had left. Here the tall, narrow windows, three in number, were open, and the sunlight poured in through half-closed jalousies and fell in horizontal bars on the shining parquet, and on a little table daintily laid for the morning meal and gay with flowers. In the cooler and shadier parts of the room stood high-backed chairs littered with a dozen articles which spoke of a woman's presence ; here a fan and silk hood, there a half-mended glove. As the young man's eyes fell on these and he took in the airy brightness and even luxury of the room he felt a strange pang of regret and misery. Such things were no longer for him. Such prettinesses no longer formed part of his life. And then he turned, and forgot in an instant his unhappiness and loss in the sight of a young girl who, sitting a little aside, had risen at his entrance and stood facing him, her back to the light.

He had been warned ; yet he stopped and drew in his breath with a quick, audible gasp. His eyes grew large, his jaw fell, he almost reeled. The likeness of the woman before him to his dead wife was so strong, so astonishing, that he turned pale and involuntarily held out his hands.

'Corinne!' he muttered, his voice full of tears.

The girl, who but for the ravages of ill-health would have been very beautiful, did not answer, but seemed scarcely less affected by his sudden appearance and strange address. Indeed, she swayed and would have fallen had she not grasped a chair. A hectic flush for an instant lit up her wan cheek, to disappear only at the first sound of her father's voice. He had followed La Réole closely into the room, and his tone was sharp with reproof.

'Citizen Perrot,' he said, sternly, 'this is my daughter Claire. Here is your seat, if you please.'

The Vicomte mechanically did as he was told without looking where he sat. His hands shook, his brain was on fire. He had eyes only for the girl who was so wondrously like his wife. She had timidly taken her seat at the other side of the table, her eyes downcast, the colour fluttering in her cheeks. It was in vain that Mirande shot angry glances at her. The young man stared as one enchanted, seeing only the white-robed figure sitting between himself and the sunlight which, shining through her dark hair, found golden threads in it, and crowned the face he knew so well with an aureole of brightness.

Gradually the spell fell from him. As he looked, the girl's face changed and hardened and he discerned the difference between Claire and Corinne. Corinne had never looked like that at him, or at any one. With a sigh, yet with eyes that often involuntarily returned to the lode-star, he recovered himself and made, or pretended to make, a meal. His appetite, however, was gone, and he was thankful when his host rose and put an end to the constrained sitting.

'You will excuse me,' the Republican said, hastily drawing out his watch and looking at it. 'I should be at M. Carnot's at this hour. These rooms, however, are at your disposal, my friend, and if you want books my daughter will direct you where to find them.'

And thereon, to the Vicomte's astonishment, M. Mirande departed. For a moment the young man sat, troubled and perplexed, looking at the floor. He had intercepted the glance of warning which his host on leaving had shot at his daughter, and with the knowledge of that, with the brutally frank exhortation addressed to himself fresh in his mind, to be left alone with the girl surprised him beyond measure.

He stole a look at her. She had gone to one of the windows, and, seating herself, was apparently employed upon some needle-

work. Her attitude, the lines of her figure, the pose of her head, presented the same maddening resemblance to his wife, and slowly, as if fascinated, he moved nearer to her.

'Pardon me,' he said at last, speaking almost in a whisper. 'You are very like your sister, mademoiselle.'

She glanced quickly at him, her face wearing the hard, repellent look he had before noticed. But she gave him no other answer.

He felt that he ought to leave her, but still the spell was upon him and he lingered.

'You have been ill, I fear,' he said, after a long silence.

'Monsieur is right,' she answered, briefly. 'The times are such that few of us escape. Those are perhaps most happy,' and as she paused on the word she looked up at him, 'who die with their beliefs unshattered, before discovering the clay feet of their idols.'

He started.

'Mademoiselle!' he exclaimed abruptly, carried away by a sudden painful thought. 'My wife! Corinne? Answer me quickly, I beg of you. They did not tell her that——?'

'That monsieur declined to save her?' Mademoiselle Claire answered slowly, her great dark eyes looking far away into vacancy —into the depths of gloomy memories. 'Yes, certainly they did. A woman, perhaps, would not have done it, but men are so cruel. And after all it helped her to die, you understand.'

He walked to the other end of the room, his face hidden in his hands. And then his frame began to be racked by deep sobs. He tried to summon up his pride, but in vain. The thought that the woman who had loved and trusted him, his young wife of a few months only, had died believing him a coward and a heartless ingrate was too bitter! Too bitter the conviction that, mistaken as her belief was, it could never now be altered.

A light touch on his arm recalled him abruptly to himself. He found Mademoiselle Claire at his elbow holding a glass of wine towards him. Her lips were compressed, but her face wore a delicate flush.

'Drink,' she said hurriedly. 'You are still weak, you have eaten nothing.'

Controlling himself by an effort he accepted the wine, and the girl, moving away quickly, brought from the table a roll and laid it on a chair beside him. She was in the act of regaining her place by the window, when the door opened and the young

Vicomte, scarcely yet master of himself, turned and discovered a man standing on the threshold behind him.

The stranger stared at him and he at the stranger, while Mademoiselle Claire, with eyes which suddenly became keen and intent, seemed to forget herself in gazing at both. The newcomer was taller than the Vicomte and of about the same age; a thin, energetic man, with restless eyes and dark, tumbled hair. He scanned the Vicomte with at least as much disfavour as the latter, surprised in his agitation, spent on him; and was the first to speak.

'I thought you were alone, mademoiselle,' he said, frowning as he advanced into the room and looked about him suspiciously.

'This is a friend of my father's,' she answered, quietly. 'He is staying with us, M. Baudouin.'

The explanation did not seem to improve matters in the young man's eyes. He frowned still more gloomily.

'Monsieur is from the country?' he asked.

'No, I have been in Paris some months,' the Vicomte answered.

The stranger, looking darkly down, toyed with a book which lay at the edge of the table. The girl waited awhile and then—

'Did you bring a message from my father?' she asked, a slight tinge of impatience and hauteur in her manner.

'No, mademoiselle, I have not seen him this morning,' he answered sullenly.

'Had you not better follow him then?' she said, with sharpness. 'He is at M. Carnot's.'

For a moment M. Baudouin clearly hesitated, but in the end he made up his mind to obey, and bowing with exaggerated respect left the room.

The Vicomte thought he could not do better than follow his example and accordingly he too withdrew. Crossing the lobby to the room which communicated with his hiding-place he threw himself into a chair and gave himself up to melancholy reflections. The singular resemblance which Mademoiselle Claire bore to his wife would alone have sufficed to fill him with vain longings and regrets, but these were rendered a thousand times more bitter by the knowledge, so sharply conveyed to him, that his wife had died believing herself despised and forsaken.

The return of M. Mirande later in the day, if it did not dispel these sad thoughts, compelled him at any rate to conceal them. The evening meal passed much as the morning one had, the host

uttering a few formal phrases, while the other two sat for the most part silent. The Vicomte learned to look on his sister-in-law without that violent emotion which had attended their first meeting; but a vague discomfort and restlessness still characterised the attitude of his mind towards her. He felt himself at once attracted and repelled by her beauty, and experienced now a jealous wonder and now a violent discontent that heaven should have formed two beings so much alike.

In this way a week passed by. M. Mirande went abroad each day, but for the most part he kept his own counsel, and though his look grew a trifle more austere, and the shade on his brow deepened as time passed on and the situation out of doors grew more strained, the storms which were agitating Paris and desolating so many homes affected the little household in no other way. The Vicomte kept within, spending most of his time in reading. Mademoiselle Claire too seldom went abroad; and necessarily during the long July days when the sunshine flooded the quiet second floor, in the early mornings when the sparrows perched on the open jalousies and twittered gaily, or in the grey evenings, when the night fell slowly, they met from time to time—met not infrequently. On such occasions, however, the Vicomte noticed that Baudouin was never far distant. The secretary generally put in an appearance before the conversation had lasted ten minutes.

He began to suspect the cause of this, and one day he happened upon a discovery. He was sitting in M. Mirande's room, when the sound of a man's voice apparently raised in anger made him lay down his book and listen. The voice seemed to come from the parlour. Once assured of this he lost no time. He stole out upon the lobby, and found the parlour door as he had suspected slightly ajar. Any scruples he might have entertained were dispelled by the discovery that the speaker was Baudouin and that the person whom he was addressing was Mademoiselle Claire. The Vicomte drew himself up behind the door with a very ugly expression on his face and listened.

'What would I have?' were the first words he caught clearly. 'Little enough, heaven knows! What have I ever asked except to be allowed to serve? To gratify your least caprice. To be at your beck and call. To fetch and carry while another basked in your smiles. That is all I ever asked in the old days and I ask no more now. I am content to serve and wait and hope. But I will have no stranger come between us.'

'You do not understand, M. Baudouin' the girl answered hurriedly.

'Do I not?' he cried. 'I did not understand I suppose what manner of man *he* was! Oh no, of course not. I was wrong there, it goes without saying!'

'Spare me,' she said faintly, overcome apparently by some hidden meaning in his words.

'That you may amuse yourself with this stranger?' he retorted. 'No, I have given way enough. It had been better for you if I had not, mademoiselle.'

The stress he laid on the last word was unintelligible to the hidden listener, who knew only that it veiled an insult and drew nearer to the door. The girl remained silent and Baudouin presuming on this continued in a bullying tone, 'Times are changed, mademoiselle, changed even in the last month. You, living out of the world here, are ignorant of what is passing, and your father is being almost as completely left behind. Unless I make a mistake, in a little time you will need another's protection.'

'Not while he lives,' the girl answered, in a low tone.

Baudouin laughed grimly. 'The pitcher goes often to the well, but it is broken at last,' he said drily. 'I would only have you understand that, since you may soon stand in need of my help, you would do well not to try me too far.'

'M. Baudouin,' the girl said abruptly—her tone changed, and the listener, though he could not see her, could picture the challenge of her dark startled eyes—'you have never spoken to me like this before. You are changed.'

'So are the times. Those who were servants are now to be masters,' he answered.

'You will never be mine,' retorted the girl quietly.

'We shall see!' he answered, with a rude chuckle.

'So we shall!' cried an unexpected voice—that of the Vicomte, who could bear it no longer. His eyes flashing, his colour high, he flung the door open as he spoke and entered. The secretary startled and confused stepped back a pace. The girl who had been standing close to the door, having apparently retreated to that point, turned, and seeing who it was, uttered a low cry of thankfulness, and for a moment stretched out her hands as though to grasp his arm. The next instant she drew back, a strange expression in her face.

'Now, sir,' continued the young Vicomte, harshly, 'you have to deal with a man, not with a woman whom you can

terrify. I have overheard all, and I warn you that I shall repeat it to M. Mirande who will know how to deal with you.'

He expected the threat to produce some effect. But Baudouin, his first surprise over, merely smiled. 'Who are you I wonder,' he replied scornfully. 'One in the Tallien-Barrère-Carnot conspiracy I suppose. And if so, I need not——'

'You need suppose nothing!' retorted the Vicomte fiercely. 'But leave the room without words, you dog!'

'Thank you,' said the secretary, smiling contemptuously. 'But remember that a living dog is better than a dead lion.'

With that—and with very little show of embarrassment or dismay—he went. As the door closed behind him a singular constraint fell upon the two who were left. The Vicomte, with a grave and somewhat startled face, paused by the table, apparently listening to the sound of retreating footsteps. The girl, who had gone to the farther end of the room, kept her face carefully averted. The Vicomte looked at her doubtfully. 'Mademoiselle,' he ventured at last, his voice low and timid, 'I am afraid he—I am afraid he means mischief.'

'I fear so,' she whispered without turning.

'Will you—shall I speak to your father?'

'It may be better,' she answered in the same tone.

He looked at her long and closely, but she did not move; and with a peculiar gesture as of farewell he turned and went softly away. Safe in his own room, with the door shut, he stood in the middle of the floor thinking deeply, not of the secretary nor of the danger with which Baudouin's enmity threatened the house, but of that strange look which the girl's face had worn on his first appearance at her side, the look of relief and thankfulness which he had surprised in her eyes, the impulse of confidence which had made her spring towards him! He recalled them all, and his brow grew hot, his hand trembled. He felt at once terror and shame. When he heard M. Mirande's step on the stairs, he gave himself no time for thought, but went hurriedly out on the lobby and called him into the room. 'M. Mirande,' he said, 'I have something to tell you. Two things to tell you.'

The Republican looked at him, his grave inscrutable eyes betraying no surprise. 'What are they?' he asked, his tone even almost phlegmatic.

'The man Baudouin has been here, addressing himself so rudely to your daughter that I felt myself obliged to interfere.'

replied the young Vicomte, speaking rapidly and with indignation. 'It may be that he has your confidence,' he continued, 'but, from the way in which he spoke of you, I doubt if you have his. He seemed to me a dangerous man.'

'Did he use threats?' asked the Republican, a slight shade of anxiety in his tone.

The Vicomte nodded.

'Did he mention any names?' M. Mirande continued, looking sharply at his watch.

'Yes. Carnot, Barrère, and I think, Tallien.'

'Ah!' For a moment M. Mirande's impulse seemed to be to leave the room. But he thought better of it, and instead continued, 'Had you not something else to tell me?'

'I had,' the Vicomte answered, speaking hoarsely, and betraying, by his agitation, that he had now come to the real purpose for which he had sought the interview. 'I wish to leave, M. Mirande. I wish to leave your house at once. I do not know,' he continued, before the elder man could utter the dry retort which was on his lips, 'whether you had it in your mind to try me by leaving me with your daughter, or whether I have only chance and my own weakness to thank. But I must go. I am ashamed, I hate myself for it, but I cannot be with her and not feel what I ought not to feel. Understand me,' the young man continued, his cheeks pale with emotion; 'it is not by reason of any charm of her own, but because she is so like my wife—because she seems a dozen times a day to be my wife—that my memory is unfaithful to Corinne—that I dare not remain here for another day!'

He stopped abruptly. M. Mirande coughed.

'This is a strange confession,' he said, after a long pause. 'You have said nothing to Claire?'

'Heaven forbid!'

'Then say nothing!' replied the Republican with decision. 'As for leaving this place to-day, it is impossible. A crisis is at hand, and this house is watched. You would be recognised and arrested before you had gone ten yards from the door. Moreover,' he went on, seeming to think deeply as he spoke, 'if you are right about Baudouin—and I doubt now whether I have been wise to trust him—I see great and immediate danger before me. Therefore, if you would not desert the sinking ship, you will remain.'

'I dare not,' the young man muttered, shaking his head.

'What?' replied the old Girondin, his voice swelling, his eyes growing bright and keen. 'You a noble, and you dare not? You a noble, and you cannot govern yourself? Consider, M. le Vicomte! A few days may see me traverse the road so many traverse every day. Then my daughter will be alone, defenceless and unprotected. I ask you to be her brother and her guardian. Do you refuse?'

'You no longer distrust me?' the Vicomte muttered, puzzled and perplexed.

'When you came to me a week ago,' Mirande answered, 'I did not foresee this crisis, nor the present danger. If I had, I might possibly have received you differently. But what if this be the way in which I would try you?' he continued with energy. 'What if this be the atonement heaven has assigned to you? Speak, man, do you accept, or do you refuse?'

'I accept,' the Vicomte answered solemnly, carried away by the other's burst of feeling. 'I accept the charge.'

M. Mirande smiled. But very quickly the light died out of his face, leaving it stern and austere. His brow grew dark and thoughtful. Turning with a sigh to his table, he signed to his companion to leave him, and was presently immersed in figures and calculations.

The Vicomte retired; on his side full of doubt and amazement, yet lifted by the other's appeal to a higher level of will and purpose. Confidence begets honour. Frankly as he had gone to the Girondin with his confession, so frankly had the other received it. Now he felt that it behoved him to deserve such treatment. Henceforth Claire must be his sister. But he knew that to call her sister was not all. He knew enough of his own weakness to recognise the necessity of shunning temptation, and during the next three days he was careful to avoid much conversation with the girl, who on her part seemed to observe nothing, but went to and fro about her household duties as usual.

And yet not quite as usual, a keen observer would have said. A subtle change had come over her. Alone in her room she sang softly to herself low cooing notes of happiness. Her eyes, so carefully lowered in the parlour, shone with a tender brightness, when no one saw them. Her cheek had grown fuller, her colour stronger. If she still went delicately when others' eyes were upon her, it was rather in sympathy with the heavy air of fear and expectation which pervaded the house, than in obedience to her natural impulses.

On the third evening, M. Mirande, who had been out all day, came home rather later than usual. The Vicomte and Claire were sitting in separate rooms, but something ominous in the sound of his footstep as he mounted the stairs, brought them both on to the lobby to receive him. The evening light, shining through the window behind them, fell full upon his face and exaggerated its cold and grey severity. They waited for him in silence, and he did not see them until he set his foot on the last step. Then he said gravely, pointing to his room, 'go in there, my children.'

The young man started. The girl blushed and trembled. Nevertheless they obeyed. M. Mirande's next act was equally surprising. Following them into the room he hastily locked and bolted the door behind him; and hurrying to the window looked out. For a moment they stood behind him in silence. Then the Vicomte spoke.

'What is it?' he said.

'The order for my arrest was signed an hour ago,' the Girondin answered curtly, his eyes still glued to the window. 'You are both included in it. Ah! here they are!'

'Who?' asked the Vicomte with energy.

'Baudouin and three officers. However, the door is shut. It will gain us a few minutes.'

'To what end?' the Vicomte asked coldly. Mirande's conduct took him by surprise. Resistance to arrest was very rare in the Revolution. Such men as Mirande, courageous, bigoted, devoted to an ideal, made a point in almost every case—unless they resorted to suicide—of submitting calmly to destiny and the law.

The Girondin however had decided otherwise. Nor did he seem to be aware of his companion's disapproval. He did not answer, but continued to look out long after the tramp of heavy footsteps on the stairs had drawn his daughter to his side. There was a loud summons without, 'In the name of the law!' but the three remained silent, standing close together, the girl's white, scared face glimmering in the increasing darkness of the room. The Vicomte a foot from her, could almost hear the dull beating of her heart.

'Can nothing be done?' he muttered.

'Nothing but wait and be silent,' the Republican answered calmly. 'They know we are here, but if we do not answer, they may pause awhile before attacking the door.'

The Vicomte shrugged his shoulders, but acquiesced, and some minutes elapsed—minutes which seemed hours to more than one of the three—before the locksmith for whom the Commissary had sent, assailed the door, and the room rang with the harsh sounds of his hammer and chisel.

Crash! The door was down at last, letting into the room a flood of light, and with it three men who sprang in with levelled arms. The foremost, an officer girt with a large tricolour scarf, stopped abruptly, his jaw dropping almost ludicrously as his eyes fell on the placid group before him. 'Citizen Achille Mirande?' he said interrogatively. 'Yes; I am empowered to arrest you in the name of the Committee of Safety; you, your daughter—also present I think—and a guest. This I presume is the person?'

'It is,' Mirande answered quietly. 'Perhaps you will permit me to show you where my papers are. They may be needed?'

'They will be needed,' replied the Commissary, re-arranging his scarf, which had been pulled awry. 'You may certainly collect them under surveillance.'

'I can save M. Mirande the trouble,' remarked a mocking voice in the background. 'I think I can lay my hand on any paper that may be required.'

'I do not doubt it, Baudouin,' the Girondin answered placidly. 'I suppose I have to thank you for this?'

There was shame as well as vile triumph in the secretary's eyes as he came forward. 'You cannot say I did not warn you,' he said, avoiding the look of scorn which Claire—who stood by her father's side, her hand in his—shot at him. 'But you would go your own way.'

'And you, yours!' Mirande retorted. 'An old way—Judas's. But hark you, my friend! You seem to be prospering now. You have kicked down the ladder by which you have risen. Yet it is in my power to wound you. See you, do you know who this is?' and he pointed to the Vicomte who, with his arms folded, was gazing haughtily at the Commissary and his followers.

'A conspirator against the safety of the Republic—that is all I know,' Baudouin answered sullenly.

'Possibly,' said Mirande. 'But not the less for that my son-in-law!'

'M. le Vicomte!' Baudouin ulmost shouted, 'It is false. I heard of him but yesterday at Nantes.'

'You heard wrongly then!' Mirande answered with a sneer. 'This is the man whom you met at Meaux, and of whom you lied to me, saying, in order that you might divide him effectually from my daughter, that he refused to run any risk to save her.'

'It was true—what I told you,' the secretary muttered, gazing at La Réole with mingled doubt and hatred in his face.

'It was false!' cried the Girondin sternly. 'Do I need evidence? I have it. Which shall I believe, you, who have betrayed me to-day, or he who remained by my side in danger?'

'He could not escape,' Baudouin said abruptly. His face was pale, the perspiration stood on his brow. His jealous eyes glared askance at the girl's face. Mirande had said rightly. He had yet the power to wound the traitor.

'He did not attempt it,' the Girondin answered. 'And besides, I have tried him—tried him as gold in the fire! Look you at this. De la Réole!' As the name rang through the room the speaker turned to the Vicomte and took his hand, 'Vicomte, I have deceived you. My daughter did not die. I procured her pardon by the use of such influence as I possessed at the time. But this done, deluded by this villain's tale, I forced her to renounce you.'

For an instant there was silence in the room.

'She did not die?' the Vicomte muttered slowly, his eyes dilating. Then, before an answer could be given, he plucked his hand from Mirande's grasp and seizing him by the shoulder shook him to and fro.

'Where is she?' he cried hoarsely. 'Speak man, what have you done with her?'

'She is behind you,' Mirande answered.

The Vicomte turned. 'Claire?' he said.

The girl stood shrinking from him, her eyes slightly downcast, her arms hanging by her sides. But at the sound of the name she looked up, her eyes full of tears. 'No, Corinne,' she said simply. And then, in a voice which rang through the room, piercing the traitor's bosom as with a sword, she exclaimed, 'Honoré, my husband; Forgive me! Forgive me that I ever distrusted you!'

He did not answer, but he opened his arms and took her into them and held her there; while the father went to the window—perhaps to hide his emotion, and the Commissary lifted up his hands in genuine French admiration of this dramatic scene. As for Baudouin, he bit his nails, his face white with rage and jealousy.

He cursed the delay. He would have cursed the police, had he dared, had the tri-colour scarf not awed him. 'Bah!' he exclaimed at last in venomous tones, 'a fine piece of play-acting, M. Mirande! And our friends here have indulgently given you time for it. But it is over, and the sequel will be less pleasant, I fear. He laughs best who laughs last, you know.'

'That is true,' Mirande answered soberly, for an instant looking into the room.

'In three days you will all sneeze into the sack, my friends,' Baudouin continued mockingly. 'Your married bliss, M. le Vicomte, will last but a short time, I fear. As for mademoiselle, Sanson will prove but a rough coiffeur I am afraid.'

'Silence!' the Girondin cried, his tone strangely altered, his voice raised. 'Silence, you hound!' he continued, turning from the window and walking into the middle of the room. 'Be still, and tremble for your own head. The warrant you bring is signed by Maximilien Robespierre?'

'The Incorruptible,' murmured the Commissary.

'Corruptible or not,' rejoined Mirande, with a sneer, 'he is fallen! Within the last ten minutes he has been arrested and lodged in the Tuileries!'

'You rave!' cried the officer. While La Réole and Corinne cast dazed glances about them and the other men stared in stupid wonder.

'I do not!' the Girondin answered coolly, standing in the middle of the room, the master of the situation. 'Mark the three lighted candles in yonder upper window. They are a signal that Robespierre is arrested. Go, if you doubt me, and ask. Or, listen, listen!' With a gesture of command, he raised his hand, and all stood silent. For an instant there seemed equal silence in the streets outside: but gradually there grew out of this as they listened a distant hollow murmur, as of a great sea swelling higher and louder each moment. The face of more than one in the room changed colour.

. . . . . .

'The Faubourgs are rising,' muttered the Commissary uneasily. 'There is something amiss.'

'On the contrary,' answered the Girondin quietly, 'things are in a fair way to be set straight. If you take my advice you will tear up the warrant, my friend. To-morrow it will be more dangerous to you than to me. The Terror is over,' he added solemnly. 'Woe to those who have profited by it!'

And he was right. Abruptly as this narration ends, the

Terror, so famous in history, ended, and many a life held worthless a few minutes before was saved. For twenty four-hours indeed the fate of Robespierre and indirectly of our friends hung in the balance, all men trembling and watching what would happen. Then he fell, and the cruelty of his rule recoiled on his associates. What became of Baudouin is not known, though some alleged that he was met and murdered by a company of Royalists near Nantes, and others, that he was guillotined under another name with Fouquier Tinville and his gang. Enough that he disappeared unmarked and unregretted, with many others of the baser and more obscure adventurers of the time.

Of La Réole and Corinne, re-wedded under circumstances so strange, we know only that their descendants, well versed in this tradition of the family, still flourish on the Loire. Nor are there wanting to-day both a Corinne and a Claire.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

GERMAN LITERATURE COMPETITION.

March List.

Class I.

L. F. B.	100	Zell-am-Zee	94	M. A. G.	87
Nigra		Undine		Grossmutter	
Dame Durden	98	Richmond	93	Brownie	
Capercailzie		Spes	92	Karlsruhe	
Weissnichts	97	M. E. W.		Inge	86
Sam		Gretchen	91	Kitto	
Bede	96	E. M. B.	90	L. E. S.	85
B. G. C.		Camensis	89	Fleurange	83
M. L. C.	95	Scawfell	88	Klumpp	82
Eidechse					

Class II.

Grizel	76	Creagh-an-Fitteach	64

Class III.

White Cat 20

No papers received from *Dear Me* and *Speranza*.

SEED TIME AT OXFORD.*

BY C. M. YONGE.

To give an adequate account of the two memorable books and the characters there depicted would be impossible. The less cannot measure the greater, as in a far higher matter, Newman himself shows, where he speaks of scepticism as the mark of a little mind, since the larger the nature of man the nearer it is to entering into the nature of the Almighty. It is almost profane to cite this great truth in such a connection, and yet it is one that needs in this day to be continually set forth before those who think Doubting Castle is the abode of the most intellectual. The second book is indeed a sort of key to the first, though written independently.

The strongest and most recurring of the impressions dwelling on us in reading them is that we are living in what were castles in the air to these great thinkers; and therewith comes the pang that one great leader did not remain with us to enjoy the fruit of the seeds which he had so large a part in sowing. Then comes the why—a question which it may be wiser not to discuss, but on which no one can help dwelling.

Of a nature where spirit predominated over body more than is the wont of the Anglo-Saxon race, John Henry Newman felt with unusual intensity whatever affected the mind and soul. Even in boyhood he never was seen to play at any active game, and though not by any means of grave or solemn mood, he never was—shall we say encumbered, or ballasted?—by the impulses of physical nature. Home affections, friendship, music, scenery, literature, the sparks of mirth in bright conversation, were his pastimes and recreations. There was little of the case-hardening through ordinary life and common interests, or of the

* 'Letters and Correspondence of Cardinal Newman,' edited by Anne Mozley (Longman); 'Twelve Years at Oxford,' by the late R. W. Church, D.C.L., Dean of St. Paul's (Macmillan).

demands of a healthy frame, to prevent everything concerning the soul from being felt to the utmost.

It was a period when, in the Thirty Years' Peace, there was everywhere an awakening from the lethargy of irreligion of the eighteenth century, followed by the delirious fever of revolution and war. 'The glorious home' had never been 'quite bereft' of her saints, but there was manifestly at this time a general quickening by that Holy Spirit Who governeth and sanctifieth His Church. Once before there had been a great triad at Oxford, whose thoughts became seeds—Colet, More, and Erasmus; and again it is interesting to contrast the triad who worked in France with the later English triad, and to mark the different result of their attempts. Authority in each case was adverse, and tried to silence and discourage. The effect in France was Lamennais' perversion from the true faith, while Lacordaire and Montalembert laboured on, doubtless sowing many good seeds and saving many souls, but the public and open effect of their efforts was swept away, like so many other attempts at revival in France, by the forces of Ultramontanism and the Secular power.

Yet here, *Deo gratias*, the leaven has worked through the whole, so that what the men of 1830 scarcely durst dream of has become accomplished. Daily Prayers, Weekly and Early Celebrations, almost general recognition of Baptismal Regeneration, revival of Convocation, Catholic teaching, all and much more, have been carried out by movements scarcely traceable after that earliest impulse and warfare.

> 'We in the tents abide
> Which "*they*" at distance eyed.'

The strife that won the day told the most upon Newman, in the very focus of the controversy. He had from the first had the sense that a great work was laid on him, a feeling that took shape in his half-delirious words during his Sicilian fever, helped to carry him through the illness, and, on the voyage homewards, found expression in 'Lead, kindly Light'—the best known (and well may it be so) of all the forty poems written during that expedition. Indeed it best fulfils Mr. Keble's definition of poetry as an outpouring of the spirit. The others were in his view—as expressed in a letter to Mr. Rogers (afterwards Lord Blachford)—means of conveying ideas that could be most forcibly carried home in metre—forcible indeed are those same verses. Most of them are like epigrams—like arrows

with a sharp point, or more truly, perhaps, like the down which is weighted with a precious seed. For instance—

'If blessed Paul had stayed
In cot or learned shade,
With the priest's white attire
And the saint's tuneful choir,
Men had not gnashed their teeth or risen to slay,
But thou hadst been a heathen in thy day.'

Or again, one of the most beautiful of all, that on Jonathan leaving to David—

'The pale, calm spectre of a blameless friend.'

ends with—

'He bides with us who dies, he is but lost who lives.'

These all had their definite purpose, as indeed everything had which Newman produced; but the campaign was not actually and consciously opened till after the return, when Mr. Keble sung the battle-song—

'Seize the banner, spread its fold,
Seize it with no faltering hold;
Spread its foldings high and fair,
Let all see the Cross is there.'

The brunt of the battle could not but fall on Newman. Hurrell Froude had naturally higher spirits, and a certain exaltation and vehemence which absolutely enjoyed conflict, and thought it good to startle and stir. As Dean Church says, he was as the young Achilles, brave and beautiful, and destined to be early taken away, and only to speak in his 'Remains,' which amazed and alienated some, but to others gave a memorable picture of stern self-denial and discipline beneath the brightest exterior, yet one that gave a sense of depth. He was taken away when the life was scarce begun. And though there were those who dared to speak of Mr. Keble as of 'an archangel ruined,' still even to these he had been an archangel, and somehow, in his humility and simplicity, and his constant homely labour in his parish, attacks did not so move him or unsettle his reliance. Dr. Pusey, though one of the greatest champions, was not of the first three.

To neither of these indeed had Church principles come as a discovery. The parents of both had belonged to the old orthodox school, and though their external observances had become scanty in comparison with those of the present day, they had grown up to a sense of continuity in the training of their Mother Church. Their opinions were a natural growth; New-

man's had been engrafted, and there can be no doubt that the Catechism, which all alike had been fed on, wore a different meaning in its doctrinal parts in early youth to him from what it did to them.

Thus it is perceptible that Newman should believe that the Church which had taught him 'Protestantism' in his childhood was essentially Protestant; and that his later belief in her Catholicity was a delusion, whereas to them she had been Catholic from the first.

Moreover, in his position at Oxford he was gaining the most marvellous influence, and under him and his friends an almost unrivalled generation grew up of clergy, squires, men in all walks of life, the men who are now passing away full of years and honours, after having in county, city, and colony carried out the principles they had imbibed, survived the worst of the opposition and educated their successors, who, alas! have to fight an even more terrible battle in the reaction. The mighty men that over-lived Joshua, after entering into the land, left behind them a generation, many of them only too ready to turn from the strictness of their fathers.

Oxford was in those days a veritable Alma Mater to those who could appreciate the training that spread through the undergraduate world from Oriel College and St. Mary's pulpit. Newman's personal power and fascination were unbounded, though used with a humble man's self-restraint and dread of fame; but therewith came a series of attacks on himself and his closest friends, which gradually made him come to the conviction that it was the Protestantism of the Church that was adverse to his doctrine, and that she was thus proved to be schismatical. He did not realize how much was owing to the timidity and slowness of Englishmen past the meridian of life, and to whom Popery had been an indefinite terror from infancy. Blows to himself were nothing to him; but assaults on his opinions were a shock—not to the opinions, but to his esteem for the quarter from whence they came.

First there was the Provost's overthrow of the intimate connection that Newman, Froude, and Robert Wilberforce had established between the tutors and their pupils. There were academical reasons connected with it, but it was especially mortifying because they had given their voice for Dr. Hawkins' election as Provost instead of for Mr. Keble, who held the same view as themselves of the tutor's direct duties towards the young

men. Nowhere has a more beautiful and appreciative picture of the author of the 'Christian Year' been given than by Dean Church. It is impossible not to speculate what might have been had these Fellows of Oriel been able to forecast the future influence of the candidates. Who can tell whether the picture of calm beauty and wisdom shown in the country parsonage of the poet might have been marred in debates, whether his real power would have told in the Hebdomadal Board, or his humility have hindered his being understood and fully heeded? At any rate, there would have been one to deal very differently in his own College, and to prevent the blindness of the opposition and injustice often exercised by the Heads of Houses, which Dean Church so fully exposes.

The change made by Dr. Hawkins preceded the Italian journey and would have been ineffective in itself, but it was the prelude to the storm of opposition which led Newman to the belief that the Anglican Church deliberately rejected Catholic doctrine. There were the suspension of Dr. Pusey from preaching; the successive Charges of the Bishops; the Jerusalem Bishopric, which he viewed as a union with Lutherans, and as planting a schism in the East; the clamour raised by Tract 90, and the rejection of Mr. Keble's curate for Holy Orders, on account of a far from extreme enunciation of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist.

There was much to explain, though scarcely to justify, most of these acts, and show how little the Church was really concerned in each—especially in the case of Tract 90: it has now been made clear that the special cause of wrath was that it was understood by many minds—not that the Tract pointed out that the Articles were purposely drawn up on a wide and comprehensive scale, and that as they preceded the Council of Trent, they could not be aimed at its actual canons, but that it was intended to teach equivocation, and enable men who believed Romish doctrines to elude the tests and hold office and preferment.

At this distance of time, when No. 90's view has been borne out by history, and most of those accept it; who think at all about the Articles, it is hard to believe that such was the idea; yet this was the impression made on the mind of Charles Kingsley, and in a note we are told by Dean Goulburn that it was this that made Dr. Golightly so frantic, that he spoke as if he thought Tractarians might waylay him round the next corner; and Dean Close said at a public meeting that he should not like to trust his purse with these gentlemen!

While, as to Bishop Bagot, he had all along owned the spark of true light, but he seems to have feared that it was becoming a firebrand.

Newman submitted, like a holy and humble soul; but the actual kindness of the Bishop served to strengthen his growing belief that it was not merely individuals who were accidentally against these opinions, but that theirs was the universal authoritative voice of the body he held them to represent.

Thus there grew on him the belief that the English Church was in the position of the Donatists, who separated themselves from the Church because she absolved those who repented of having lapsed during persecution; or the Monophysites, or Entychians, who fell into a schism because they would confess only one nature in our Blessed Lord.

What agony the idea cost him we are shown in his letters, and how he revolved it year after year, with the increasing conviction that he could not honestly teach as an office-bearer in a Church in which he ceased to believe.

His studies, as far as we can see, though it is presumptuous to say so, had lain chiefly among the Fathers, in whose time the Church was undivided, and he had, not in comparison, gone into the details of the Mediæval Church, after the corrective of the clear critical Greek mind had been lost. There had been less liturgical research, and much evidence had not come to light, so that, as we see in a letter of Hurrell Froude's, it was assumed that the Roman uses came directly from the Apostles; while those equally ancient, which Rome systematically discouraged, were scarcely taken into account. To the real, actual wickedness of the Papacy in certain centuries, Newman seems to have shut his eyes, answering, when such corruptions were adduced in one of his sister's admirable letters, that the parable of the Net showed that evils in practice were among the notes of a true Church; and again, that the falsehoods current about himself and his friends showed that it was probable that half the stories against the Jesuits were equally untrue. To our mind, the actual sayings, not of Protestants but of Romanists, in all earnestness and devotion, one to another, are specially damaging. Dean Church likewise brings out how, when Newman wanted above all time to reflect, and work out his misgivings, he was goaded and driven on by the perpetual questions and conclusions of younger and more impetuous men of whom he was the oracle. If we remember right, there was a saying of his at the time that he

felt like a hen with ducklings taking to the water. At any rate, his distress and difficulty of calmly balancing the subject were thus much increased.

But at any rate, he despaired of our own Church, as he could hardly have done twenty or thirty years later, and thought the deficiencies of his own time and the dreaded fraternization with Protestants inherent in her system. After five years of tossings and agitations, he passed to the Roman fragment of the broken net, and there, by his own desire, Miss Mozley leaves him, after having carried out his intentions of representing with the utmost fulness and candour, his condition of mind whilst a member of our Church.

The other half of his life is to be told from another quarter. So far as we know, although the entire submission of his mind to authority, instead of groping his way, gave him rest, there was only tender affection and complete absence of bitterness to those whom he had left, and no spirit of proselytism. Though his personal influence caused many of his devoted admirers to follow him, it was not by direct inducement, nor did any of his nearest connections imitate him. The 'Apologia' seemed to give him back to many of his old friends, and made his latter years fulfil what was almost a prophecy in the 'Christian Year' in the poem on St. Barnabas' day. The Dean concludes by stating, in a few telling paragraphs, how the last of the 'Three Defeats,' as he calls them, the rejection of Isaac Williams, the suspension of Dr. Pusey, and the censure of No. 90, appended to that of Mr. Ward's book, was the 'birthday of the Modern Liberalism of Oxford,' by bringing into prominence the narrowness and injustice of the actual governors of Oxford. Their arbitrary power had been misused, and 'no one had a word to say for them.'

But, in a most inspiriting passage, he points out how the cause which Mr. Newman had given up in despair was found to be deeply interesting in ever new parts of the country. The trumpet sound was pealed forth by tens, by hundreds, by thousands, wherever the English tongue is spoken—wherever the English Church has lengthened her cords. Devoted men and women of the second and third generation are toiling everywhere and fighting the good fight in the strength of those eternal truths which the 'Christian Year' brought home to the hearts of many, and those half-forgotten Tracts helped to impress. And so as the Dean echoes the Psalm of Moses in his parting words, 'Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory.'

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXXV.

1716–1720.

THE QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.

IT was in the subsidence of the alarm caused by the Jacobite attempt of 1715 that it was felt that there was a certain instability in a Parliament dispersed every three years, and the ministry of George I., of which Lord Townshend was the head, brought in the Septennial bill, fixing the necessary existence of the House of Commons at seven years. It was passed on the 26th of April, 1716, just before the king went to Hanover, the only place where he was happy, as he rudely told his ministers, who wished to keep him from thus exciting the jealousy of the English.

They told him that if he went he must make the Prince of Wales regent. This, the King, who had a bitter quarrel with his son, was most unwilling to do, but he was really urgently needed at his beloved Hanover, and he finally consented to name the Prince, Guardian of the Realm and Lieutenant. Before going, he made Madame von Schulenberg Duchess of Munster, and afterwards she became Duchess of Kendal, and was said to be his left-handed wife. She had all the revenues of the Master of the Horse during the vacancy of that office, and her greed only equalled that of her rival, Baroness Kilmanseck, created Countess of Darlington. General Stanhope went with the King, and, indeed, there was much scope for diplomacy in the unsettled state of Europe.

To begin with, Charles VI., the new Emperor, had set his mind on obtaining the succession to his own hereditary dominions for his own children, whether sons or daughters, to the exclusion of the daughters of his elder brother, Joseph II. In France the extreme delicacy of health of little Louis XV. gave rise to much

anxiety, since his uncle in Spain was his rightful heir by blood, while the crown had been settled on the Duke of Orleans, and a war, in case of the King's death, would be inevitable. George I. was not over secure on his throne, but Lord Stair and Dubois had agreed to do their best to support their master's doubtful claims in conjunction.

By the Treaty of Utrecht, Louis XIV. had bound himself to demolish the port and fortifications of Dunkirk, a standing menace to England. This had been done, but a new canal and harbour had been commenced at Mardyke, which would have exactly the same effect, and the English Government remonstrated. The Regent had once before sent his familiar, Dubois, to meet Stanhope at the Hague and conduct a negotiation, and in this the Abbé had been so successful that he was again despatched to Hanover. He lodged in the same house with Stanhope, and an agreement was finally made by which George purchased the demolition of the works at Mardyke, by engaging to support Orleans in the succession in case of the death of the little king. A treaty was made by which Holland, France, and England bound themselves to maintain the House of Hanover in England and the House of Orleans in France, and this was known as the Triple Alliance.

Meantime, George's mind was chiefly set on acquiring for Hanover the secularised bishoprics of Bremen and Werden, which belonged to the Crown of Sweden; but during the captivity of Charles XII. at Bender, his domains were a prey to all around. Money for the purpose was wanting, also for the payment of some German troops, hired during the Jacobite rising, and over these matters, the King and Sir Robert Walpole had a great quarrel. They had no common language but Latin, so that it was no wonder that there should be misunderstandings. Walpole had various enemies, among them the Earl of Sunderland son to Anne's minister and son-in-law to Marlborough. It ended in Walpole's going out of office, Lord Townshend's being disposed of as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, while Stanhope and Sunderland came into office. Stanhope was soon after raised to the peerage, by which means the ministerial leaders in the House of Commons became Addison, Mr. Secretary Craggs, and Mr. Aislabie, none of them able to make a strong impression on the House, and the two last weak men, easily duped.

Great anxieties were at this time caused by the ambition, not of the King of Spain himself, but that of his wife.

Philip V., like all Fénélon's pupils, was a good, pious, and conscientious man, but it had not been possible to give him a larger mind or more force of character than had his father, the Grand Dauphin. Like that prince, he had no taste for reading or conversation and cared for no amusement but hunting, and like his mother, who was said to have died of her own dulness, he was very shy and unwilling to see any one. To each of his wives he was devoted, and all through his reign he was home-sick, longing to get back to Versailles, so that on his grandfather's death, his ministers had hardly been able to prevent him from starting at once to claim the Regency of France, and the chief thing he seems to have inherited from his grandfather was the conviction that it was mean to shrink from war, as the only means of winning glory.

The leading spirit was his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese. Her face was much disfigured by small-pox, but her figure was fine, and she had much grace and dignity as well as kindness of manner, though she was of an extremely haughty and ambitious nature. From the first moment of her arrival, she studied to keep full possession of her husband, sharing his devotions, and seeming to enjoy the chase as much as he did. She never contradicted him, nor appeared to lead him, even while she did so completely; and from the moment of the birth of her first child, Carlos, on the 16th of January, 1716, her mind was set on making the boy a king. She even thought that if his half-brother Luis were King of Spain, he might be King of France, and whereas the two Italian ducal families of Parma and Tuscany were verging towards extinction, she hoped to put forward claims to these, although they had never gone in the female line. Above all things, she hated the House of Austria, both with an Italian's feeling towards the Germans as oppressors of Lombardy and because the Emperor Charles still would give no title to her husband but that of Duke of Anjou, while Madrid could only retaliate by calling him the Archduke.

The chief assistant in all her schemes was Giulio Alberoni, the representative of her brother, the Duke of Parma, at the Spanish Court. This man was the son of a gardener at Piacenza, and had not begun to learn to read and prepare for the priesthood till he was twelve years old, when he went to the Jesuit school, and made the most rapid progress in all branches of study.

During the War of Succession he had acted as interpreter for the Parmesan Government, and thus had become acquainted

with the Duke of Vendôme, whom he pleased by his jests and witticisms, and a style of buffoonery that accorded well with his grotesque appearance—short, stout, and with a head and face disproportionately large ; but he had a beautiful voice, and could on occasion speak with an eloquence that surprised his hearers. Vendôme took him to France, and presented him to Louis XIV., who, after the Duke's death, sent him to the Court of Madrid, where it was he who induced the Princesse des Ursins to select Elizabeth of Parma as Philip's wife, the choice that turned out so ill for the poor Camerera Mayor ; but Alberoni remained as Representative of the Court of Parma, and became the Queen's chief adviser and instrument.

He was too wise to demand as yet any higher or more Spanish position, but he guided the Queen, and she managed the King, and the resources of Spain began to be developed so far as was practicable in the midst of inveterate abuses, interwoven with the interest of the grandees.

'Five years of peace,' said Alberoni, 'and this might be made the most powerful monarchy in Europe.'

The English minister at Madrid, Mr. Bubb—afterwards Bubb Doddington, and then Lord Melcombe—was of the same opinion, they made friends, and a treaty of commerce was arranged by them, which was to give the English the rights of trade on the Mediterranean Spanish Coast, and with the Colonies in South America.

But this did not please George I., who was afraid of offending powers that might threaten Werden and Bremen, and at the same time the Spanish Court was affronted at any alliance of England with the Emperor, and still more at the Triple Alliance, which confirmed Philip of Orleans in his pretensions to the crown of France. Each side was offended, and the King and Queen of Spain were both so much determined on a war that Alberoni could not withstand them, and indeed was hurt at the rejection of his own advances ; but the army of Spain merely consisted of 50,000 men, and he was working at the navy, which only numbered twelve ships of war and 8000 men.

To the Pope, Clement XI., he alleged that this armament was to defend Christendom against the Turks, who were besieging Corfu ; and he thus obtained the great object of his desires—the Cardinal's hat. He was trying, however, to dissuade the King from beginning the war till the preparations should be complete, when an outrage on the part of the Emperor precipitated matters.

Don Josè Molinos, the Spanish Ambassador at Rome, and a very infirm old man, had been nominated Inquisitor General for Spain. He was travelling home by land, trusting to a safe conduct from the Pope, and a verbal assurance from the Imperial ambassador at Rome that it would be respected, besides which, the North of Italy had always been considered as neutral throughout the war. Nevertheless, a German officer pounced on the poor old man at the Milanese borders, sent his papers to Vienna, and shut him up in the citadel of Milan, where he died, two years later.

Philip V. could not choose but be greatly incensed, and so likewise were all his council. War was inevitable, and the fleet was sent off at once to attack Sardinia, which had formerly belonged to Spain, but had been made over to the Emperor when, at the peace of Utrecht, Sicily had been given to Victor Amadeus of Savoy. There was severe fighting, and much loss from the unwholesome climate. About 5000 men were left to garrison the island, whose natives greatly preferred the Spanish to the Austrian rule, and the fleet returned to Barcelona.

There was great indignation, for the Pope considered himself to have been made to give the hat on false pretences; and the Emperor called on the members of the Triple Alliance to punish an attack made without any formal declaration of war, but every one in Europe, except the King and Queen of Spain, wanted peace, and the Regent of France sent Dubois over to London to confer with Stanhope on the best means of preserving it; while William Stanhope (afterwards Lord Harrington) went to Spain to assist Bubb Doddington. Alberoni was, with all his might, having ships built, artillery cast, sailors trained, soldiers enlisted; all with the support of the Queen, for the King was dangerously ill, and in a state of hypochondriac melancholy. Curious things took place in his bed-chamber, for the Spanish grandees were naturally exceedingly jealous of the ascendancy of the Italian, and wanted to have Philip set aside as imbecile, and his eldest son Luis, Prince of the Asturias, placed on his throne.

One day, the old Duke of Escalona, who was the Lord Chamberlain, a very proud and determined man, but very infirm and gouty, made his appearance when the Queen was sitting by the bed, and Alberoni and some attendants standing by. The page in waiting refused to open the door, so the Duke threw it open for himself and hobbled in; but an attendant was sent to

order him back. Still he went forward, and the Cardinal advanced and told him that the King wished to be alone.

'That is not true,' said the Duke, 'I may be lame, but I am not blind, and you never approached the head of the bed, nor did the King speak to you.'

To this Alberoni replied that the visitor must retire, and laid a hand on his sleeve, an insult that enraged him to such a degree that there was a personal struggle between them in which the old man was pushed back into a chair, but there, raising his cane, he struck the Cardinal about the head and shoulders, and raved on with opprobrious language, declaring that, but for the presence of the King, he should kick the impudent Italian varlet out.

The King apparently took no notice, but the next day, a sentence of exile was brought to the old Duke, upon which all the Spaniards near at hand came to pay him their respects as an honour to his country. They could, however, do nothing, the King was absolute, and the Queen and Alberoni could conduct everything, and were bent on war.

They were in correspondence with James Stewart, who had been driven to Rome by the Triple Alliance, and in whom fresh hopes were excited by promises of a Spanish army to land in some part of Britain, in conjunction with the Swedes of Charles XII. who was determined to retain the two bishoprics. A new Armada was being fitted out in Spain for this new Stewart, 29 huge men of war, 100 heavy artillery, 40 mortars, and hosts of transports were all lying prepared in Cadiz bay, their destination, it is said, kept secret from the Spaniards themselves; and when William Stanhope and Nancré, the French envoy, tried to come to treaty, Alberoni called their scheme for peace an unheard-of impossible monster, a *hirco-cervus* or goat-stag, and the peace of Utretcht a treaty made for the devil, in which his King was used like a mere German! At the same time, he complained loudly of the fleet preparing by England at Portsmouth. However, the account of the Spanish armament decided Stanhope upon sending 20 ships of the line to sail for the Mediterranean, under Admiral Sir George Byng. The Spanish fleet had gone from Cadiz to Barcelona with sealed orders, indeed, it is said that no one knew Alberoni's plans except his friend Patiño, who had been brought up as a Jesuit. His schemes were to obtain Sicily, and compensate Victor Amadeus by assisting him to extend his kingdom over northern Italy. Victor Amadeus had not at first

been unwilling, but when he saw that all Europe was against Spain, he declined the arrangement, and remained under Austrian protection.

The Spanish fleet had gone to Cagliari where the orders were opened, and proved to command a descent upon Sicily. The Admiral, the Marquis de Castaneta, therefore sailed for the Bay of Solanto, and there landed the Flemish Marquis de Leyde to attack Palermo, where the Piedmontese Viceroy had only 17,000 men. Victor Amadeus was not popular in Sicily, being regarded as a foreigner, and his exactions were heavy, besides which the Sicilian nobles had many Spanish connections. The viceroy retreated from Palermo, and the citadel soon surrendered. Alberoni thought that he could there act freely, since Sicily had not been specially guaranteed by France or England; but the very news of the despatch of the fleet to Barcelona had led to the admittance of the Emperor to the Triple, or, as it became, the Quadruple, Alliance.

Alberoni was furious, especially with Nancré, the French envoys, and he seems to have been much disappointed that England would not allow him to pursue his attacks on the Austrian dominions. Byng's fleet was off Cape St. Vincent, and the admiral sent to Madrid to Colonel Stanhope for instructions. Stanhope showed Alberoni a list of the English ships, which the Cardinal tore to pieces in his rage and trampled under foot. Byng proceeded on his voyage, and Nancré and Stanhope left Madrid, Alberoni shedding tears as he took leave of the latter.

Byng sailed on, and anchored in the Bay of Naples the very day after the Spanish force had begun to blockade the citadel of Messina. The city had willingly admitted them, but here was a garrison of 2500 Piedmontese in the citadel, and Byng undertook to convey 2000 German troops from Count Daun, the Viceroy of Naples, to their assistance; but, as war between England and Spain had not been proclaimed, he sent a captain with a letter to De Leyde, proposing to wait for two months before offering any hostilities. This was declined, and he put the Germans for safety into Reggio, and sailed through the strait in search of the Spanish fleet.

It was a beautiful day, and, as the English ships sailed through the strait between the high hills, past the now mitigated Scylla and Charybdis, the heights on either side were thronged with Calabrians and Sicilians, as if they expected it had been a regatta.

The Spanish admirals, four in number, held a council of war,

in which the best advice was given by Cammock, an Irish Jacobite, who recommended that they should remain at anchor in the Bay of Il Paradiso, two miles from Messina, in line of battle, with their broadsides to the English, and with troops and batteries behind them.

Spanish pride, however, disdained this advice, and Castaneta and Chacon put out to sea in full sail. Byng followed all that day, but when his fleet had gone beyond the influence of the current of the straits, progress was difficult to him, as the wind went down into a dead calm, which did not equally disable the Spanish ships rowed by galley-slaves. However, the next morning, the 11th of August, 1718, a land breeze sprang up and carried the English to Cape Passaro, the southernmost point of Sicily, where they found the Spanish Rear-Admiral de Mari with six men of war and all the galleys, fire-ships, bomb-ships, and store-ships separated from the main body. Byng sent Captain Walton of the *Canterbury* with six ships after them, and sailed on in pursuit of Castaneta, who was in the broad channel between Cape Passaro and Malta. A slight breeze favoured the English ships, and from half past ten in the morning till late in the afternoon the battle raged. The Spaniards fought gallantly, but each ship for itself, without concert. Castaneta, wounded in both legs, had to surrender his *Philip the Royal* to Captain Matthews in the *Kent*, and three more ships were taken, others destroyed, but Admiral Cammock carried off ten safely. Byng pursued the other Admiral Guevara, in vain; but, five days later, he received the following laconic despatch from Captain Walton:—

'SIR,

'We have taken or destroyed all the Spanish vessels which were upon the coast. Number as per margin.'

A good margin it was; the flag-ship, with De Mari in it, all the rest of his six, a ship laden with arms, a fireship, and a bomb, and he had then sailed into the port of Syracuse. Altogether, the Spaniards had lost seventeen vessels, the English not one—only the *Grafton* was a good deal damaged. Sir George Byng sent one of his sons to England with despatches, and the journey from Naples, performed in fifteen days by land, was considered a marvel. Young Byng was joyfully welcomed by George I., received a handsome present for himself, a grant of all the prizes to the officers and crews, and powers for Sir George to negotiate with the Italian states.

Byng himself had sent a polite letter to the Marquis de Leyde, calling the battle an accident and hoping that it would not lead to a rupture between the kingdoms. The Spaniards did not equally spare his feelings. Alberoni, much enraged, recalled his ambassador from London, and at the same time seized all the British goods and vessels in Spanish ports, while a prohibition was sent forth by beat of drum in Madrid against any mention being made of the disaster of the fleet!

Alberoni tried intrigues in all the courts of Europe to overthrow the Quadruple Alliance, but with no success, except in Sweden, where Charles XII., being very angry with George I. about Bremen and Werden, was ready to join the alliance and endanger the House of Hanover by an attack on Scotland in favour of the Chevalier de St. George.

With the Regent Duke of Orleans, Alberoni could have no chance, though there was a strong feeling against actual war with so near a relation as the King of Spain. Dubois, however, greatly hated Alberoni and was very jealous at his having been made a Cardinal, and both Philip V. and his wife much disliked the Regent, both as a formidable rival to the inheritance of the French throne, and as a man whose licentious morals and deistical opinions so horrified the pious King, that it seemed only natural to attribute to him crimes of which the good-natured unambitious prince never dreamt.

The counter-party in the court was what Alberoni reckoned upon, for the Duke and Duchess of Maine bitterly felt their exclusion from power. Indeed, Dubois had incited his master to hold a bed of justice and deprive the Duke of the superintendence of the King's education. The Duchess was especially angered. We know a good deal about this little, fiery woman, both through the memoirs of St. Simon and those of Jeanne Delaunay, afterwards Madame de Staal, a lady who had to serve her as a sort of humble companion at her little court at Sceaux, where wit, theatrical and literary, alternated with ambitious intrigues. Her endeavour was to prove that her husband, as the son of Louis XIV., had rights of which he had been deprived, and she sought precedents all through ancient history, so that the little creature lay in her bed, after the custom of fashionable ladies, among piles of huge volumes of Chaldean or Greek history and held conversations with *savans* as if Nimrod and Semiramis afforded rules for the Bourbons.

She confided her discontents to the Spanish ambassador, the

Prince of Cellamare. He took the matter up warmly, and on several nights was brought to meet her at the Arsenal (Sully's old abode), where they plotted together, with some other malcontents, to stir up the nation to demand a bed of justice, where the King of Spain, as the King's nearest relation, should put forth his claims to take the guardianship of the poor boy from one so obviously unfit as the Regent.

The whole was known through spies to the Regent and Dubois all the time. It was exactly the pretext they wanted for the still further humiliation of the Duke and Duchess. They waited till the whole party had thoroughly compromised themselves by writings, and then pounced on Cellamare first, seizing all his papers and declaring him to have violated the privileges of an ambassador.

The Duchess then learnt that she was suspected of the plot. After three days the Regent carried the young king to another bed of justice, where the legitimatised princes were deprived of all the privileges left them by their father; but the Count of Toulouse was at once reinstated, as his conduct had been satisfactory, thus proving that the blow was entirely aimed at the Duke and Duchess of Maine, and they hastily left the Tuileries, sending Mdlle. Delaunay before them to Sceaux to look over the papers there, and destroy any dangerous ones. This she did effectually, but there was an intense anxiety prevailing, especially as it was said that the Spanish ambassador had named all the plotters, and for several days reports were continually coming that the Duchess was to be immediately arrested.

At last, in the middle of the night, the officers arrived, and poor Jeanne Delaunay had to get up and dress before them, as they were ordered not to lose sight of her; and, being suspected of knowing all her mistress's secrets, she was taken to the Bastile.

The Duke of Maine was taken to Dourlens. He scarcely spoke the whole way, only sighed heavily, and whenever he passed a church crossed himself and murmured prayers. The Duchess, on the contrary, on her way to Dijon, filled the carriage with her lamentations, complaints, and abuse of the Duke of Bourbon, her nephew.

The Bastile, happily for Mademoiselle Delaunay, was a far less terrible place than once it had been, yet bad enough in itself. There was court within court, moat within moat, and the view was into a gloomy yard, shut in by six towers, the very figures that stood on each side of the great clock

wearing chains. However, Jeanne was allowed the attendance of her maid, and money was sent by a friend for the ample supply of her needs.

She was examined, but neither would nor could betray anything, and she remained where she was, not severely treated, but interrogated every now and then, in hopes that weariness would lead her to speak out; and latterly she was allowed intercourse with her fellow captives concerned in the Spanish plot. Even when the Duchess had made her confession and been liberated by the Regent, Mdlle. Delaunay was still imprisoned, as the Duke of Orleans was determined not to release her till she had confessed her knowledge of the plot, and her having destroyed the letters that contained it. He declared that he would break down misplaced heroism; but she held out bravely till the Duchess sent her word to confess all she knew, and she then was able to explain how entirely ignorant the Duke had been all along of his wife's machinations.

Release followed, and she spent the rest of her days in attendance on the Duchess. It was constraint even greater than she had lived in at the Bastile, a weary round of frivolous amusements. Even her marriage did not set her free, for it was with an elderly widower in the Swiss Guards, and only for the sake of giving her rank, so as to be more with her exacting mistress. Her memoirs are very clever, and I believe it is she who embalmed that triumph of egotism, the speech of the lady who said, '*Moi, je ne parle jamais de moi.*'

War with Spain was proclaimed in the January of 1720, and the Duke of Berwick was placed in command of the army, first, however, chivalrously sending back his Golden Fleece and renouncing all the property granted to him in Spain. Philip V., with a flash of spirit, put himself at the head of the Spanish army, for the relief of Fontarabia, which Berwick was besieging; but Alberoni, who knew that a battle where the King was personally engaged would be fatal to any hopes of the Iron Crown, managed to get him delayed in the Pyrenees till the town was taken. St. Sebastian was also taken by Berwick, who then crossed over to Roussillon to co-operate with the English fleet, but a great storm * so broke up the ships bringing provisions that his measures were disconcerted, and he only took a few small fortresses. On the other hand, King Philip's melancholy returned, and he went back to the Escorial.

* The storm that caused the troubles of 'the modern Telemachus.'

Alberoni's attempts to create a diversion were all failing. He had sent the Duke of Ormond with a squadron of ten ships of war to attempt a Jacobite rising in Scotland, with 6000 troops on board, and the Earls Mareschal, Seaforth, and the Marquis of Tullibardine; but another storm shattered and dispersed the fleet off Cape Finisterre, and only two ships, with the three lords, arrived at the Isle of Lewis, with 300 men. The Mackenzies rose at the call of their chief, and he crossed to Kintail. A skirmish took place in the Valley of Glenshiel with the English troops, in which the Highlanders had the advantage, but Seaforth was badly wounded; it became plain that nothing could be done, so the clansmen dispersed to their homes in the night, the three noblemen escaped to the Continent, and the 300 Spaniards surrendered as prisoners of war.*

Brittany likewise made a demonstration in favour of the King of Spain becoming Regent; but it was easily put down, and four nobles were beheaded, to the great grief of Philip V., who not only was miserably hypochondriac but very angry with his minister. Everybody turned against Alberoni, even the King's nurse, who, when the Cardinal accidentally touched her master's linen, threw it into the fire as if defiled. She persuaded the Queen to give up the minister, and orders were sent to him to leave Madrid in a week and Spain in three. 'Spain was a corpse,' he said, 'which I revived for a time, but which has returned to her tomb.'

The Queen, being flattered with hopes of Sicily for her son, was persuaded to consent to peace and to relinquish Sardinia to the Duke of Savoy, Victor Amadeus I. The King of France was to marry Mariana, the eldest daughter of Spain, and Luis, the heir of Spain, Elizabeth, the fourth daughter of the Regent Orleans, and the two princesses were exchanged at the Bidassoa, poor little Mariana, who was only three years old, not being allowed a single Spanish attendant. Peace was signed at the Hague on the 17th of February, 1720.

* This is the rebellion mentioned in Miss Coleridge's 'Lady Betty.'

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MRS. BARBAULD.

II.

IF Mrs. Barbauld thought History in her day, as indeed it was, an enormous subject, what would she have said if she had lived at the present time, when public events follow one another in greater number and with more rapidity? She says in one of her letters, 'What an immense study History is now become! How much employment has the last twenty years given to the Historic Muse. Surely she must strike off from her roll some of her old heroes to make room for the new names which crowd upon her! We can at least spare Theseus and Hercules and half a hundred more of whom we know so little and who fill the middle space between History and Fiction.'

Perhaps we may not agree with her last remark, but would rather spare some more clearly defined but less picturesque figures from the page of History.

That Lydia was a worthy recipient of these letters, we see in one from her teacher, in which she praises her for the thoughtful observations she makes on the history she has read. History is evidently a favourite subject with Mrs. Barbauld. She thinks it has the advantage over science, because it is full of human interest; and it is a safer study than any we might give to the transactions which pass before our eyes, because there our feelings are apt to be affected 'by the bitterness of party, or tinged with private partialities and resentments. In History alone, nothing checks the freedom of discussion; you may take the side of the Greeks or of the Persians, without giving offence to anybody; and if you can pick up any anecdote, relative to the coterie of Aspasia, or the toilet of Semeramis, they may be circulated without occasioning any scandal.'

The letter which follows, is upon the 'two eyes of History,' Geography and Chronology; and Mrs. Barbauld explains to Lydia, how the three sciences are connected, so that each throws light upon the others.

'MY DEAR LYDIA,—

'We have considered the uses of History. I would now direct your attention to those collateral branches of science, which are necessary for the profitable understanding of it. It is impossible to understand one thing well, without understanding to a certain degree many other things. There is a mutual dependence between all the parts of knowledge. This is the reason that a child never fully comprehends what he is taught. He receives an idea, but not the full idea, perhaps not the principal, of what you want to teach him; but as his mind opens, this idea enlarges, and receives accessory ideas, till slowly and by degrees he is master of the whole. This is particularly the case in History; you may recollect probably that the mere *adventure* was all you entered into, in those portions of it which were presented to you, at a very early age. You could understand nothing of the springs of action, nothing of the connection of events with the intrigues of cabinets, with religion, with commerce; nothing of the state of the world at different periods of society and improvement, and as little could you grasp the measured distances of time and space which are set between them. This you could not do, not because History was not related with clearness, but because you were destitute of other knowledge.

'The first studies which present themselves as accessories in this light, are *Geography* and *Chronology*, which have been called the two eyes of History. When was it done? Where was it done? are the two first questions you would ask concerning any fact that was related to you; without those two particulars there can be no precision or clearness. Geography is best learned along with History, for if the first explains History, the latter gives interest to Geography, which without it, is but a dry list of names. For this reason if a young person begin with Antient History, I should think it advisable after a general acquaintance with the globe, to confine his Geography to the period and country of which he is reading, and it would be a desirable thing to have maps adapted to each remarkable period in the great empires of the world. These should not contain any towns or be divided into any provinces which were not known at that period. A map of Egypt for instance, calculated for its antient monarchy, should have Memphis marked in it, but not Alexandria, because the two capitals did not exist together. A map of Judea for the time of Solomon or any period of its monarchy, should not exhibit the name of Samaria, nor the

villages of Bethlehem and Nazareth, but each country should have the towns and divisions as far as they are known, calculated for the period the map was meant to illustrate. Thus Geography, civil Geography, would be seen to grow out of History, and the mere view of the map would suggest the political state of the world at any period. It would be a pleasing speculation to see how the arbitrary divisions of kingdoms and provinces vary and become obsolete and large towns flourish and fall again into ruins, while the great natural features, the mountains and rivers and seas remain unchanged, by whatever name we please to call them—whatever Empire encloses them within its temporary boundaries. We have it is true antient and modern maps; but the one set includes every period from the creation of the world to the provinciating the Roman Empire under Trojan, and the other takes in all the rest. About half-a-dozen sets for the antient states and empires, and as many for the modern, would be sufficient to exhibit the most important changes, and would be as many as we should be able to give with any clearness.

'The young student should make it an invariable rule, never to read History without a map before him, to which should be added plans of towns, harbours, etc. These should be conveniently placed under the eye, separate if possible from the book he is reading, that by frequent glancing upon them the image of the country may be indelibly impressed on his imagination. Besides the necessity of maps for understanding History, the memory is wonderfully assisted by the local association which they supply. The battles of Issus and the Granicus will not be confounded by those who have taken the pains to trace the rivers on whose banks they were fought; the exploits of Hannibal are connected with a view of the Alps, and the idea of Leonides is inseparable from the straits of Thermopyle. The greater accuracy of maps, and still more the facility from the arts of painting and engraving, of procuring them, is an advantage the moderns have over the antients. They have been perfected by slow degrees. The Egyptians and Chaldeans studied the science of mensuration, and the first map (rude enough no doubt) is said to have been made by order of Sesostris, when he became master of Egypt. Commerce and war have been the two parents of this science. Pharaoh Necho ordered the Phœnicians, whom he sent round Africa, to make a survey of the coast; this they finished in three years. Darius got the Ethiopic Sea and the mouth of Indus to be surveyed. That maps were known in

Greece you no doubt recollect, from the pretty story of Socrates and Alcibiades. Anaximander, a disciple of Thales, is said to have made the first sphere and first delineated what was then known of the countries of the earth. He flourished 547 years before Christ. Herodotus mentions a map of brass or copper which was presented by Aristagoras tyrant of Miletus, to Cleomenes king of Sparta, in which he had described the known earth with its seas and rivers. Alexander the Great in his expedition into Asia took two Geographies with him, and from their itineraries many things have been copied by succeeding writers.

'From Greece the science of Geography passed to Rome. The enlightened policy of the Romans cultivated it as a powerful means of extending and securing their dominion. One of the first things they did was to make roads, for which it was necessary to have the country measured. They had a custom when they had conquered a country, to have a map painted of it always carried aloft in their triumphs. The great historian, Polybius, reconnoitred under a commission from Scipio Emilianus the coasts of Africa, Spain, and France, and measured the distances of Hannibal's march over the Alps and Pyrenees. Julius Cæsar employed men of science to survey and measure the globe, and his own Commentaries shew his attention to this part of knowledge. Strabo a great Geographer whose works are extant, flourished under Augustus, Pomponius Mela, in the 1st Century.

'Many of the Roman itineraries which are still extant, shew the systematic care which they bestowed on a science so necessary for the orderly distribution and government of their large dominions. But still it was late before Geography was settled upon its true basis—astronomical observations. The greater part of the early maps were laid down in a very loose, inaccurate manner; and where particular parts were done with the greatest care, yet if the longitude and latitude were wanting, their relative situation to the rest of the earth could not be known. Some attempts had indeed been made by Hipparchus and Posidonius, Greek philosophers, to settle parallels of latitude by the length of the days; but the foundation they had laid was neglected till the time of Ptolemy, who flourished at Alexandria about 150 years after Christ, under Adrian and Antoninus Pius. This is he from whom the Ptolemaic system took its name. He diligently compared and revised the antient maps and charts, correcting their errors and supplying their defects; and by the reports of

travellers and navigators, the measured and reputed distances of things, and by itineraries, and astronomical calculations all digested together, he reduced Geography into a regular system and laid down the situation of places according to minutes and degrees of latitude and longitude, as we now have them. The maps were in general use till the last three or four centuries, in which time the progress of the moderns in the knowledge of the globe we inhabit, has thrown at a great distance all the antient Geographers. We are now, some few breaks and chasms excepted, pretty well acquainted with the outline of the globe, and with those parts of it with which we are connected by our commercial or political relations; but we are still profoundly ignorant of the interior of Africa, of South America, and the Western part of North America. We know little of Thibet and the Central parts of Asia, and have as yet only touched upon the great continent of New Holland.

'The best antient maps are those of D'Anville. It has required great learning and proportionate skill, to bring together the scattered notices which are found in various authors and to fix the position of places which have been long ago destroyed; very often the Geographer has no other guide than the relation of the historian, that such a place is within six or eight days' journey from another place. In some instances the maps of Ptolemy are lately come into repute again, as in his delineation of the course of the Niger, which is thought to be favoured by modern discoveries. Major Rennell has done much to improve the Geography of India. There are many valuable maps scattered in voyages and travels, and many of the Atlases contain a selection sufficient for all common purposes; but a complete collection of the best maps and charts, with plans of harbours, towns, etc., becomes an object of even princely expense. The French have taken the lead in this, as in many other branches of science.

'The late Empress of Russia caused a geographical survey to be taken of her dominions, which has much improved our knowledge of the north-east regions of Europe and Asia. We have some elegant maps by Arrowsmith, but Carey's, when completed, will be the best Atlas that has been published.

'Yours affectionately,

'A. L. BARBAULD.'

Mrs. Barbauld had not the advantage of reading Professor Max Müller's famous writings on the Science of Language, and

much has been written on the subject since her time, of which she never dreamt; but her thoughtful remarks in the next letter upon grammer and language are well worth considering, even in the present enlightened day.

'MY DEAR LYDIA,— Nov. 6th, 1800.

'As the gradual opening of your mind begins to render you in some measure capable of comprehending abstract ideas, it seems to me a proper time to turn your attention to the principles of Grammar; both as they regard language in general, and the language of our native country in particular. I know indeed that the principles of English Grammar are among the first lessons now taught to young people destined to receive a liberal education—in my opinion erroneously, since, if studied in its principles, hardly any science is more abtruse and metaphysical; if in their exemplification by particular rules, a previous knowledge is required of different languages. For we become so habituated to the modes of speech in which from infancy we have expressed ourselves, that we can scarcely conceive they have only an abitrary connection with the meanings they signify, till, by comparing them with other and different modes, we become able to dissect and anaylise our expressions, and thus to gain an idea of the elements of language in general.

'A child who has heard no language but its own, probably imagines that the word red as naturally expresses that colour, as the picture of a bird expresses a bird; and in an age somewhat more advanced, the various inflexions used to express comparison, number, sex and the like in our native tongue, and the order in which we place our words, seem to an uninstructed person to be inherent in the nature of language itself. Language therefore is not taught by Grammar, but Grammar is taught by Language.

'The faculty of speech super-eminantly distinguishes man from all his fellow-inhabitants of this globe, and to it more than to any other circumstance is he indebted for the superiority he enjoys over them. For without this he would be confined to his own solitary crude ideas, incapable of profiting, either by the discoveries of his companions or by that accumulated and still accumulating store of information delivered down from age to age by oral or written communications. It is indeed true that all the more perfect animals are endowed with powers of

imparting to each other their sensations, sometimes in a very forcible manner; but their scanty tones of expression do not amount to anything deserving the high appellation of language. Neither indeed are their powers of expression only scanty, since in that case they would probably enlarge them in course of time; as, amongst us, languages are rendered more copious and perfect by use and civilization: but there is an essential difference in their nature. Language, properly so called, teaches to express ideas by arbitrary sounds; this the brute animals do not; or if, in some dubious instances they seem to affix a meaning to such sounds, as when a dog answers to his name, or a horse to the words by which he is commanded to stop or to go on, it is in consequence of the associations impressed upon them in their commerce with man, and the lesson is never communicated to their offspring or to other individuals. The language of the brutes seems to consist in the expression of their feelings by correspondent tones, and from being natural is less perfect than ours. In man, laughing, screaming, and other spontaneous noises which strongly indicate the state of mind, have no pretensions to be called speech, for speech is the child of intellect, not of passion. Language is therefore a thing of convention, not an effect of instinct; not produced perfect, but like all the other inventions of man, improvable and rising by degrees from the most imperfect rudiments of the Indian dialects, or the barbarous slang of a Gipsey, to the tongue of a Cicero or a Milton; rich, copious, accurate and discriminating, containing within its ample bosom, clothing from its immense store-house, all the ideas of a Newton, the feelings of a Rousseau, the wisdom of the wise, the treasures of the learned, and the sweet reciprocations of confidential intercourse. Language is at once the cause and effect, it is the measure and gauge of national improvement; it expands itself with the rising genius of a people, is rough when they are barbarous, polished when they are elegant, betrays by its derivations and foreign idioms the sources of their acquirements; changes with their changing manners, becomes tinged with their very humours, and reflects as in a faithful mirror, not only their sentiments and ideas, but their peculiar modes of feeling and apprehending. The compass of a man's language is the compass of his knowledge, the measure of his mind; for language has very much the nature of a garment we read of in the fairy tales, which had the gift of adapting itself to every shape, and enlarged or contracted its

folds to suit the dimensions of the wearer. The physical means by which nature has enabled man, and him alone, to raise so wonderful a structure, consists in the capacity of uttering articulate sounds. An articulate sound is a sound produced by the tongue, teeth, palate, lips—the human organs of speech. These are susceptible of greater variety and more accurate distinctions than the mere emission of breath by the voice, by which are produced the lowing of a cow, the bleating of a sheep, and similar expressions belonging to the animal tribe. It is, however, very doubtful whether in all cases this difference proceeds from a different organization, and not rather from that unknown something in the intellect of man which gives him so decided a superiority; for there are animals which approach so near to man in their structure, both internal and external, that it is difficult to discover what secret bar, what invisible spell forbids them to imitate his utterance, if they possessed sufficient intelligence to do it. The Indians indeed imagine that the tribe of monkeys could speak if they chose it. As to those animals—by no means the nearest to man in their outward appearance—who are said to talk, if accurately attended to, they will be found rather to imitate the tones of the human voice than properly to articulate. They do not pronounce the consonants in which articulation consists. Hence their phrases are hardly intelligible to those who do not know the particular tones that have been taught them.

'We should now proceed to investigate the elements of which language is composed, but enough for the present. Let us remember that Language is *arbitrary*, is *peculiar to man*, and is composed of *articulate sounds*.

'Farewell,

'A. L. B.'

Mrs. Barbauld's instructions were not all given in the form of disquisitions, for she sends her pupil an amusing exercise in grammar to correct—a letter from Miss Susan Slipslop, to Miss Fanny Flippant.

'Mrs Barbauld recommends to the notice of Miss R. the enclosed epistle, and if her critical ear should be offended with any violations of grammar or faults of orthography upon the reading it, she begs she will do Miss Slipslop the favour of correcting them, marking at the same time the nature of the fault, whether it sins against Grammar or against idiom;

whether it is faulty from a want of correctness or of elegance, and in every case substituting the proper expression.'

'*To* Miss FANNY FLIPPANT.

'MY DEAR MISS,—

'Tho I don't owe you no letter, for I am sure I have wrote last to you, yet as Miss Lucy is going home, and she will take it for me, and being determinated not to miss this opportunity, for you must know I hate to correspond without I can write my letters all out of my own head, and my Governess nor nobody shan't see this. We have had a grete ball here, and the most genteelest company I ever see'd here, but poor Caroline has tore her new gownd. We was just going to begin Coatiluns, and she had not drawed it up, and her pardner trod upon it. It was trimm'd with the beautifulest lace which her Unkle had gave her. I danced with Harry, who looks more handsomer than ever. Don't you think the time passes very pleasant when one has a good pardner, We talked a great deal about Maria of Richmond, for you know Harry comes from there. She is monstrous pretty, and I kept plaguing Harry about her. Maria is staying at Richmond, because the hair is so soft, for she is very cricklish in her health and has had a deal of Doctoring lately. Her Mama is larning her to paint. Do you like Richmond. Its a place as I never was att; for as often as I have rid, I have never took a ride that way. So you are larning to play upon the musick, and I should never have knowed nothing about it, if the musick master had not lett it out. I wish I might larn after the Vocation. My Bedfellow is gone home. She was come for, yesterday, so I laid with Miss Lucy last night, and the window was broke, and I had such a rheumatise, I could hardly rise myself in my bed. I have the pleasure to tell you that I can speak French quite perfect; for we always do speke it, because we must not speke nothing else, for you know there is no use speaking English att schole, for that comes into one's head quite natural. And I can understand all our Misses, but there was a Mountsier came the other day, jabbering to my Governess, and I could not understand him att all, for his French was quite different to ours, I believe because he spoke so fast.

'Now Goodbye,

'SUSAN SLIPSLOP.'

Judging from the specimens we have of Lydia's own style, it

would seem that Miss Slipslop gave her such a horror of the disregard of grammar and composition, as to drive her into the opposite extreme. A quotation from one of her themes given in a letter of Mrs. Barbauld's, and her diaries written some years after when she was a married woman, sound strangely pedantic to our ears.

Nothing could be called by its simple name. Parents, home, husband, Church, Chapel, are translated into such expressions as, 'my respected progenitors,' 'the domestic hearth,' or 'the calm circle of domestic bliss,' the 'partner of my joys,' or my 'attached spouse,' 'the Establishment,' and the 'Sacred Temple of Divine Worship.'

We can hardly help smiling as we read the elaborate sentences, written in now-faded ink, in Lydia's delicate handwriting; and pause at the end nearly choked with long words, and out of breath from pursuing the different members of her complicated sentences, to their halt at the full stop.

But though we may write better grammar than Susan Slipslop, perhaps we are a little too much inclined ourselves to the free-and-easy style, and might well draw our line half-way between that careless maiden and the formal Lydia. At any rate, whatever Lydia did, was done with her might; for all the extracts she gives us in her diary of the books she read and the sermons she heard, show what an attentive reader and hearer she was, and how truly she showed herself worthy of all the pains that had been bestowed upon her by her famous teacher. When we learn the sad story of her after life—that for fifty years her mind was darkened by mental disease—we are tempted to exclaim that the labour was all thrown away. But we know that it was not so really, since all good conscientious work is not merely for time but for Eternity; and that it will follow her into that other existence, into which her gentle spirit entered, when her long life here came to an end more than twenty years ago.

E. C. RICKARDS.

THAT STICK.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT IS REST?

'REST, there is nothing for it but immediate rest and warm baths,' said Lady Northmoor to Constance, who was waiting anxiously for the doctor's verdict some hours later. 'It is only being overdone—no, my dear, there is nothing really to fear, if we can only keep business and letters out of his way for a few weeks. My dear child——'

For Constance, who had been dreadfully frightened by the sight of the physician's carriage, which seemed to her inexperienced eyes the omen of something terrible, fairly burst into tears of relief.

'Oh, I am so glad!' she said, as caresses passed—which might have been those of mother and daughter for heartfelt sympathy and affection.

'You will miss your Saturdays and Sundays, my dear,' continued the aunt, 'for we shall have to go abroad, so as to be quite out of the way of everything.'

'Never mind that, dear aunt, if only uncle Frank is better! Will it be long?'

'I cannot tell. He says six weeks, Dr. Smith says three months. It is to be bracing air—Switzerland, most likely.'

'Oh, how delightful! How you will enjoy it!'

'It has always been a dream, and it is strange now to feel so downhearted about it,' said her aunt, smiling.

'Uncle Frank is sure to be better there!' said Constance. 'Only think of the snowy mountains—

> 'Mont Blanc is the king of mountains—
> They crowned him long ago;
> With a robe of mist and a vest of clouds
> And a diadem of snow.'

And the girl's eyes brightened with an enthusiasm that the elder woman felt for a moment, nor did either of them feel the verse hackneyed.

'Ah! I wish we could take you, my dear,' said Lady Northmoor; then, 'Do you know where Herbert is?'

'No,' said Constance. 'Oh, aunt, I am so sorry! I don't think he would have done it if the other boys had not teased him!'

'Perhaps not; but, indeed, I am grieved, not only on the poor rook's account, but that he should have the heart to vex your uncle just now. However, perhaps he did not understand how ill he has been all this week. And I am afraid that young Stanhope is not a good companion for him.'

'I do not think he is,' said Constance; 'it seems to me that Stanhope leads him into that betting, and makes him think it does not signify whether he passes or not, and so he does not take pains.'

Herbert was not to be found either then or at dinner time. It turned out that he had taken from the stables the horse he was allowed to ride, and had gone over to display his victim to Stanhope, and then proceeded to the bird-stuffer; had got a meal, no one wished to know how, only returning in time to stamp upstairs to bed.

He thus avoided an interview with his uncle over the rook, unaware that his aunt had left him the grace of confession, being in hopes that, unless he did speak of his own accord, the vexatious knowledge might be spared to one who did not need an additional annoyance just then.

Lord Northmoor was not, however, to be spared. He was much better the next day, Sunday, a good deal exhilarated by the doctor's opinion; and, though concerned at having to break off his work, ready to enjoy what he was told was absolutely essential.

The head-keeper had no notion of sparing him. Mr. Best regarded him with a kind of patronising toleration as an unfortunate gentleman who had the ill-hap never to have acquired a taste for sport, and was unable to do justice to his preserves; but towards 'Mr. Morton' there was a very active dislike. The awkward introduction might have rankled even had Herbert been wise enough to follow Miss Morton's advice; but his nature was overbearing, and his self-opinion was fostered by his mother and Ida, while he was egged on by his fellow pupils to

consider Best a mere old woman, who could only be tolerated by the ignorance of 'a regular Stick.'

With the under-keeper Herbert fraternised enough to make that person insubordinate; and the days when Lord Northmoor gave permission for shooting, or for inviting his companions for a share in the sport, were days of mutual offence, when the balance of provoking sneer and angry insult would be difficult to cast, though the keeper was the most forbearing, since he never complained of personal ill-behaviour to himself, whereas Herbert's denunciations to his uncle of 'that old fool,' were the louder and more numerous because they never produced the slightest effect.

However, Best felt aggrieved in the matter of the rook, which had been put under his special protection, and being, moreover, something of a naturalist, he had cherished the hope of a special Northmoor breed of pied rooks.

So while, on the way from church, Lady Adela was detaining Lady Northmoor with inquiries as to Dr. Smith's opinion, Best waylaid his master with, 'Your lordship gave me orders about that there rook with white wings, as was not to be mislested.'

'Has anything happened to it?' said Frank, wearily.

'Well, my lord, I sees Mr. Morton going up to the rookery with his gun, and I says to him that it weren't time for shooting of the branchers, and the white rook weren't to be touched by nobody, and he swears at me for a meddling old leggings, and uses other language as I'll not repeat to your lordship, and by-and-by I hears his gun, and I sees him apicking up of the rook that her ladyship set such store by, so it is due to myself, my lord, to let you know as I were not to blame.'

'Certainly not, Best,' was the reply. 'I am exceedingly displeased that my nephew has behaved so ill to you, and I shall let him know it.'

'His lordship will give it to him hot and strong, the young upstart,' muttered Best to himself with great satisfaction, as he watched the languid pace quicken to overtake the boy, who had gone on with his sister.

Perhaps the irritability of illness had some effect upon the ordinary gentleness of Lord Northmoor's temper, and besides, he was exceedingly annoyed at such ungrateful slaughter of what was known to be a favourite of his wife; so when he came upon Herbert, sauntering down to the stables, he accosted him sharply with, 'What is this I hear, Herbert? I could not have believed

that you would have deliberately killed the creature that you knew to be a special delight to your aunt.'

Herbert had reached the state of mind when a third, if not a fourth, reproach on the same subject on which his conscience was already uneasy, was simply exasperating, and without the poor excuse he had offered his aunt and sister, he burst out that it was very hard that such a beastly row should be made about a fellow knocking down mere trumpery vermin.

'Speak properly, Herbert, or hold your tongue,' said his uncle. 'I am extremely displeased at finding that you do not know how to conduct yourself to my servants, and have presumed to act in this lawless, heartless manner, in defiance of what you knew to be your aunt's wishes and my orders, and that you replied to Best's remonstrance with insolence.'

'That's a good one! Insolent to an old fool of a keeper,' muttered Herbert, sullenly.

'Insolence is shameful towards any man,' returned his uncle. 'And from a foolish, headstrong boy to a faithful old servant it is particularly unbecoming. However, bad as this is, it is not all that I have to speak of.'

Then Herbert recollected with dismay how much his misdemeanour would tell against his pardon for the more important act of disobedience, and he took refuge in a sullen endeavour at indifference, while his uncle, thoroughly roused, spoke of the sins of disobedience and the dangers of betting. Perhaps the only part of the lecture that he really heard was, 'Remember, it was these habits in those who came before us that have been so great a hindrance in life to both you and me, and made you, my poor boy, so utterly mistaken as to what becomes your position. How much have you thrown away?'

Herbert looked up and muttered the amount—twelve pounds and some shillings.

'Very well, I will not have it owed. I shall pay it, deducting two pounds from your allowance each term till it is made up. Give me the address or addresses.'

At this Herbert writhed and remonstrated, but his uncle was inexorable.

'The fellows will be at me,' he said, as he gave Stanhope's name.

'You will see no more of Stanhope after this week. I have arranged to send you to a tutor in Hertfordshire, who, I hope, will make you work, and where, I trust, you will find com-

panions who will give you a better idea of what becomes a gentleman.'

In point of fact, this had been arranged for some time past, though by the desire of Herbert's present tutor, it had not been made known to the young people, so that, coming thus, there was a sound of punishment in it.

The interview ended there. The annoyance, enhanced in his mind by having come on a Sunday, brought on another attack of headache; but late in the evening the uncle sent for Herbert, who always had to go very early on the Monday. It was to ask him whether he would not prefer the payment being made to Stanhope and the other pupil after he had left them. Herbert's scowl passed off. It was a great relief. He said they were prepared to wait till he had his allowance, and the act of consideration softened him, as did also the manifest look of suffering and illness, as his uncle lay on the couch, hardly able to speak, and yet exerting himself thus to spare the lad.

'Thank you, sir,' actually Herbert said, and then, with a gulp, 'I am sorry about that bird—I wish I'd never told them, but it was Stanhope who drove me to it—not believing——'

'I thought it was not your better mind,' said his uncle, holding out his hand. 'I should like you to make me a promise, Herbert, not to make a bet while I am away. I should go with an easier mind.'

'I will, uncle,' said Herbert, heartily reflecting, perhaps, it must be owned, on the fewer opportunities in that line at Westhaven, except at the regatta, but really resolving, as the only salve to his conscience. And there was that in his face and the clasp of his hand that gave his uncle a sense of comfort and hope.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE SURFACE.

LADY ADELA, though small and pale, was one of the healthy women who seem unable to believe in any ailments short of a raging fever; and when she heard of neuralgia, decided that it was all a matter of imagination, and a sort of excuse for breaking off the numerous occupations in which she felt Lord Northmoor's value, but only as she would have acknowledged that of a good schoolmaster. Their friendly intercourse had never ripened

into intimacy, and was still punctiliously courteous; each tacitly dreaded the influence of the other on the Vicar in Church matters, and every visit of the Westhaven family confirmed Lady Adela's belief that it was undesirable to go below the surface.

Bertha, who came down for a day or two to assist at the breaking-up demonstration of the High School at Colbeam, was as ever much more cordial. The chief drawbacks with her were that cynical tone, which made it always doubtful whether she were making game of her hearers, and the philanthropy, not greatly tinged with religion, so as to confuse old-fashioned minds. She used to bring down strange accounts of her startling adventures in the slums, and relate them in a rattling style, interluded with slang, being evidently delighted to shock and puzzle her hearers; but still she was always good-natured in deed if not in word, and Lord Northmoor was very grateful for her offer of hospitality to Herbert, who was coming to London for his preliminary examination.

She had come up to call, determined to be of use to them, and she had experience enough of travelling to be very helpful. Finding that they shuddered at the notion of fashionable German '*baden*,' she exclaimed—

'I'll hit you off! There's that place in the Austrian Tyrol that Lettice Bury frequents—a regular primitive place with a name—Oh, what is it, Addie, like rats and mice?'

'Ratzes,' said Adela.

'Yes. The tourists have not molested it yet, and only natives bathe there, so she goes every year to renovate herself and sketch, and comes back furbished up like an old snake, with lots of drawings of impossible peaks, like Titian's backgrounds. We'll write and tell her to make ready for the head of her house!'

'O, but——' began Frank, looking to his wife.

'Would it not be intruding?' said Mary.

'She will be enchanted! She always likes to have anything to do for anybody, and she says the scenery is just a marvel. You care for that! You are so deliciously fresh, beauties aren't a bore to you.'

'We are glad of the excuse,' said Frank, gravely.

'You look ill enough to be an excuse for anything, and Mary too! How about a maid? Is Harte going?'

'No,' said Mary; she says that foreign food made her so ill

once before that she cannot attempt going again. I meant to do without.'

'That would never do!' cried Bertha. 'You have quite enough on your hands with Northmoor, and the luggage and the languages.'

'Is not an English maid apt to be another trouble?' said Mary. 'I do not suppose my French is good, but I have had to talk it constantly; and I know some German, if that will serve in the Tyrol.'

'I'll reconcile it to your consciences,' said Bertha, triumphantly. 'It will be a real charity. There's a bonny little Swiss girl whom some reckless people brought home and then turned adrift. It will be a real kindness to help her home, and you shall pick her up when you come up to me on your way, and see my child! Oh, didn't I tell you? We had a housemaid once who was demented enough to marry a scamp of a stoker on one of the Thames steamers. He deserted her, and I found her living, or rather dying, in an awful place at Rotherhithe, surrounded by tipsy women, raging in opposite corners. I got her into a decent room, but too late to save her life—and a good thing too; so I solaced her last moments with a promise to look after her child, such a jolly little mortal, in spite of her name—Boadicea Ethelind Davidina Jones. She is two years old, and quite delicious—the darling of all the house!'

'I hope you will have no trouble with the father,' said Frank.

'I trust he has gone to his own locker, or, if not, he is only too glad to be rid of her. I can tackle him,' said Bertha, confidently. 'The child is really a little duck!'

She spoke as if the little one filled an empty space in her heart; and, even though there might be trouble in store, it was impossible not to rejoice in her present gladness, and her invitation was willingly accepted. Moreover, her recommendations were generally trustworthy, and Mary only hesitated because, as she said afterwards to her husband—

'I thought, if I could do without a maid, we might take Constance. She is doing so very well, and likely to pass so well in her examinations, that it would be very nice to give her this pleasure.'

'Good little girl! So it would! I should like nothing better; but I am afraid that if you took her without a maid, Emma would misunderstand it, and say you wanted to save the expense.'

'Would it make much difference?'

'Not more than we could bear now that we are in for it, but I fear it would excite jealousies.'

'Is that worse than leaving the poor child to Westhaven society all the holidays?'

'Perhaps not; and Conny is old enough now to be more injured by it than when she was younger.'

'You know I have always hoped to make her like a child of our own when her school education is finished.

He smiled, for he was likewise very fond of little Constance.

There was a public distribution of prizes, at which all the grandees of the neighbourhood were expected to assist, and it was some consolation to the Northmoors, for the Dowager Duchess not being there to take the lead, that the pleasure of taking the prize from her uncle would be all the greater—if——

The whole party went—Lady Adela, Miss Morton, and all—and were installed in chairs of state on the platform, with the bright array of books before them—the head mistress telling Lady Northmoor beforehand that her niece would have her full share of honours. No one could be a better or more diligent girl.

It quite nerved Lord Northmoor when he looked forth upon the sea of waving tresses of all shades of brown, while his wife watched in nervousness, both as to how he would acquit himself and how the exertion would affect him; and Bertha, as usual, was anxious for the credit of the name.

He did what was needed. Nobody wanted anything but the sensible commonplace, kindly spoken, about the advantages of good opportunities, the conscientiousness of doing one's best; and, after all, the inferiority of mere attainments in themselves to the discipline and dutifulness of responding to training—It was slowly but not stammeringly spoken, and Bertha did not feel critical or ashamed, but squeezed Mary's hand, and said, 'Just the right thing.'

One by one the girls were summoned for their prizes, the little ones first. Lord Northmoor had not the gift of inventing a pretty speech for each, he could do no more than smile as he presented the book and read its name; but the smile was a very decided one, when in the class next to the highest, three out of the seven prizes were awarded to Constance Elizabeth Morton, and it might be a question which had the reddest cheeks, the uncle or the niece, as he handed them to her—It was one

of the few happinesses that he had derived from his brother's family!

After such achievements on Constance's part, it was impossible to withhold—as they drove back to Northmoor—the proposal to take her with them, and the effect was magical. Constance opened her eyes, bounded up, as if she were going to fly out of the carriage, and then launched herself, first on her uncle, then on her aunt, for an ecstatic kiss.

'Take care, take care, we shall have the servants thinking you a little lunatic!'

'I am almost! Oh! I am so glad! To be with you and Aunt Mary all the holidays! That would be enough! But to go and see all the places,' she added, somehow perceiving that the desire to escape from home was, at least ought not to be approved of, and yet there was some exultation when she hazarded a supposition that there was no time to go home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DESDICHADO.

HOME—that is to say, Westhaven was in some commotion, when Herbert came back and grimly growled out his intelligence as to his own personal affairs. Mrs. Morton had been already apprised, in one of Lord Northmoor's well-considered letters, of his intentions of removing his nephew to a tutor more calculated to prepare for the army, and she had accepted this as promotion such as was his due. However, when the pride of her heart, the tall gentlemanly son, made his appearance in a savage mood, her feelings were all on the other side, and those of Ida exaggerated hers.

'So I'm to go to some disgusting hole where they grind the fellows no end,' was Herbert's account of the matter.

'But surely with your connection there's no need for grinding!' said his mother.

Herbert laughed, 'Much you know about it! Nobody cares a rap for connections now-a-days, even if old Frank were a connection to do a man any good.'

'But you'll not go and study hard and hurt yourself, my dear,' said his mother, though Herbert's looks by no means suggested any such danger, while Ida added, 'It is not as if he had

nothing else to look to, you know. He can't keep you out of the peerage.'

'Can't he then? Why he can and will too, for thirty or forty years more at least.'

'I thought his health was failing,' said Ida, putting into words a hope her mother had a little too much sense of propriety to utter.

'Bosh, it's only neuralgia, just because he is such a stick he can't take things easy, and lark about, but will do everyone's work —he hasn't the least notion what a gentleman ought to do.'

'It is bred in the bone,' said his mother; 'he always was a shabby poor creature! I always said he would not know how to spend his money.'

'He is a regular screw!' responded Herbert. 'What do you think now! He was in no end of a rage with me just because I went with some of the other fellows to the Colbeam races, and one can't help a bet or two you know. So I lost twelve pounds or so, and what must he do but stop it out of my allowance two pounds at a time!'

There was a regular outcry at this, and Mrs. Morton declared her poor dear boy should not suffer, but she would make it up to him, and Herbert added that it had been unlucky, half of it was that they were ryled with him, first because he had shot a ridiculous rook with white wings that my lady made no end of a fuss about.'

'Ah, then it is her spite,' said Ida. 'She's a sly cat, with all her meek ways.'

Herbert was not displeased with this evening's sympathy, as he lay outspread on the sofa, with the admiring and pitying eyes of his mother and sister upon him; but he soon began to feel— when he had had his grumble out, and could take his swing at home—that there could be too much of it.

It was all very well to ease his own mind by complaining, but when he heard of Ida announcing that he had been shamefully treated, all out of spite for killing a white rook, his sense of justice made him declare that the notion was nothing but girl's folly, such as no person with a grain of sense could believe.

The more his mother and her friends persisted in treating him as an ill-used individual, the victim of his uncle's avarice and his aunt's spite, the more his better nature revolted and acknowledged inwardly and sometimes outwardly the kindness and

justice he had met with. It was really provoking that any attempt to defend them, or explain the facts, were only treated as proofs of his own generous feeling. Ida's partisanship really did him more good than half a dozen lectures would have done, and he steadily adhered to his promise not to bet, though on the regatta day, Ida and her friend Sibyl derided him for not choosing to risk even a pair of gloves; and while one pitied him, the other declared that he was growing a skin-flint like his uncle.

He talked and laughed noisily enough with Ida's friends, but he had seen enough at Northmoor to feel the difference, and he told his sister that there was not a lady amongst the whole kit of them, except Rose Rollstone, who was coming down for her holiday.

'Rose!' cried Ida, tossing her head. 'A servant's daughter and a hand at a shop! What will you say next, I wonder?'

'Lady is as lady acts,' said Herbert, making a new proverb, whereat his mother and sister in chorus rebuked him, and demanded to know whether Ida were not a perfect lady.

At which he laughed with a sound of scoffing, and being tired of the discussion, sauntered out of the house to that inexhausible occupation of watching the boats come in, and smoking with old acquaintances, who were still congenial to him, and declared that he had not become stuck-up, though he was turned into an awful swell. Perhaps they were less bad for him than Stanhope, for they inspired no spirit of imitation.

When he came back a later post had arrived, bringing the news of Constance's successes and of the invitation to her to share the expedition of her uncle and aunt. There was no question about letting her go, but the feeling was scarcely of congratulation.

'Well, little Connie knows how to play her cards!'

'Stuff—child wouldn't know what it meant,' said Herbert, glumly.

'Well,' said his sister, 'she always was the favourite, and I call it a shame.'

'What, because you've been such a good girl, and got such honours and prizes?' demanded Herbert.

'Nonsense, Herbert,' said his mother. 'Ida's education was finished, you know.'

'Oh, she wasn't a bit older than Connie is now.'

'And I don't hold with all that study, science and logic, and

what d'ye call it; that's no use to any one,' continued his mother. 'It's not as if your sisters had to be governesses. Give me a girl who can play a tune on the piano and make herself agreeable. Your uncle may do as he pleases, but he'll have Constance on his hands. The men don't fancy a girl that is always after books and lectures.'

'Not of your sort, perhaps,' said Herbert, 'but I don't care what I bet that Conny gets a better husband than Ida.'

'It stands to reason,' Ida said, almost crying, 'when uncle takes her about to all these fine places and sets her up to be the favourite—just the youngest. It's not fair.'

'As if she wasn't by a long chalk the best of the two,' said Herbert.'

'Now, Bertie,' interposed his mother, 'I'll not have you teasing and running down your sister, and I do say it is a shame and a slight to pick out the youngest, when poor Ida is so delicate, and both of you two have ever so much better a right to favours.'

'That's a good one!' muttered Herbert, while Ida exclaimed—

'Of course, you know, aunt has always been nasty to me, ever since I said ma said I was not strong enough to be bothered with that horrid school, and as to poor Herbert, they have spited him because he shot that——'

'Shut up, Ida,' shouted Herbert. 'I wouldn't go with them if they went down on their knees to me! What should I do, loafing about among a lot of disgusting frog-eaters, without a word of a Christian language, and old Frank with his nose in a guide-book wanting me to look at beastly pictures and rum old cathedrals. You would be a fish out of water, too, Ida. Now Conny will take to it like a house afire, and what's more, she deserves it!'

'Well, ma,' put in the provoked Ida, 'I wonder you let Conny go, when it would do me so much good and it is so unfair.'

'My dear, you don't understand a mother's feelings! I feel the slight for you, but your uncle must be allowed to have his way. He is at all the expense, and to refuse for Conny would do you no good.'

'Except that she will be more set up than ever,' murmured Ida.

'Oh, come now! I wonder which looks most like the set up one,' said Herbert, whose wider range had resulted in making him much alive to Ida's shortcomings, and who looked on at her noisy style of flirtation with the eye of a grave censor. Whatever he might be himself, he knew what a young lady ought to be.

He triumphed a little when, during the few days spent in London, Constance wrote of a delightful evening when, while her uncle and aunt and Miss Morton had gone to an entertainment for Bertha's match-box makers, she had been permitted to have Rose Rollstone to spend the time with her, the carriage, by their kind contrivance, fetching the girl both in going and coming.

The two young things had been thoroughly happy together. Rose had gone on improving herself; her companions in the art embroidery line were girls of a good class, with a few ladies among them, and their tone was good and refined. It was the fashion among them to attend the classes, bible and secular, put in their way, and their employers conscientiously attended to their welfare, so that Rose was by no means an unfitting companion for the High School maiden, and they most happily compared notes over their very different lives, when they were not engaged in playing with little Cea, as the unwieldy name of Miss Morton's *protégée* had been softened. She was a very pretty little creature, with big blue eyes and hair that could be called golden, and very full of life and drollery, so that she was a treat to both; and when the housemaid, whose charge she was, insisted on her coming to bed, they begged to superintend her evening toilet, and would have played antics with her in her crib half the night if they had not been inexorably chased away.

Then they sat down on low stools in the balcony, among the flowers, in convenient proximity for the caresses they had not yet outgrown, and had what they called 'a sweet talk.'

Constance had been much impressed with the beauty of the embroidery, and thought it must be delightful to do such things.

'Yes, for the forewoman,' said Rose, 'but there's plenty of dull work; the same over and over again, and one little stitch ever so small gone amiss throws all wrong. Miss Grey told us to recollect it was just like our lives!'

'That's nice!' said Constance. 'And it is for the Church and Almighty God's service?'

'Some of it,' said Rose, 'but there's a good deal only for dresses, and furniture, and screens.'

'Don't you feel like Sunday when you are doing altar cloths and stools?' asked Constance, reverently.

'I wish I did,' said Rose, 'but I don't do much of that kind yet, and one can't keep up the being serious over it always, you know. Indeed, Miss Grey does not wish us to be dull; she reads to us when there is time, and explains the symbols that

have to be done; but part of the time it is an amusing book, and she says she does not mind cheerful talk, only she trusts us not to have gossip she would not like to hear.'

'I wonder,' said Constance, 'whether I should have been with you if all this had not happened? It must be very nice!'

'But your school is nice!'

'Oh, yes! I do love study, and those Saturdays and Sundays at Northmoor, they are delicious! Uncle Frank reads with me about religion, you know.'

'Like our dear Bible class!'

'Yes; I never understood or felt anything before; he puts it so as it comes home,' said Constance, striving to express herself. 'Then I have a dear little class at the Sunday school!'

'I am to have one, by-and-by.'

'Mine are sweet little things, and I work for them on Saturdays, while Aunt Mary reads to me! I do like teaching—and, do you know, Rose, I think I shall be a High School teacher!'

'Oh, Conny, I thought you were all so rich and grand!'

'No, we are are not,' said Constance; 'we have nothing but what Uncle Frank gives us, and I can't bear the way mamma and Ida are always trying to get more out of him, when I know he can't always do what he likes, and nasty people think him shabby. I am sure I ought to work for myself.'

'But if Herbert is a lord.'

'I hope he won't be for a long, long time,' cried Constance. 'Besides, I am sure he would want all his money for himself! And as to being a teacher, Aunt Mary was, and Miss Arden, who is so wise and good, is one. If I was like them, I think it would be doing real work for God and good—wouldn't it, Rose? Oh, dear, oh, dear, there's the carriage stopping for you!'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DOLOMITES.

THE summer was a very hot one, and the travellers, in spite of the charm of new scenes, and the wonders of everything to their unsophisticated eyes, found it trying. Constance indeed was in a state of constant felicity and admiration, undimmed except by the flagging of her two fellow travellers in the heated and close German railway cars. Her uncle's head suffered much, and Lady

Northmoor secretly thought her maid's refusal to accompany them showed her to be a prudent woman. However, the first breath of mountain air was a grand revival to Lord Northmoor, and at Innspruck he was quite alive, and walked about in fervent delight, not desisting till he and Constance had made out every statue on Maximilian's monument. His wife was so much tired and worn-out that she heartily rejoiced in having provided him with such a good little companion, though she was disappointed at being obliged to fail him, and get what rest she could at the hotel. But then, as she told him, if he learnt his way about it now, he would be able to shew it all to her when they had both gained strength at Ratzes.

Bertha had obtained full instructions and a welcome for them from Mrs. Bury, a kindly person, who, having married off her children while still in full health and vigour, remained at the service of any relation who needed her, and in the meantime resorted to out-of-the-way places abroad.

The railway took them to Botzen, which was hotter still, and thence on to Castelruth, whence there was no means of reaching Ratzes but by mule or *chaise à porteur*. Both alike were terrible to poor Mary; however, she made up her mind to the latter, and all the long way was to her a dream of terror and discomfort, and of trying to admire—what she knew she ought to admire—the wonderful pinnacle-like aiguilles of the Schern cleaving the air. For some time the way lay over the great plateau of the Scisser Alp—a sea of rich grass, full of cattle, where her husband and niece kept on trying to bring their mules alongside of her to make her participate in their ecstasy, and partake of their spoils—mountain pink, celestially blue gentian, brilliant poppy, or the like. Here the principal annoyance was that their mules were so obstinately bent on not approaching her that she was in constant alarm for the riders, while Constance was absolutely wild with delight, and even grave Frank was exhilarated by the mountain air into boyish spirits, such as impressed her, though she resolutely prevented herself from lowering them by manifesting want of sympathy, though the aiguilles that they admired seemed to her savage, and the descent, along a perilous winding road, cut out among precipices, horrified her—on, on, through endless pine forests, where the mules insisted on keeping her in solitude, and where nothing could be seen beyond the rough jolting path. At last, when a whole day had gone by, and even Constance sat her mule in silence and looked very tired, the fir-trees grew more

scanty. The aiguilles seemed in all their wildness to be nodding overhead; there was a small bowling-green, a sort of châlet in two divisions, united by a gallery; but Mary saw no more, for at that moment a loose slippery stone gave way, and one of her bearers stumbled and fell, dragging the chair, so that it tipped over.

Constance, who had ridden on in front with her uncle, first heard a cry of dismay, and as both leaped off and rushed back, they saw her aunt had fallen, and was partly entangled in the chair.

'Do not touch her!' cried Frank, forgetting that he could not be understood, and raising her in his arms, as the chair was withdrawn; but she did not speak or move, and there was a distressing throng and confusion of strange voices, seeming to hem them in as Constance looked round, unable to call up a single word of German, or to understand the exclamations. Then, as she always said, it was like an angel's voice that said, 'What is it,' as through the crowd came a tall lady in a white hat and black gown, and knelt down by the prostrate figure, saying, 'I hope she is only stunned, let us carry her in. It will be better to let her come round there.'

The lady gave vigorous aid, and giving a few orders in German, helped Lord Northmoor to carry the inanimate form into the hotel, a low building of stone, with a high pitched shingle roof. Constance followed in a bewilderment of fright, together with Lenchen, the Swiss maid, who, as well as could be made out, was declaring that a Swiss bearer never made a false step.

Lady Northmoor was carried into a bedroom, and Constance was shut out into a room that photographed itself on her memory, even in that moment—a room like a box, with a rough table, a few folding chairs, an easel, water-coloured drawings hung about in all directions, a big travelling case, a few books, a writing case, Mrs. Bury's sitting-room in fact, which, as a regular sojourner, she had been able to secure and furnish after her need. From the window, tall, narrow, latticed, with a heavy outside shutter, she saw a village green, a little church with a sharp steeple, and pointed-roofed houses covered with shingle, groups of people, a few in picturesque Tyrolese costume, but others in the ordinary badly cut edition of cosmopolitan human nature. There was a priest in a big hat and white bordered bands discussing a newspaper with a man with a big red umbrella; a party drinking coffee under a pine-tree, and beyond, those strange wild pointed aiguilles pointing up purple and red against the sky.

How delightful it would all have been if this quarter of an

hour could be annihilated! She could find out nothing. Lenchen, and the good natured looking landlady came in and out and fetched things, but they never stayed long enough to give her any real information, the landlady shouting for 'Heinzel,' etc., and Lenchen calling loudly in German for the boxes, which had been slung on mules. She heard nothing definite till her uncle came out, looking pale and anxious.

'She is better now,' he said, with a gasp of relief, throwing himself into a chair, and holding out his hand to Constance, who could hardly frame her question. 'Yes, quite sensible—came round quickly. The blow on the head seems to be of no consequence; but there may be a strain, or it may be only the being worn out and overdone. They are going to undress her and put her to bed now. Mrs. Bury is kindness itself—I did not look after her enough on that dreadful road.'

'Isn't there a doctor?' Constance ventured to ask.

'No such thing within I know not how many miles of these paths! But Mrs. Bury seems to think it not likely to be needed. Over-fatigue and the shake! What was I about—this air, and all the rest were like an intoxication, making me forget my poor Mary!'

He passed his hand over his face with a gesture as if he were very much shocked and grieved at himself, and Constance suggested that it was all the mule's fault, and aunt Mary never complained.

'The more reason she should not have been neglected!' he said; and it was well for the excluded pair that just then the boxes were reported as arrived, and he was called on for the keys, so that wild searching for things demanded occupied them.

After a considerable time, Mrs. Bury came and told Lord Northmoor that he might go and look at his wife for a few moments, but that she must be kept perfectly quiet and not talked to nor agitated. Constance was not to go in at all, but was conducted off by the good lady to her own tiny room, to get herself ready for the much-needed meal that was imminent.

They met again in the outer room. There was a great Speise saal, a separate building, where the bathers dined *en masse;* but since Mrs. Bury had made the place her haunt, she had led to the erection of an additional building where there was a little accommodation for the travellers of the better class who had of late discovered the glories of the Dolomites, though the baths

were scarcely ever used except by artisans and farmers. She had this sitting-room made chiefly at her own expense with these few comforts, in the way of easy folding chairs, a vase of exquisite flowers on the table, a few delicate carvings, an easel, and drawings of the mountain peaks and ravines suspended everywhere.

Besides this there were only the bed-rooms, as small as they well could be.

They were summoned down to the evening meal, and the maid Lenchen was left with Lady Northmoor. There was only one other guest, a spectacled and rather silent German, and Constance presently gathered that Mrs. Bury was trying to encourage and inspirit Lord Northmoor, but seemed to think there might be some delay before a move would be possible.

They sent her to bed, for she was really very tired after the long walk and ride, and she could not help sleeping soundly; but the first thing she heard in the morning was that the guide had been desired to send a doctor from Botzen, and the poor child spent a dreary morning of anxiety with nothing to do but to watch the odd figures disporting themselves or resting in the shade after their baths, to try a little sketching and a little letter writing, but she was too restless and anxious to get on with either.

All the comfort she got was now and then Mrs. Bury telling her that she need not be frightened, and giving her a book to read; and after the mid-day meal her uncle was desired by Mrs. Bury, who had evidently assumed the management of him, to take the child out walking, for the doctor could not come for hours, and Lady Northmoor had better be left to sleep.

So they wandered out into the pine-woods, pre-occupied and silent, gazing along the path, as if that would hasten the doctor. Constance had perceived that questions were discouraged, and did her best to keep from being troublesome by trying to busy herself with a bouquet of mountain flowers.

The little German doctor came so late that he had to remain all night, but his coming, as well as that of a brisk American brother and sister, seemed to have cheered things up a good deal. Mrs. Bury talked to the German, and the Americans asked so many questions that answering them made things quite lively. Indeed, Constance was allowed to wish her aunt good-night, and seeing her look just like herself on her pillows much relieved her mind.

(To be continued.)

STUDIES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.
1770–1832.

V.

JOHANN HEINRICH VOSS (1751–1826) claims our attention more as a translator, and as one of the moving spirits, and the best scholar, of the 'Hainbund,' than as an original writer. The name of the 'Hainbund' has been applied to that union of poets in Göttingen of which the brothers Stolberg, Claudius, Bürger (author of 'Lenore'), Hölty, and others were members. They were followers of Klopstock, and opposed the extravagancies of the 'Sturm und Drang' party on the one hand, and rationalism on the other. They admired themselves and one another rather too much, and their tendency was too much to the commonplace.

I am indebted to Lachmann for the following biographical notes.

Voss was born on the 20th of February, 1751, at Sommersdorf, in Mecklenburg. His father had travelled a good deal in his youth, as valet and secretary to a dignitary of the Church. He afterwards settled down, first as a farmer, then as brewer and distiller. He was twice married, his second wife being the mother of Johann Heinrich. She was inferior to her husband in cultivation and understanding, but was an excellent housekeeper, and a good, though somewhat stern, mother.

Johann was a clever boy, and soon went through the elementary school, and was allowed by the Rector, Struck, to join a number of boys of the better class for instruction in Latin. Here he distinguished himself so much that the Rector advised him to devote himself to study, and in 1766 he went to the preparatory school at Neubrandenburg.

'Here,' he says, 'I left the flowery path of youth for a rough and thorny road.'

The school was conducted on the most old-fashioned principles; and poor Voss was very short of money; accordingly, he seized the opportunity of earning a little for study, when he was offered the situation of tutor in the family of a gentleman, with a salary of 70 thalers.

But this position was made almost unbearable to him by petty

humiliations, and he decided to throw it up at once, when some poems of his were accepted and praised by Boie, editor of the Göttingen 'Musenalmanach.' He then went to Göttingen, where, with the help of friends, he secured a certain, though meagre, living. He devoted himself to the study of theology, and attended historical and philological lectures.

Soon a circle of friends gathered round him, united by a common love for poetry, who made the Göttingen 'Musenalmanach' the organ of their poetical attempts. These men were members of the so-called 'Hainbund,' which was instituted in 1772. Voss and his friends made an expedition into the country, and, after a frugal meal, swore mutual friendship, and declared themselves as followers of Klopstock, and as enemies of Wieland, whose effigy they burnt, and one of whose books they tore up for pipe-lighters.

In 1774 Voss made a journey to Hamburg, and there visited the Boie family. While there he was seized with a dangerous illness, which detained him four weeks in their house, and in this way he learnt to know Ernestine Boie, his future wife. She was a cultivated, clever woman—gentle, but strong; never losing hope in trouble, but always ready with a cheerful, helpful word. She took an interest in all his work, and was always the first critic to whom it was submitted.

The opportune departure of Boie, on his travels, which left to Voss his place as editor of the 'Musenalmanach,' gave him the means to justify his marriage, which he accomplished as soon as possible, and he and Ernestine settled in Wandsbeck until 1778. About this time he wrote the three 'Idylls' which refer to the position of the serf. They acquire an additional interest from the fact that he was himself the grandson of a liberated serf, and had seen the miseries of serfdom.

In the summer of 1778 Voss was offered the post of Rector of a school in Otterndorf, in Hanover, which he accepted. Shortly before his departure, when all was packed up ready for the move, Lessing arrived unexpectedly, and they spent a cheerful evening together, although they had to make use of chests and boxes as seats!

The residence in Otterndorf would have been very pleasant if it had not been for the damp, unhealthy climate, which suited his family so badly that he accepted the offer of a similar post in Cutin, given him by Stolberg.

'Der Siebzigste Geburtstag' (1780) was written at Otterndorf. It describes the first visit of a bride and bridegroom, after their marriage, to the bridegroom's father and mother. It is the father's 70th birthday. A very realistic detailed description is given of the pleasant anticipations of the old people, and their preparations for the expected guests.

In 1781 appeared the first edition of Voss's translation of the 'Odyssey,' and in 1793, the 'Iliad.' He also translated 'Virgil,' 'Ovid,'

'Horace,' etc. His translations are much the most valuable of his works. His original writings are chiefly valuable for the truthful descriptions they give of German country life.

'Luise' (finished 1795) is his most important original work, and is also noticeable as having served as a model for Goethe's 'Hermann und Dorothea,' and we have more reason to be grateful to Voss on this account than on account of the intrinsic value of 'Luise,' although he himself thought so well of his Idyll that he preferred it to Goethe's!

'Luise' is divided into three Idylls. The first is 'Das Fest im Walde.' A feast is being held at the Pastor's (of Grünau) in honour of the birthday of Luise, the daughter of the house. Walter, her betrothed, and his brother Karl, are the guests. The dinner, which has been eaten under the shade of the linden, is over.

'Sorglos sass nach dem Mahle der Greis fort, sich und die Andern,
Mit lehrreichem Gespräch zu erfreun und mancher Erzählung.
Küchlein, zahm wie die Mutter, das Perlhuhn, pickten der Jungfrau
Brot aus der Hand; weil ferne der trotzige Hahn mit den weibern,
Harrte des wurfs, und die Taube vom Dach, und der kollernde Puter.
Nachbarlich dort im Schatten des blüthendoldigen Flieders
Nagte des Festmahls Knochen Packan, und murrete seitwärts
Gegen die lauernde Katz' und schnappte sich sumsende Fliegen.'

After this they go for a picnic into the woods, every detail of which is minutely described.

The second Idyll, 'Der Besuch,' describes Walter's arrival as bridegroom—the preparations made to receive him, and the welcome given him by his mother and father-in-law. Luise is fast asleep, and has to be roused by her mother to come down and greet him.

In the third Idyll, 'Die Vermählung,' there is rather a pretty scene, in which Luise comes out to the kitchen that the servants may admire her in her festal array.

In 1802 Voss's increased delicacy induced him to give up his post at Cutin, and he chose Jena as his place of residence, on account of the education of his sons. He remained here till 1805, enjoying friendly intercourse with Schiller, Wieland, and Goethe; he then received an invitation to Heidelberg, with the prospect of a good pension, and removed there, where he remained till his death. His last years were embittered by a fierce controversy with Friedrich Leopold von Stolberg, who had joined the Roman Catholic Church.

This continued for some time after the death of Stolberg, as his friends took up the cudgels for him. Voss had been reared in a severe school, which certainly made him independent, and added firmness to his character, but also made him somewhat rough and bitter—defects which did not improve with advancing years; but he always worked for what appeared to him as truth and right, and his life accorded with his aims. He died on the 29th of March, 1826.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter (1763–1825), one of Germany's 'Great Men,' was a writer of romances, distinguished for their poetical feeling and true sentiment, and for their humorously sarcastic tone. His earliest writings are chiefly satirical, but he soon found his true line in faithful descriptions of the faults, follies, and virtues of human nature, told with a quiet humour and a wide charity. His style is exceedingly difficult. Carlyle says, that 'probably there is not in any modern language so intricate a writer.'

His sentences are long and involved; words are used in anything but their simple original meaning; and his thoughts are clothed in such odd garments that it is often almost impossible to find out what they really are. But Jean Paul could write clearly when he chose, and those passages of clear thought, clearly expressed, are so delightful as to amply reward one for the trouble of 'trying to understand' the rest. Even to Germans his writing is so difficult that a dictionary of his works has been published, as a 'necessary assistance for all who would read these works with profit.'

In many ways he seems to me to resemble Carlyle, who also occasionally gives his thoughts rather in the form of conundrums, and there is a strong resemblance between them in a kind of pathetic humour or humorous pathos, so frequently met with in the writings of both.

Jean Paul was born on the 21st of March, 1763, at Wunsiedel, in the Baireuth district, where his father occupied the post of schoolmaster; but he was shortly afterwards appointed Pastor of the village of Jodiz, in the neighbourhood of Hof. Here they lived in great poverty, but with much of quiet happiness, until Jean Paul reached his thirteenth year, when his father was appointed to a better living at Schwarzenbach, and here the educational advantages were greater, and he took full advantage of them, and was also able to indulge his passion for miscellaneous reading; but the better living entailed more work to the father, the children had less of his society, and he did not enjoy the increased income long enough to free himself from debt. He died in about three years, leaving his wife and children entirely unprovided for. His wife's parents helped them for a while, and after their death left them all they had; but it was not much, their right to it was disputed, and the greater part of it was squandered in legal expenses.

In 1781 Jean Paul went to the University of Leipzig, hoping to maintain himself by teaching, and to study theology. This Leipzig period was a time of terrible poverty, embittered by the knowledge that his mother and brothers, who had removed to Hof, were suffering also. He began his literary career with 'Die Groenlandischen Prozesse,' a collection of satirical sketches, for which he at last found a publisher, and received sixteen Louis d'or; but it did not sell, and his next book,

'Auswahl aus des Teufels Papieren,' had no better success, and for some time he maintained himself very poorly with writing essays, criticisms, etc., and with teaching.

In 1784 he went to reside with his mother at Hof, to save the expense of two establishments. The mother, if she was not a good manager, was a hard-working, industrious woman, and was now helping to maintain her small household by spinning. (See Carlyle's sketch of Jean Paul.)

Here at Hof they lived and struggled with poverty until Jean Paul at last suceeded in gaining the popular ear with his humorous romance, 'Die Unsichtbare Loge' (1793). From this time his position improved; his mother lived for a little while to enjoy some of his prosperity and fame, but not long, for she died in 1797.

Jean Paul continued to work the same rich vein; he was a most industrious writer, and his works fill sixty-five volumes. In 1794 'Hesperus' appeared, and 'Siebenkäs,' or 'Blumen Frucht und Dornenstücke,' in 1796. This is the story of a poor author, and his struggles with poverty. It commences with his marriage, and at first all goes well. He is charmed with his Lenette and her industry, but he soon finds this industry oppressive, and asks her to make no noise in performing her household tasks, because it disturbs him when he is writing; and then, though she goes about with the 'soft steps of the spider,' he is not satisfied, for he hears the light footfall even more clearly than the heavy, being 'obliged to listen for it!' So poor Lenette can do nothing in peace. This is a great trial to her, as she is always wanting to scrub and clean, and finds her chief delight in it; and as they fall deeper and deeper into poverty her trials increase, for she has to see her beloved household goods depart one by one, and can only weep and groan over them, while the cheerful spirit of her husband is but a farther aggravation of her misery. He thinks poverty no great evil, so long as he is not obliged to borrow. 'Whoever wants to pity me, I tell him to his face he is a fool. Heavens! The Apostles, and Diogenes, and Epictetus, and Socrates had seldom a whole coat to their back—certainly not a shirt—and shall one of us, in this insignificant century, let one grey hair grow over the matter?'

Lenette is a woman who would have loved her husband in prosperity, but she had no heart to stand out against adversity, and Siebenkäs has no patience with her weakness, and is frequently unreasonable and harsh, till their life together is unbearable, and he ends it by a pretended death and burial, which is carried out by the aid of his friend Leibgeber. 'Siebenkäs' is interesting throughout, in spite of obscure passages. It contains one or two 'interludes,' as the terrible 'Dream of Atheism,' and 'Der Traum im Traum.'

'Quintus Fixlein' also was written at this time. After the death of his mother, Jean Paul left Hof, at first for Leipzig. In 1798 he married very

happily, and shortly afterwards he and his wife went to Weimar, and made friends there, especially Wieland and Herder.

Here he wrote 'Titan' (1800–3) and 'Flegeljahre.'

'Flegeljahre' is the story of the youth of a very romantic, simple-hearted lad, who has been left an inheritance, burdened with very odd conditions, such as that he is to spend so much time in practising various professions, winding up with that of a parson. The story deals with some of his apprenticeships, and the efforts made by relations of the testator to oust him from his inheritance. I can only give a few short, disconnected extracts—

'Feelings are stars, that only guide when the heavens are clear; but reason is the needle of the magnet, which still guides the ship when the stars are hidden and no longer give us light.'

'*The Key of the Coffin*'—

'"Oh! loveliest, dearest child! fastened down in that deep dark house, I shall always hold the key of thy dwelling, and never, never will it open it!" Then the daughter, blooming and brilliant, passed upwards to the stars before the weeping mother, and cried down to her: "Mother, throw the key away, I am above, and not below."'

'How often, on fine Sundays, he carried the "vesper melancholy" through the deserted streets about the town, and only felt better when, in the evening, the pleasure-seekers and the sun went home. I have known tormented ladies' maids who could laugh and dance six days and a half, but after dinner on Sundays found cheerfulness impossible; their hearts and lives seemed too heavy in the afternoon. They searched back in their little unknown past, until they found some dark spot, some old, lowly grave, upon which they sat down to weep their fill until their mistress returned. . . . . Dear lady! when on Sunday, on which day your maids are less occupied with work, which is the Lethe of life, this present dull life seizes and chokes them, and over the unfruitfulness of the hollow present the bright time of childhood, which promises to all men every kind of Eden, like sweet music sounds afresh: then do not punish those poor tears, but give those saddened with longing leave of absence till the sun goes down.'

'Dreams are often borne through human nights like heavenly flowers, and when the light of morning comes only a strange, spring-like scent remains to indicate the traces of the vanished vision.'

'Poverty is the mother of Hope. If you walk with the beautiful daughter, you will not see the ugly mother.'

The story of 'Flegeljahre' is rather difficult to get at; but to read Jean Paul for the story would be like listening to Bach's music for the tune.

In 1802 Jean Paul had a pension bestowed upon him by the 'Fürst Primas' von Dalberg, and went to live at Baireuth, where he died, November 14th, 1825. His last works were 'Vorschule der Aesthetik,' containing remarks on the ancients, Shakespeare, and the German Classics; 'Levana,' containing many useful thoughts about education; and an unfinished work, 'Selina,' on the immortality of the soul. He died before it was completed, and it was carried on his bier to the grave.

The Romantic School.

About the beginning of the present century a small group of men began to exercise a great influence on German Literature. They were associated with the University of Jena, and were united by common feelings, tendencies, and aims. They turned from the shame of Napoleon's tyranny to the glories of the middle ages, which they exalted into a 'golden age.' They cherished a reverence for the past, and had a tendency towards returning to old forms. This was only an aesthetic feeling in most of the men of the school, but in some it developed farther, as in Friedrich Schlegel, who finally became a Roman Catholic. They strongly opposed the Berlin school of Rationalism; they admired dreamy, mystic writings, far removed from practical, every-day life; and they believed in inspiration, as opposed to rules, with regard to authorship.

This was the 'Romantic School,' of which so much has been written. Although their tendencies were retrogressive, they did good work in opposing the Rationalism of the time, and fostering and encouraging patriotism. The brothers August and Friedrich von Schlegel were the critics of this school, and both have left valuable works on art and Literature. Wackenroder was another art-writer. Tieck was their poet, and Novalis their prophet.

Ludwig Tieck (1773–1853) was born at Berlin, and studied at Göttingen and Erlangen. His first works were three novels: 'Abdallah,' 'William Lovell,' and 'Peter Leberrecht,' which were not very well received; but his 'Volksmährchen' (1797) showed in what line his genius lay, and brought him into general notice. He treats old popular myths and legends with true imaginative power and poetic fancy. In 1812 these '*mährchen*' were added to and improved, and published under the title of 'Phantasus'; they include such stories as 'The fair-haired Eckbert,' 'The trusty Eckart,' 'The Runenberg,' 'The Elves,' and 'The Goblet.' His romantic dramas are 'Genoveva,' founded on an old popular legend, 'Kaiser Octavianus,' and 'Fortunatus.' They are said to contain many beautiful passages, but to lack unity, and set at defiance all the rules of art. His 'Franz Sternbild's Wanderungen,' 'the fictitious history of a student of painting,' is written after the model of 'Wilhelm Meister.' Of his poems the 'Italienische Reise,' Scherer says: 'Their easy painting sometimes reminds us of Goethe; but the present, the life which he has himself observed—street-scenes, beggars, pilgrims, and such like—are better than his enthusiasm for art and antiquity.'

In 1818 he visited London, and collected materials for the study of ~lish dramatic literature, and shortly afterwards published his

'Dichterleben,' a novel in which he introduces Shakespeare, Marlowe, Green, and other poets of that time.

In 1821 he began a long series of novels, in which he quite deserted the Romantic School. Their scenes are taken from real, generally modern, life. In one of them, 'Wunderlichkeiten,' he shows the evils of a too vivid imagination. An imaginative lad is entirely taken in by an adventurer, who, he believes, is going to raise him to the highest honours of the State, but who places him in such a position that he and his family are accused of being accomplices in a great jewel robbery, committed by this supposed Count. Their innocence is proved, and the young man at last accepts with delight the position of a country pastor, which he had before refused as not good enough for him. A peculiar instance of self-deception is made to play a part in the story. The lad's mother believes that she is endowed with a gift which leads her to discover rare paintings by the old masters, and she makes a collection of absolutely worthless daubs. She is convinced of their worthlessness by an artist, and cured of the foolish fancy.

'In his literary life Tieck has essayed many provinces . . . . but his own particular province seems to be that of the "Mahrchen"' (Carlyle). He died in 1853.

Novalis (1772–1801), whose real name was Friedrich Von Hardenberg, was associated with Tieck and the brothers Schlegel, in the 'Romantic School,' and in personal friendship. He had a peaceful, uneventful childhood and youth, living at home with his parents. His father was at this time director of the Saxon Saltworks—a very upright, active man, and a member of the Herrnhut Communion. His mother was distinguished for her piety and gentleness, and Novalis was tenderly attached to her. He retained a strong religious feeling throughout his life, and some of his 'Spiritual Songs' are very true expressions of that feeling. He was educated chiefly at home, and only attended a 'Gymnasium' for a few months before going to Jena, where he remained for three years; afterwards going to Leipzig, and then to Wittenberg.

At Jena he became acquainted with Friedrich Schlegel, and studied Fichte's Philosophy, and also applied himself vigorously to Mathematics and the Physical Sciences. A few verses from his 'Bergmannslied' will show his love for the latter study—

'He is earth's lord and master,
Whose line has plumbed her depths,
All trouble and disaster
Within her breast forgets.

Who understands the meaning,
The structure of each part;
Its inner treasures gleaning,
With bold untroubled heart.

Earth's ready to induct him
Into her mysteries;
With friendliness instruct him
In long-past histories.

Around his face is blowing
The breath of years gone by;
In the deep caves is glowing
A light eternally.'

In 1794 he went to Darmstadt in Thuringia, 'to train himself in practical affairs,' and here he wrote his 'Hymnen an die Nacht,' after the death of the young girl to whom he was betrothed. In 1798 he went to Freyberg to attend the mining school there, and commenced a work, 'Die Lehrlinge zu Sais,' intended to be a 'Physical Romance.' It was never finished, and the fragment that was written is composed of very deep and difficult philosophy.

In 1800 he was writing his principal work, 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen,' a romance of the Middle Ages, which also was never completed. He died March 25th, 1801.

So much of his work was left unfinished by his early death, that a great deal of it is fragmentary—materials that were to have been worked up into a consistent whole. After his death his friends Tieck and Schlegel edited his writings. Carlyle's article on this edition of Novalis' works, should be read by students.

Read: Voss's 'Luise. *Jean Paul Richter*, 'Siebenkäs.' *Tieck*, 'Schöne Magelone.'

M. W.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—V.

Questions.

30. Give a short account of the school to which Voss belonged.

31. Give a sketch of Voss's life and writings.

32. Give a short analysis of 'Luise.'

33. Give a sketch of Jean Paul's life and writings.

34. Give your own *abridged* translation of that part of the 'Erstes Blumenstück' in 'Siebenkäs,' beginning 'Ich lag einmal' to the end of the 'Blumenstück.'

35. Give an account of the Romantic School, its tendencies, and its principal writers.

36. Give the story of Tieck's 'Schöne Magelone.'

Answers to be sent, not later than May 4th, to Miss Watson, Brightwell, Tetsworth, Oxon.

Church History Society.

THE PONTIFICATE OF INNOCENT III.

Questions for May.

17. Sketch the personal history and character of Innocent III.

18. Give half a dozen lines each on Innocent's attitude to the princes of his time, with a detailed account of one. (Avoid England for this time.)

19. Explain the seven points given by Milman (Book IX.) which the Pope now claimed as his exclusive prerogative.

or,

Write an account of the foundation and work of the Trinitarian Order of Crutched Friars.

20. Describe the Fourth Lateran Council, giving some of its more important decrees.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by June 1st.

February Class List.

Class I.

Etheldreda . . . 40	Honeysuckle . . . 35	Robin Redbreast . . 34
Hermione, Papaver . . . 37	Water Wagtail, Λαμβδα . . 34	Erica 33

Class II.

Verena, Gooseberry . . 29	Charissa, Fidelia, Cratægus, De Maura, Meniza . . . 26	Mary Beatrice, Jumbo . . 23
Andromache, Agatha . . 28		Maidenhair . . . 22
Ierne, Decima, Veritas 27	White Cat. . . . 25	Ashpüttel 21
	Shamrock 24	Laura, North Wind . . 20

Class III.

Miss Molly . . . 17	Hoffnung, Nancy . . . 12	Onward 9
Stokes 14		

REMARKS.

5. The Crusades are enumerated and sketched with perfect accuracy by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Papaver*, *Andromache*, *Ierne*, *Charissa*, *Verena*, *Erica*, *Fidelia*, *Agatha*, *Robin Redbreast*, *Veritas*, and *Gooseberry*. Every one should have mentioned the taking of Acre as a tangible result of the third Crusade. *Stokes* must study English History, and not make a son of William I. contemporary with Richard I. *Ashpüttel:* No Crusade was led by Henry II. of England or Heinrich III. of Germany. *Water Wagtail:* Cox's seventh Crusade was in 1239, not 1230. *White Cat:* The leaders in Cox's seventh Crusade were Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and William Longsword. *Onward* omits the last Crusade of St. Louis.

6. The 'Knights' Crusade' is well described by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, Λαμβδα, *Decima*, and *Honeysuckle;* but no one mentions the actual compact —a very fair one, however obtained—between the Emperor Alexios and the Crusaders, viz., that the provinces recently lost to the Empire were to be

restored to it when conquered. But those which for centuries had been under Mahometan rule were, if won by the good swords of the Crusaders, to be kept by them. Thus Nicæa was restored to the Empire, Antioch and Jerusalem were not. This is mentioned by Gibbon and Cox. *Erica* and *Cratægus* omit the first conquest, Nicæa. Several Members make the mistake of describing the preparations at length, and giving a few lines only to the Crusade. *Miss Molly:* The Seljukian Turks conquered Jerusalem in 1076, not 1050. *Stokes:* It was Godfrey—not Geoffrey—de Bouillon.

In estimating the horrible cruelties of the first Crusaders Cox seems to forget that a nineteenth-century standard cannot be applied to them. It was an age of brutality, greater than some centuries earlier, and greater than when the spirit of chivalry had soon after begun to soften the horrors of war. Owing to both sides expecting Paradise if slain, no mercy was asked or given. To expect modern discipline and value of life in the eleventh century is uncritical. Why should a Crusade at once change the face of warfare? And, after all, is war *à l'outrance* unknown to later centuries, or is a massacre with 'no quarter' wholly unheard of in the case of a city taken by storm in civilised ages? Could we not point to nations not afar off who have

> 'Sung *Te Deum*,
> That *Te Deum* so disgraced,
> O'er the homes by them made childless,
> O'er the hearths by them laid waste.'

Does not the Crusader's *Miserere* sound more consistent?

7. *Etheldreda* has the best list of English Crusaders. But several people have heard of none beyond Robert of Normandy, Richard I., and Edward I., a list Bog-Oak hopes most children of eight could give. One Member knows of none but Cœur de Lion. Without going into the bye-ways of history, Edgar Atheling, David of Scotland, Earl of Huntingdon (the Sir Kenneth of 'The Talisman'), the Longswords, father and son, Richard of Cornwall, King of the Romans, Edmund Crouchback, and Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester, might have been given, besides Archbishop Baldwin, Hubert Walter, Bishop of Salisbury, and Pierre des Roches, of Winchester. Twenty-one other names are added by various Members justifiably, and several unjustifiably, for foreign noblemen, even if fighting under British banners, cannot count as British Crusaders. *Hermione* and *Cratægus:* There was no William de Longsword, Archbishop of Canterbury; the two Crusaders of that name were the Earl of Salisbury, son of Fair Rosamond, and his son. Their mailed effigies are in Salisbury Cathedral. Edward I. is the favourite Crusader, and a good way behind him, Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Richard I. The Crusades are usually held to have ended with St. Louis last, so Lord James of Douglas, beyond the period, who never got further than Spain, is not a good specimen example.

8. The measure of failure and success in the Crusades is best dealt with by *Etheldreda*, *Hermione*, *Water Wagtail*, *Papaver*, and *Robin Redbreast*. A great many Members have quite failed to grasp the question. Not only the loss of the Holy Places, but the greater and not less estrangement of Eastern and Western Christendom should have been reckoned by all as a failure. A more indirect evil result was the precedent given to wars of religion. As a success, some have actually omitted to mention the rolling back the tide of Mahometan conquest for three and a half centuries from Constantinople, besides giving it a permanent check in its westward direction. All ought to have mentioned the growth of Chivalry. Besides this, the uniting Christendom in the West in one common and unselfish object, and several indirect results are mentioned by some. No one has noticed the influence of the Crusades on the sacred verse of the period, and of after times. That longing for the heavenly Jerusalem, which arose first in the Early Church, after the taking of Jerusalem by the Romans, which flourished in the more dangerous times of pilgrimage in the East, producing

such verses as St Joseph of the Studium's 'O happy band of pilgrims,' now burst into flower in the Western Church in such lovely hymns as St. Hildebert's or St. Bernard's 'Rythm of the Celestial Country'; and almost every succeeding century has its hymns inspired by the Crusades. It would be an interesting work to make a list of such, e.g. Hymns A. & M. 235 (13th century); 236 (16th century); 233 (17th century), etc. Who shall say the Crusades achieved nothing, if amid all their disappointment men could feel led higher to the Jerusalem which is above.

> 'Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
> Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
> Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
> Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.'

Dimly they may have understood that which we see more clearly, that the Crusades were the Forlorn Hope of Christendom, sent forth against the foe under doom of certain failure for themselves, yet in and by that failure to save the world. And has not this been the history of many of the Church's wars before and since?

Subscriptions received from *Laura*, *Onwards*, and *Trudel*.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

1840–1860. 1870–1890.

There is a difference between the Ideals of Character prevailing amongst thoughtful young women in these two periods. What is it? Which has the advantage?

Chelsea China began to be a 'girl' before 1860. She perhaps began to be 'thoughtful' some time after 1870, so that she ought to be qualified to take a bird's-eye view of the situation. It would have been interesting if her correspondents had given their ages, but she is inclined to think, from internal evidence, that they have shown that *fairness* is one note of the present generation, and have found fault with themselves in proportion to their youth.

Some have confounded the ideal with the failure to carry it out, and some have described girls who, in no generation, could be accepted as having an Ideal at all.

This is notably the case with *Black Rabbit*. She has taken the *good* girl of the first period, and the *bad* girl of the second, which is not a fair contrast, and has forgotten that the word *thoughtful* was applied in both cases. She does, however, allow in rare instances 'a spiritual ideal of a wider significance' to the present day, which is granting a great deal.

Dragon gives the two ideals; but, granting the narrowness of the first, she hardly does justice to its height and purity.

Muffin Man is interesting, but her old ideal is too old. The 'thoughtful' girl of the fifties was not clever with her hands. Her niece can probably cook, and trim bonnets much better than she could.

A. P. S. presents the contrast well, but Amy Edmondstone would never have been an Erica in any age. No doubt typical heroines are by far the best way of getting at the ideal of a generation. Chelsea China thinks that *Dagmar* in Helen Shipton's story is a better contrast to Amy Edmondstone.

Both are good, high-minded, obedient girls, but the difference in independence of feeling and in their views of the relative claims of duties is considerable.

Marigold, in a very impartial paper, says that 'In the earlier period Home was the centre: the ideal character, that which most perfectly fulfilled home requirements]: the motto, 'True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.' In the second period the ideal character is the one that is of the greatest use to the greatest number, the motto, 'Work.'

Smut comes pretty much to the same conclusion.

If *Veritas* will only send shorter papers! Her contrast is very fair and impartial.

Post good also.

A. P. S. and *Dragon* are inserted, and *Black Rabbit's* description of the earlier ideal is given.

What is her ideal? To be good, and useful, and beloved. Her ideal of goodness is, as ideals should be, such that she feels she may strain after all her life and never quite reach. But she tries her hardest to live up to her standard, which is perhaps something like this:—

To be more spiritually minded and less fretted by daily cares and worries. To strive after the things that are not of the earth, and to be *in* the world, and yet not *of* the world—hardest task of all to pleasure-loving natures. To do her duty in 'the trivial round, the common task,' and not to sigh for a life different from her own. To have 'a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise,' and to perform well the various little offices allotted to her at home or in the parish. To be a good home daughter, helpful to the mother, kind and loving to the little ones, if there are any, and companionable to her brothers. If the prospect of a home of her own opens before her, she prays to be a good wife, and even if she has no natural turn for it, tries to learn housekeeping, that she may be able to rule her own house well and orderly. She saves what she can from her allowance to spend on others—this of course includes almsgiving.

Her ideal character is cultivated as well as good, and she spends her leisure hours in cultivating her mind. If she has no turn for music or drawing, perhaps she takes up the study of languages, or makes collections of freshwater shells, wild flowers, and the like. Or she is interested in gardening. All these occupations tend to enlarge her mind, and give her pure and wholesome tastes. BLACK RABBIT.

The ideal put before girls from 1840–50 was conscientious response to all claims within a strictly limited sphere, and unconsciousness of any claims beyond the limits of that sphere. Your family claimed service and affection, your neighbours of the same social class claimed social courtesies, and the old women and Sunday-school children claimed your help and alms. Beyond these there were no claims, and good young women, like Nancy Lammeter at a still earlier date, did their utmost to respond fully to all the claims they acknowledged. If you did not speak with proper respect to your mother, or snubbed your younger sister unnecessarily, you were conscious of a great fault, since where claims were so few a failure of response to any one was about the largest crime possible to your conscience.

The ideal of earnest and large-minded girls of the present day is that of living, as far as may be, in response to *all* claims made from a sphere which has practically no limitations. The stock answer to the duty to your neighbour, 'Any one with whom I have to do,' is now enlarged to any extent. The narrow boundaries of classes have been greatly widened: we feel now, as we could not have done then, how complex our civilisation is, and how—

> 'Half ignorant, we turn an easy wheel,
> That sets sharp racks at work to pinch and peel.'

Accordingly girls of the present day feel the claims made upon them by

their fellow-creatures in general almost overpowering, and one result is, that they feel it possible to respond to any outside claim without taking up a conscious vantage ground. Whereas the girl of forty years back could not endeavour to 'do good' to anybody but the smallest children in the nursery, or her class in the Sunday-school, without feeling that in so doing she was placing herself on a pinnacle to which she might have no right; the girl of the present day can do so without a pinnacle at all: she has realised—or ought to have realised—the give-and-take of the world as her predecessor could not.

Where the sphere is so much wider, it is of course very natural that the claims it presents should be less perfectly responded to; and I should be inclined to yield to the advocates of old time that probably a modern girl might repent less deeply a want of respect to her mother or a snub to her sister than her predecessor would have done. But whereas her conduct, in her predecessor, would probably have shown a deficiency of the conscientious faculty, with her it would only show a want of the sense of proportion of different claims. This is what she will have to learn in life; but its late development should not cause her elder friends to blame her too severely, or to overlook the generous *outgoingness* of the ideal at which she aims.

DRAGON.

1840 to 1860. Religious Philanthropy.
1860 to 1890. Philanthropic Religion.

The ideal of the first period was a religious character, gentle, retiring, obedient to authority, doing in her own sphere what good she could. For example, Amy Morville ('Heir of Redclyffe'), with her duties to her sick brother, her flowers, and the children of her village school. The little things on little wings, which did indeed lift many souls to heaven.

The second period finds its ideal in a self-contained, and it may be a stronger, character, doing all the good possible in her generation—socially, politically, and morally, and finding through and in her work truth and peace, rest after conflict, certainty after doubt. Erica, in 'We Two,' by Edna Lyall, may stand for a type of the modern girl, striving and conquering. Without doubt, for the girls themselves, the first is the happier lot. Even with the shadow of her great sorrow, we feel that Amy Morville's was the easier life; but it may well be that in these later days England needs the stronger nature, and while regretting that the calm of the past is gone from us, let us look hopefully to the future, praying that the sons and daughters of the women, who have proved the ground of their Faith, may be well prepared, and ready to fight in the coming battle for their country and her Church.

A. P. S.

CONTRASTS.

Chelsea China thinks that these contrasts point the *essentials* of the two ideals with some fairness. Neither could ever be realised but by the best of each generation.

1840–1860.	1870–1890.
The nearest duty.	The most individual duty.
The fear of evil.	The desire of good.
Self-control (submission to circumstances ordained by God).	Self-development (the use of powers given by God).
Submission to rightful authority.	A right judgment according to the individual conscience.
Thou shalt *not*.	Thou *shalt*.
Love, keeping the Commandments.	The truth making free.
Safety in thought, conduct and belief.	Nothing venture nothing have.
Resignation.	Making the best of the matter.
Personal rectitude.	Seeing the other point of view.
Loyalty.	Liberty.

These are tendencies not confined to the ideals of girlhood. It is quite easy to see how each might degenerate. It is perhaps a fair remark to make that the tendency of the first was to prolong girlhood, and to last, in small outward detail, too long into life. It was also sometimes the occasion of violent reaction. As safety is not the keynote of the second, no one will be found to deny that it involves risks.

To return to the typical heroines. It is perhaps typical that present-day heroines are not very ideal, but Erica, in 'We Two,' Angela, in 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men,' do represent sides of the modern maiden.

Ethel May not only expressed but formed the older ideal, and if any thoughtful young girl will study the attitude of her mind towards her own studies, her brother's college difficulties of belief, her school children, and her love affairs, she will understand 1840–1860, according to the particular type which is now under consideration, which of course was never any more universal than the Girton girl of the present can hope to be.

Any belated papers on Browning will come in better next month.

Grey Squirrel remarks that happiness depends on health.

QUESTION FOR MAY.

Is Paid or Voluntary Work for others likely to be the most valuable?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, marked outside 'Debatable Ground,' *before* May 30th.

SECOND SHELF.

EGG-SHELL CHINA,

OR

THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

Letter from one girl friend to another, not long introduced, calling attention to points in her behaviour which she thinks undesirable.

Chelsea China thinks that most of the letters show considerable tact, and are as likely as anything could be, to answer their purpose. One or two forget the word 'girl' in the problem set, and write as from an elder. Some of the points found fault with are not quite consistent with each other, and seem to belong to different sorts of people. Some are trifling. *J. Bruce* strikes Chelsea China as natural and girl-like, and it would certainly be as well for the young lady to drop the little practices mentioned in it. *Eva Vickers* can hardly be said to be less good, it is a very near second. *G. Powell* also very good. *Honora Guest* good too.

DEAREST CIS,— *March 30th*, 1891.

Thank you so much for your long interesting letter. I am so sorry to hear that you are already tired of being 'out' and find the neighbourhood of Barnley dull and stiff. I thought there were so many nice people about, and that it was altogether a delightful place when I was staying near with my Aunt last summer, but that was perhaps because I met you there and we saw so much of each other. What fun we did have settling you into your new house and planning all the fun you were to have when Miss Jones went away and you came 'out!' I am afraid those castles in the air have come to grief—alas! You say that the Mertons and Greys, etc., etc., bore you, and that those who are not stupid are disagreeable, and yet I am sure you are not *blasée*. You complain that Lady Willsly has never invited you to stay at Setten since you and I were there together for your first ball, though she has had the Graham girls at least twice since then, and also that she only asks you to her big 'duty garden-crushes' and never to her cheery little tennis parties. Dear Cis, do you know I *have* a kind of suspicion why this

is, and I scarcely dare tell you for fear of hurting your feelings! But you *command* me to be that odious creature, 'the candid friend,' and you know we did agree never to take offence at anything the other said. You know that Lady Willsly, though so kind and bright, and, as you say, so much 'jollier' than any one else, is *very* particular, and though of course *I* know that you are the last girl to be really 'fast,' *she* may not be quite so sure. You know your spirits are very high and you have told me yourself that you sometimes forget what you are doing, and find yourself behaving to every one just as if they were your own family. But it really does *not* do to call one's brother's friends by their Christian or nicknames, though I know it must be dreadfully difficult for you when you are always hearing them called by these names. I rather think I noticed a shocked look on Kate Willsly's face (though no one can call *her* stiff) when you called Mr. Clavering 'Jock' only twelve hours after you were first introduced to him! And I greatly fear that Lady Willsly must have been horrified if she heard how you shut Mr. Grey up in the boat-house, and how you and Mr. Smith squirted poor little Mr. Hunt with the garden hose! I did mean to tell you this at the time, but you know I was summoned home that very afternoon by telegram and had not the courage to write. I don't know if you have been playing any of these pranks lately, but if so *do* stop them like a dear. Though practical jokes may be fun at the time they are always bad taste, and one can really get quite as much amusement out of life without them! You say that one ought to be natural,—this is true. Also that you are *so* afraid of being prudish and prim like Harty Brown,—this is impossible. You could *never* be like Harty if you tried till you were a hundred, and no one can be less affected and more charming than you are when your spirits do not run away with you. I am sure Lady Willsly would soon hear if you had 'sobered down' and ask you again.

I feel inclined to tear this horrid, priggish epistle up, but am sending it because you lament that you have no one to tell you things except your father and brothers. Please forgive me, and believe me ever,

Your very affectionate,

JEAN BRUCE.

P.S.—I *do* hope we shall meet soon.

Forty letters received.

FIFTH COMPLICATION.

Young lady of fortune writes to a friend, the wife of a poor clergyman, offering her cast-off clothing of herself and family.

She had better not be going into mourning, as that is too obvious.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS.

Errata.—The 'Glendower' in the April number should have been the 'Glen*doveer*.'

Mrs. *Trimmer*, not Mrs. Barbauld, wrote the Fabulous History of the Robins.

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1. The Lark.

'Tis said the lark and loathed toad change eyes.'

Romeo and Juliet.

2. When Undine fished one out of the Danube for Bertalda, and made Hildebrand angry. La Motte Fouqué.

3. Strafford said it of the charges against him. See 'Cameos of English History,' vol. vi., Cameo 29.

As the story is also apparently told of Laud and Sir William Russell, these two answers are credited.

4. Robert Browning bought *the* Book in Florence. 'The Ring and the Book,' line 43.
5. Beatrice Portinari, when Dante first met her. *Vita Nuova.*
6. Barbara Allen.

'In Scarlett town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry well-a-day,
Her name was Barbara Allen.'

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Rule of Three, 5; *Magnet*, 5; *Cedar*, 5; *Innisfail*, 2; *Evelyn Moore*, 3; *Proud Maisie*, 2; *Magdalen Millard*, 2; *Hiley*, 2; *Theodora*, 3; *Rex*, 3; *L. Halliday*, 1; *Three Rocks*, 1; *White Cat*, 3; *M. R. A.*, 1; *Black Rabbit*, 2; *Margarette*, 5; *Nemo*, 2; *Muffin Man*, 4; *Iceland* 1; *Isabel Morris*, 1; *K. Anstey*, 1; *Beatrice*, 2; *The Triad*, 2; *L. N. V.*, 4.

Child of the Mist credited with one extra answer for January. All answers delayed in January credited in April number. No delay in forwarding has since occurred.

QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

1. Where was broken china wisely kept for show?
2. Who proved that reason need not go to the roasting of eggs?
3. What living visitor arrived in a hearse?
4. Where is it stated that a young lady should possess no art in perfection but that of gardening?
5. What love story has for its scene the island of Mauritius?
6. Who were Gyas, Mr. Burchell, Jenny Rintherout, Altisidora, Imlac, Miss Bunyan?

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Chelsea China announces that 130 stories have been received for the First Story Competition. She hopes to find among them the first effort of the novelist of the future, who, when she has climbed the pinnacle of fame, must still contribute to the 'Monthly Packet.'

QUERIES.

Why is it fatal for the Grahams to wear green?—BLANCHE E. LIVESAY.

Bee would be glad to know the name of an interesting, short and recent history, etc., of the Colonies of Tasmania and New Zealand; must be good print. Will any one lend the same? Postage gladly paid.

Is 'Disobedient Cecil' (by the author of 'Mrs. Jerningham's Journal'), which appeared in the 'Monthly Packet' some years ago, now published in a complete form? If so, who is the Publisher?—BLACK RABBIT.

Greta would be much obliged if Chelsea China could tell her where to find the story of Damaris, mentioned in Myers' St. Paul, and also if the following lines in the same poem refer to Hercules—

'What was their tale of some one on a summit,
Looking, I think, upon the endless sea,
One with a fate, and sworn to overcome it,
One who was fettered, and who should be free?

Round him a robe for shaming and for searing,
Ate with empoisonment and stung with fire,
He through it all was to his lord uprearing,
Desperate patience of a brave desire.'

Will some one kindly tell me if there be any truth in the tradition that the head of James IV. of Scotland was buried in St. Michael's Church, Wood Street, London. It is said, 'The head was brought from the Monastery of Sheen by Lancaster Young, master-glazier to His Majesty, to his house in Wood Street, where he kept it for a time, and at length gave it to the sexton to bury amongst other bones.'—THE MUFFIN MAN.

ANSWERS.

In answer to *Mollie.*—In S. T. Coleridge's poem of Kubla Khau.

CHELSEA CHINA.

The second verse of 538 A. & M. runs as follows—

'Yea, the dead in Christ have still
Part in all our joy and ill;
Keeping all our steps in view,
Guiding them, it may be, too.' K. E. D.

An American Mother.—What you complain of has been forbidden.

Niel Campbell writes in answer to *J. S.* that the best edition of Spenser's 'Faery Queen' with notes is that by G. W. Kitchin, D.D., published in the Clarendon Press series in two books, price 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

It may interest *Judith* to know, though it does not answer her question, that a little daughter of Henry II. was dumb, and was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1257; she is said to have been very beautiful.

THE MUFFIN MAN.

In answer to *Gertrude E. Burroughs.*—The criticisms of friends are helpful. Mr. Besant published some Hints to Young Writers in the first volume of 'Atalanta.' There are many useful competitions, but Chelsea China knows of no public criticism for MSS. but the acceptance and rejection of editors and publishers. Or there is criticism to be obtained by subscribing to the Society of Authors, £1 1*s.* per annum, 4, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Housewifery College, Riverdale, Newnham-on-Severn. Girls of various classes are received in separate departments for instruction in cookery (South Kensington), sick nursing, cutting-out, and sewing, and other housewifery knowledge. Upper School (for girls over fifteen), £10 10*s.* a term; Middle School, £5 5*s.*; Industrial department, £4 4*s.* Matron, Miss Scott; Referee, Mrs. Jerome Mercier, Kemerton, Tewkesbury.

'*Gleanings after Harvest*,' by J. R. Vernon (Cassell & Co.). A volume of sketches, stories, and verses, of the quality which we should expect from the author of 'The Harvest of a Quiet Eye.' Unpretending in matter and style, they are full of a reverent simplicity which is very attractive.

Bog Oak apologises for delaying to acknowledge with thanks a charming parcel of books from the mother of a Church History Quartette.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

A Photograph of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge will be given with the June number of the 'Monthly Packet,' to be bound up as a frontispiece to the first volume of the New Series.

NEW FRENCH BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

NOVELS.

Aurette, by Mdme. Henry Gréville. (Plon, Nourrit et Cie.) Just out. 3f. 50c.—*Les derniers rêveurs*, by Paul Perret. (Plon, Nourrit et Cie.) 3f. 50c.—*Le mariage d'Hervé*, by Mdlle. Trouessart. (Firmin-Didot.) 2f. 50c.—*Seule*, by the same. (Firmin-Didot.) 2f. 50c.—*Vaillante* (couronné par l'Académie française), by T. Vincent. (Plon, Nourrit et Cie.) 3f. 50c.—*Mon oncle et mon curé*, by Jean de la Brete. (Plon, Nourrit et Cie.) 3f. 50c. A charming story, full of humour and pathos, written under the form of an autobiography. Specially recommended.—*Le Bisco* (récit de mœurs Méxicaines), by Lucien Biart. (Hetzel.) 3f. This captivating story is the last and perhaps one of the best of the author's, who has lived many years in Mexico, and describes the manners and scenery of the country in a series of delightful tales, all of which may be read by a girl.—*L'oncle Scipion*, by André Theuriet. (Lemerre.) 3f. 50c. This is the last novel written by André Theuriet, one of our best living novelists, who has inherited G. Sand's love of rural scenery and descriptive power. *Villotte*, the picturesque little town so lovingly described in 'L'oncle Scipion,' as in many other novels by Theuriet, is Bar-le-Duc, the author's birthplace. Strongly recommended.—*Le crime de Silvestre Bonnard*, by Anatole France. (Calmann Lévy.) 3f. 50c. This story, which can hardly be called a novel, is a pure gem of French prose; it cannot be too heartily recommended to amateurs of exquisite writing. No better eulogium could be given to it than the opinion of such a critic as Mr. J. Addington Symonds, who declared lately, in a private letter, that 'Silvestre Bonnard was one of the most delightful books he had ever read.'—*Rêve à deux*, by Cécile Trouessart. (Calmann Lévy.) 3f. 50c.

GENERAL LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, ETC.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

JUNE, 1891.

LILIAN AND LILI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'IN THE OLDEN TIME,' 'A CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION,' ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

PERHAPS Lili worked off all the naughtiness of which, for a time, she was capable in her treatment of Mitchell, for she became so meek and anxious to satisfy Miss Bruce as to appear almost another girl. She went to see the old folks in the village without a murmur, receiving a welcome where a stranger would have been rebuffed, because she was 't' Captain's daughter,' and one of 't' ould stock.' She consented to read a little biography or history every day, and refrained from encouraging Ruth to mock at Elizabeth. Altogether she behaved in an exemplary manner, which touched Lilian and made her feel that the girl was bent on pleasing her, and trying to improve where she felt herself in fault.

Lili had really gone through a mental crisis which could not but leave some permanent effect. At first it was her offence against Mitchell which weighed most heavily on her conscience. She was startled at having been carried away, she knew not how, into an act of such childish spitefulness, and was very much ashamed of it; but Mitchell had returned, and Chris had not blamed her, nay, had spoken kind and friendly words when Lilian was displeased; that was good of Chris, and she was grateful to him; no harm was done, and Lilian had forgiven her. By degrees, however, she perceived that in Miss Bruce's eyes the deceit as to

Petite's photograph, the falsehood implied in sending it, and other white lies, as Lili thought them, rather priding herself on the dexterity with which she replied when any remarks had been made on the supposed likeness, were not clever at all, but grievous—almost incredible. When Lili realised that her cousin was hardly able to believe that she had done this thing her first feeling was one of great impatience at such narrow-minded scruples. 'It all comes of being English and a Protestant!' she said to herself, feeling as if she were in bondage. Madame Lobineau would not have been shocked at all, no one whom Lili knew would have treated the matter thus, putting it aside as something to be ashamed of, so that Lilian could not bear to discuss it. Petite would not have done it, but then Petite was a little dull where finesse was required, she never knew how to say or do those dexterous little things which were so helpful in making life go smoothly and influencing people. Petite was too stupid for that, but still it was comfortable to have to do with her. Lilian was like Petite in that, she was absolutely straightforward and yet she never vexed any one, Lili reflected, and then her own little plots and wiles suddenly looked small and mean to her, and she sighed, and wondered if henceforward Lilian would mistrust her. 'I suppose it is not stupid to try to speak truth,' Lili reflected, 'but it is a great deal of trouble.'

There were one or two signs, however, in spite of real improvement, which showed that the old Lili was there still. She steadily declined to play to Miss Bruce, giving no reason beyond 'I would rather not,' and Lilian could not bring herself to urge it, though vexed at perceiving that she must have shown a greater lack of appreciation of Lili's music than she had at all intended, and sorry to see Lili always leave the room when Pearl Egerton came to Rescar, and began to play to them. Pearl noticed this too. 'I shall know how to put Lili to flight,' she said, laughingly.

It was a great loss to Pearl at this time that she could seldom get Miss Bruce to herself, and a worried look began to come into her eyes which Lilian was grieved to see. She was far from happy at home, and that tacit understanding between her and her mother, to which Lilian had alluded when speaking of the household at Moulton Hall to Miss Miller, prevented her from carrying her trouble to Mrs. Egerton. She knew something of her mother's burden, and would not have increased it by any word of hers, even by a featherweight, and she knew too that if she yielded to the

temptation to be her champion, it would not only be a vain and unwise thing, but that Mrs. Egerton was too proud a woman to endure any one believing her in need of pity, even her daughter. What she had to bear she bore unflinchingly, wrapping herself in haughty silence, and making no sign when her husband flung hard words at her, or her eldest son, copying his father, treated her with insolence which made Pearl's blood boil. Only her pale, handsome face would look as if carved in stone, and her eyes meet those of husband and son so steadily that theirs would fall in angry shame. At the bottom of his heart Luke Egerton was afraid of his well-born wife, and after such a scene he would sometimes try to propitiate her, and had she been of a softer mould, or if she could have stooped to diplomacy, no doubt she could have dealt more easily with him. Some women could have done it without feeling that they degraded themselves, but Agatha Egerton could not. She had consented to marry the rich man whom she did not love, and had lowered herself in her own eyes by doing so, but she would do no more. If he hurt her, at least he should not know it, nor should any one else, and she set herself to bear the lot she had chosen so that no one should suspect the intolerable humiliations which it brought her; but she could not forgive herself.

On his side Luke Egerton had suffered too, though he could get away from his domestic troubles and forget them all in business, but when he was at home they galled him keenly. In his way he had been passionately in love with his wife, and was only the more resolved to marry her that she told him she had no heart to give him, but later that confession had been a terrible weapon in his hand. Every one knew that Luke Egerton could be brutal when his temper was roused, and nothing roused it as did the haughty composure and veiled contempt of his wife. Of late he had found another weapon; he could strike her through Pearl. To see Pearl the wife of a man belonging to the county would, as Miss Miller surmised, have been highly satisfactory to him, but when, added to this, the suitor was one especially unwelcome to Mrs. Egerton, he had his heart's desire.

This was the household to which Pearl belonged, and it was an unspeakable blessing for her that she had all her life known Lilian Bruce and Chris Thorley. In Lilian she had the best of friends, and one who called out all the tender reverences which everything at Moulton Hall contributed to destroy; in Chris she saw that a man could be tender and true and honour women, as

well as be keen in business and ambitious to make a place in the world. At Rescar she saw wealth valued and largely used, but no one's worth measured by his income; gentle breeding taken as a matter of course, and equally so that all possessions were a trust, given to be shared, not owned. These were lessons which would have been laughed to scorn by her father and brothers, but they sank deep into Pearl's mind. She knew too that if there were any one that Mrs. Egerton loved and esteemed it was Lilian Bruce—knew it from a word said now and then, and still more by the quiet, tenacious way in which her mother had promoted her spending as much time as possible at Rescar. To Pearl, long before she and Chris discovered that their friendship had grown into love, Rescar was a kind of paradise. Lilian had always been her ideal; as a child to see Miss Bruce ride up to the Hall with her father, or to steal into the drawing-room and sit by her when she came to dinner was bliss to Pearl, and in her silent misery when she heard of the accident when Mr. Bruce was killed and Lilian's life despaired of, she had shown a power of dumb suffering only too like her mother's. Had she grown up entirely under the shadow of domestic unhappiness, she might have been very much what Mrs. Egerton was, but Rescar had brought out another side of her character.

The close and jealous watch which Lili kept upon her was no small annoyance in itself, and Pearl resented the childish petulance with which she never failed to assume that she was at home and Pearl an outsider. An outsider in Rescar, where she had all her life been welcome! the Squire's house where she had played as a child and been happier as a girl than ever at Moulton Hall! She had grieved with all her heart for his death, while Lili had never even seen his face! But she had to swallow her resentment, and make Lili welcome when she spent an afternoon at Moulton Hall, as she sometimes did, evidently a good deal interested in observing the household and all that went on, and on these occassions George Egerton, the eldest son, was rather apt to be at home, and ready to show her the stables, or teach her to play lawn tennis, which she liked as soon as she discovered that she had a turn for it.

Had the two girls been on more intimate terms, no doubt Pearl would have heard of that project which Lili had become more and more convinced must be in Miss Bruce's mind as she saw how highly her cousin esteemed Chris Thorley—a project so obvious, since here was Lili, the natural and rightful

heir of Rescar and Ormeston, and here was Chris, who knew all about the property and the people as no stranger possibly could, and who was of kin to Miss Bruce. It seemed to Lili that matters moved with indecorous freedom and slowness, but she began to see that in an English courtship there usually was a pause before marriage, 'though what for I cannot imagine, since there is all the time to know one another afterwards,' she reflected, with disapproval, wishing it were settled and done with, since it had to be. She did not dislike Chris, who had been markedly kind to her of late, with a chivalrous desire to show that he did not look down on her for what had passed, but she foresaw a very dull life in the future, and sighed, resignedly indeed, but still she sighed. George Egerton's admiration suggested to her that she might have a choice of suitors, and, feeling it her duty to consider this, she readily accepted an invitation to spend two nights at Moulton Hall, sent, as Miss Bruce suspected, rather by the desire of Mr. Egerton than that his wife particularly wished it. Lili usually seemed so reluctant to leave her that she was surprised by her immediate consent.

'I will go,' she said, 'it is best I should, though I do not like any of them much. Mrs. Egerton is very handsome, but she is cold—cold! it is as if an ice block were among us, and Pearl loves me not at all, though she is polite always. And then the young men—they are all one like another, large all over, and their voices are large too—they are like their father, and he!—ah! If I were his wife and he looked and spoke as he does to Mrs. Egerton, I would kill him. He is of the people, and she is a lady—they should not have married. I think M. George will be just like him, but I am not sure. I want to study him. So I will go. Besides, I have never seen an English dinner party.'

'I am afraid that the dinner parties at Moulton Hall are not lively, dear,' said Lilian, thinking over what Lili's speech implied.

'No, I suppose not. Do the gentlemen get *very* tipsy?'

'My dear!'

'Oh, they do, I suppose; all Englishmen drink much, that is known: papa did, you know, and they do in books I have read; there was a baronet in a story which Jeanne Carette lent Petite, "Réséda," it was called—oh, quite a nice book; it was for unmarried girls, you know, and he did . . . . do not the gentlemen here?'

'Certainly not — now,' honesty compelled Lilian to add,

recollecting tales of her grandfather's day when there were no railways, and Rescar and the surrounding district was a little world of its own, with no public opinion brought to bear upon it. 'You need not fear that, child.'

'No?' said Lili, as if rather disappointed. 'But still I should like to go.'

On the whole Miss Bruce was glad that she should have the little change and variety. It was one of the difficulties caused by her invalid condition that she could not take her young cousin about, and introduce her in society, and though the neighbours were kind, and several ladies offered to act as chaperon, it was not satisfactory. Under Mrs. Egerton's wing she would be safe enough, but then parties at Moulton Hall were decidedly dull, and the company a mixed one. However, there was no reason why Lili should not go, and she went accordingly, first asking Lilian exactly what sum she was to give the servants, and carefully packing up the little account book in which she wrote down all her expenses. Lili was a true Frenchwoman in her thrift and her accurate accounts; she put down every item that she spent—even a halfpenny to a beggar, or the organ man who sometimes came by Rescar, but she was not in the least niggardly; indeed, Miss Bruce was often struck by her liberality, oddly combined as it was with a keen eye to her own advantage. It was entirely from a business point of view that she desired to go to Moulton Hall; she did not expect to amuse herself there. 'English people do not know how to amuse themselves nor how to cook,' she told Miss Bruce—'you must go to France if you would enjoy yourself. Ah, what good times we have there! Here it is work, work, even when people think they are entertained. You are never gay, *vous autres*.'

And perhaps Lili was not far wrong in her strictures.

Even to Lili's inexperienced eyes Moulton Hall was unmistakably the abode of a very wealthy man who had built both his house and his fortunes. Some critical people declared that it smelt of money. After nearly thirty years it still looked new, inside and out. Trees had been planted, but in this bleak northern climate they grew slowly and as it were reluctantly, and though in summer the gardens were gay for a short time, during the greater part of the year they looked dull and wintry, and the first early frost smote them just when they were in their prime of blossom. The house was a handsome one, and the great drawing-room, with its yellow curtains and gilding and

mirrors everywhere seemed somehow to suggest and symbolise the wealth of its owner. Lili could not imagine why when people were so rich they should go on working instead of retiring from business and enjoying what they possessed. A Dieppe merchant or shopkeeper, when he had acquired a competency, would have given up his trading contented and ambitious of no more, while these rich men toiled on and apparently would do so to the day of their death. Not a man in their employ worked so hard as did Luke Egerton and his sons. 'It is stupid: they do it till they do not know how to do anything else,' was Lili's comment, with much contempt. 'We are not like that; though we work hard too, we are not slaves.'

English life from this aspect did not please her at all, and she could not understand Mrs. Egerton's passive attitude in her own house.

'I do not believe she knows anything at all about her husband's business nor what he does with his money,' she observed to Miss Bruce on one occasion. 'When I marry I shall expect my husband to consult me about his investitures—you call them so? —and I shall not let him speculate. If he is in business, I ought to know all about it, you see, or how incommodious it will be if some one calls to see him on affairs, and he should not be at home! One might miss a good affair thus!'

'I thought I had some turn for business, but you outdo me!' laughed Miss Bruce.

'It is so all Frenchwomen are, at least in the bourgeoisie,' Lili answered.

She laid this view of the matter before George Egerton at the earliest opportunity, and was much offended by his burst of laughter, and assurances that he should be delighted to have her as a partner on any terms.

'You Englishmen are stupid,' she answered, disdainfully. 'You do not know what conversation is. If a woman says a sensible thing to you, you answer with some foolish compliment; that is *bête;* it needs *esprit* to pay compliments. And it is a pity, for you do not speak French badly for an Englishman.'

'Too amiable!' answered George, his hand on his heart, while he bowed with a caricatured French air. He had studied French abroad, as part of his business training, and was secretly proud of his accent. He and Lili always spoke French together, which in itself gave their intercourse the effect of a *tête-à-tête.* He was rather alarmed at having gone so far, but it piqued as much as it

relieved him to find that she gave no importance to what had passed.

'No, I should not like it,' she was thinking to herself while he went on talking. 'He is like his father, and would want to be master and mistress too. And he is so big! Now, M. Carrette —I will go and talk to Pearl now,' she said, abruptly; 'and you can amuse that dreadful Miss Bexley. She is coming, and I detest her!'

'Jealous!' thought George, being a man. Lili was not in the least jealous, though she spoke quite truly when she said she detested the girl whose laugh came across the room at that moment. 'Awful fun, George!' she was calling to him, and he went towards her with a smile. They were not on intimate terms, but it was her line to call all the young men she knew by their Christian names, and joke with them in a free and easy way which astounded Lili and disgusted Pearl. Mrs. Egerton never seemed to consider anything that passed among the young people her affair. She sat at the head of her table and received her husband's guests, but as if it were his affair, not hers, an attitude which irritated him exceedingly, but which he could not force her into altering. It was her return thrust for being reduced to a nonentity in his house. No one but himself had any voice where Luke Egerton ruled. He knew every detail of expense; not an arrangement was made in the house except by him. Pearl was not allowed a penny of her own; she had to ask her father if she wanted as much as a shilling to buy postage stamps, and the bill of every article which she or her mother required had to be sent to him. His sons were equally dependent on him. 'That is the good of having made one's own money!' he would say, with his harsh laugh, but, while parsimonious to his daughter, he was liberal to his sons, and even encouraged the eldest to spend freely. They were all in business working with him, and all took after him. Mrs. Egerton used to look at them and think her own thoughts about it. Pearl, on the other hand, was an unmistakable Swynton; she belonged altogether to her mother's family, and it made Mr. Egerton feel as if she were not his but theirs, and thus roused a sense of anger and hostility in him which made him give Pearl hard measure. Whatever she did or did not do was wrong in his eyes, and yet he had wanted to be connected with the Swyntons, and felt a certain pride in his wife's relations.

Lili showed some courage when she determined to see Moulton

Hall and judge more closely how she would like to have to do with it than she had hitherto been able to see. She had a secret, nervous dread of doing or saying something which would offend against the mysterious code of English manners, which seemed to her so undefined but so inexorable; stiff and dull, yet allowing unmarried women indecorous liberty, and indeed, the motley society at Moulton Hall gave full scope for her strictures. Miss Bruce had never stayed there as a girl, and knew nothing of the ways of the young people whom she met there, friends of George Egerton and his brothers, and their sisters, among whom Pearl was unpopular, and counted for little or nothing.

Lili arrived on a Tuesday and found rather a large party staying at Moulton Hall, the objectionable Miss Bexley and James Archer among them. He was constantly at the Hall, though Pearl gave him all the discouragement she dared while aware that her father's eye was on her. She feared him very much on her own account, and still more on her mother's. 'Oh, if I only had a little money of my own, how differently he would treat me!' she used to think. But Pearl had nothing; she was his dependent, his thing. Lili came down dressed for the evening, looking pretty and foreign, and a little frightened as she glanced from one face to another of all these strangers. Her eyes rested with admiration on Mrs. Egerton's handsome face and figure, and the diamonds which flashed as she moved, but her cold and indifferent manner scandalised her young guest. 'And Pearl cares just as little for anybody here,' Lili thought, looking at her with disapproval. 'Mrs. Egerton ought to have taught her when she was little to talk and entertain people; it is egotistical to be pleasant only to this person or that. I do not think Mrs. Egerton has attended to her duty with her daughter.'

There was some reason for Lili's criticism, but Pearl was feeling very unhappy, as well as indifferent to the company she found herself in. She had seen nothing of Chris for over three weeks, and she foresaw a crisis in James Archer's courtship which must bring her into collision with her father. At all events, he should not be able to say that she had encouraged him; no one should carry that report to Chris. She acted so consistently on this, that later in the evening James Archer took refuge with Lili, perhaps hoping to pique her, but the only result was to make George Egerton sullenly angry. Lili was rather tired of him, and not sorry to talk to some one else, and he drew back and scowled at the offenders across the room, to the

great amusement of one or two who saw the byplay. Lili saw them looking at her and laughing, and George frowned and turned away as something was said to him, and she coloured and rose suddenly. 'I am going to Pearl; you can stay here,' she said, and left James Archer to digest her desertion as he might. She made her way through the groups sitting or standing about the long room to the piano, where Pearl sat playing, and all the musical people present were gathered. She saw Lili's disturbed air, and wondered what had happened. 'That person—that Miss Bexley is laughing at me,' said Lili indignantly in her ear, speaking French. 'I will stay here . . . I do not know what she means. M. Archer made me ridiculous, I think. Ah, he comes! I told you to remain yonder, monsieur,' she added angrily, turning upon him. 'Ah, do not be so *bête!*' as he made some gallant reply; 'Englishmen should never pay compliments, as I have told M. George; they do not know how.'

Naturally this speech gave full opportunity for banter, which puzzled and irritated Lili. Pearl was compassionate and brought her playing to a close. 'Will you not play to us?' she said, ignoring an urgent request from James that she would sing, and anxious to protect her guest. Lili had left her music at Rescar, and Pearl, resolved to avoid conversation, began to play again, but was baffled by Mr. Egerton coming up from the other end of the room and calling out, 'We have had enough of that sort of thing; give us a duet, Archer—the one you and Pearl sang the other night.'

There was a murmur of entreaty and applause from the party round the piano, for James Archer had a charming voice, and to hear him and Pearl sing together was a musical treat—to every one but herself. She dared not refuse, but he did not advance his cause by the promptness with which he acceded to the request; she disliked him a little more for it, and for obliging her to sing words with him which it would have been delightful to address to Chris Thorley.

CHAPTER XIII.

'My ruby! I have lost a ruby out of my earring!' exclaimed Lili, as she stood by her toilette table on the morning after her arrival at Moulton Hall. 'I must have lost it last night, and it is so precious.'

Lilian had given her these earrings, they had belonged to the

mother of Algernon and William Bruce, and were exceedingly handsome; Lili prized them very much, and was filled with dismay at her loss. She was about to ring for a servant and bid her search for the stone, but, with her usual mistrustfulness, she thought the maid might steal it, and determined to go herself. She hurried on her dressing so much that, though Moulton Hall kept the early hours which suit business men, only servants were astir when she left her room. She remembered having loitered to exchange last good nights with two or three more guests at the head of the stairs, and thought she recollected twisting her ear-ring about, as she had a bad habit of doing; perhaps the ruby had dropped out then. She knelt down, examining the carpet, whose pattern was unfavourable for finding a red stone, with anxious scrutiny. The door of a bedroom was ajar, Mr. Egerton's voice was heard within, the tone plainly told that he could be speaking to no one but his wife. Lili did not pay attention to what he was saying, but the words came nevertheless to her ear, accompanied by a taunting laugh. 'I know well enough you don't like it. Afraid that the son will play fast and loose with your daughter as his father did with her mother, eh? Make you mind easy, I'll see to that. What you have to do is to make the girl understand that I am master here, and unless she does as I choose it will be the worse for her, and you too. As for young Thorley, I saw well enough what he was after, long ago, but I never supposed that he would make sure of Miss Bruce.'

Lili stood up with alarmed eyes, she lost the next words, and only caught 'not such a fool,' and 'Rescar and Ormeston,' as a hand closed the door.

'Make sure of Miss Bruce!' Lili repeated, forgetting her lost ruby. Her ingrained suspiciousness always prompted her to think ill of others, and the poor child's experience had not been such as to correct this tendency. To her the words suggested a crowd of dismaying possibilities. Chris seemed indeed loyal and honest, but who could tell? he was a man, and Lili had a general belief in the unbounded wickedness of men. And then this suggestion explained that delay and hanging back on the part of Chris which had all along perplexed her. 'And Lilian never guesses! Oh, I must warn her,' she exclaimed, under her breath.

She was thinking so deeply that she almost ran against Pearl coming towards her. 'I—I was looking for something I had lost,' she said, confused and flushed.

'Was it this? One of the maids found it in the drawing-room,' said Pearl. 'I went to your room, but you were already gone.'

Pearl looked sincerely pleased to restore the ruby; she knew its history and had thought the evening before how becoming the earrings were to Lili.

'Thank you,' said Lili, with her thoughts evidently elsewhere. 'I am glad to have it; I suppose I was too sleepy last night to notice it was gone. Could I go to Rescar to-day? I want to speak to my cousin. Will you ask if I may drive over there?'

'Certainly, if you wish it,' said Pearl, a good deal surprised, and she went to find her mother, opening the door before she knew that Mr. Egerton was there.

He turned angrily. 'What do you want?' he demanded. 'Can't you see I am talking to your mother? Why do you interrupt us?'

'Lili Bruce wants to know if she can drive to Rescar, she has something to say to her cousin,' Pearl answered, avoiding Mrs. Egerton's eyes. A glance had been enough to show her that there was the faint pink colour on her mother's cheek which only came on its smooth paleness when she was much moved.

'Tell her she can't then, and be hanged to her whims! It is a mere pretence because you want to get to Rescar yourself. I'll not have it. I have told you before I will not allow this everlasting running over to see Miss Bruce, and meeting young Thorley on the sly. Do you think I can't see through your flimsy excuses? Your mother will tell you what I have been saying, and you had better attend to it, young lady. Do you hear?'

'Yes, papa,' answered Pearl, controlling herself with a strong effort, and she escaped.

'"No, papa," would have been more honest,' said her father, with a short, hard laugh, his eyes following her as she went. 'I know well enough how you and she hang together and make a party against me in my own house, but you'll find it answers best to go my way, for all that. Can't you answer me?'

'Really, I do not think there is anything to say,' Mrs. Egerton replied, with a faint smile. 'There is the breakfast bell.'

Punctuality was a law at Moulton Hall which its owner was the first to obey; he walked into the breakfast room while the bell was still ringing. 'What a fool she is not to manage better!' he thought angrily as he went. 'If she would but give me a kind look!'

He bullied her chiefly because her cold indifference exasperated him. But Mrs. Egerton preferred his bullying to his affection.

Lili did not sit near her host at breakfast, and he took no notice of her, having, in fact, forgotten her request. As soon as it was over she eagerly asked Pearl when she could go to Rescar, and looked both astonished and dismayed when she heard Pearl's very modified version of Mr. Egerton's refusal.

'You will see Miss Bruce to morrow,' Pearl said, sorry for her, and wondering what made her so desirous to go back to Rescar. She had appeared merry and contented the evening before. Pearl had not much time for her, however, there were notes to write for her mother, other guests to look after, amusements to organize for the afternoon. Mrs. Egerton always considered the morning her own, and expected visitors to entertain themselves till luncheon time; but Pearl could not do this, especially when there were contemporaries of her own at Moulton Hall, and Lili was rather on her mind, not only because she was disconsolate, but because she did not get on well with some of the party. She had affronted James Archer by her unconcealed opinion that he was *bête* when he tried to say pretty things, and she openly resented Miss Bexley's patronage. However, she had to let her take care of herself for an hour or two. George Egerton had stayed at home this morning an hour later than usual, he must look after Lili.

She was in her place at lunch, but very silent, and disappeared directly after it. 'I don't want to ride, nor play lawn tennis,' she said to Pearl as she passed her, and went to her room. By and by Mrs. Egerton called Pearl from the garden where all the younger members of the party were gathered in the tennis courts. 'There is no real reason why Lili Bruce should not go to Rescar if she likes,' she said. 'Your father will not mind if she is back in good time. Mrs. Leigh has letters to write, and Mrs. Stonehouse wishes to rest this afternoon, so I will take her.'

Pearl knocked at Lili's door, but got no answer. A servant who passed told her that Lili had gone out. Pearl returned to her mother.

'Gone out! can she have walked to Rescar?'

'She would not do that without a word, and besides, she would be terrified at the solitary walk, mamma. You don't know how shocked she is at the independence of English girls,' said Pearl, with a smile.

'I am not sure; I should say she was capable of what she

would call a *coup de tête.* At all events I will call on Lilian and see. Order the carriage, Pearl. Had anything annoyed her? Surely, George——'

'Oh, no, not that, I am sure. He admires her, but he is not serious about it—yet!'

'No, I do not think George likely to be run away with by his feelings!'

'Should you like it, mamma?'

Mrs. Egerton looked at her with her faint smile which told so much to those who knew her.

'George will marry to please himself, not me, so it does not matter. But I fancy Lili Bruce quite capable of managing him; she is a clever little person in her way, and would rather enjoy it. It would probably answer.'

'You will bring her back, mamma?' said Pearl, anxiously.

Neither said what was in the mind of each, but Pearl, if not her mother, trembled to think of Mr. Egerton's wrath if he returned to find an empty place at his table, and uneven numbers in his dinner party.

Mrs. Egerton's thoughts were not happy ones as she drove along in her handsome carriage. Very rarely did she dare to let them dwell in 'the land of regrets,' but now, in spite of herself, they turned thither. She was one of those people to whom use is nothing; far from being reconciled to what tried her, because it was no longer novel, she only felt the sting or the burden more and more every day that she had to endure it. Most people become resigned in some fashion to the inevitable, but she never did. She set herself to appear as if she did not feel, but she felt with terrible keenness all the time. And she was a woman who did not know how to pardon. She neither forgave herself nor others. Even when there was repentance, she was not much moved by it, perhaps could not much believe in it, and injuries she recollected with resentment the more intense that she made so little sign. Lili had called her an ice block, but there was hot fire under the ice. This was the woman whom Luke Egerton had married, and loved, and insulted, and who belonged to him till one or other should be set free by death.

She was thinking of her youth as she went to Rescar, and how the father of James Archer had won her heart and jilted her for a rich wife, and the anguish and humiliation of that time, when not only had her love turned into hate, but she knew that all her acquaintances were discussing the story—and then the rich iron-

master proposed, and lent a helping hand to a brother very dear to her, and she made the mistake of her life.

But it was of Pearl more than herself that she thought as she drove along, Pearl, so like her, only sweeter and gentler than she had ever been, with a sense of duty and obedience quite alien to her mother, but a nature as tenacious and the same power of feeling pain—a nature which needed sunshine and got instead only shade and storm.

'Chris Thorley would make her happy,' Mrs. Egerton thought, sighing. She wanted Pearl to be happy; she passionately desired that her daughter should have the brightness and joy which she had never known; she neither hoped nor desired anything now for herself, but she was absolutely determined that Pearl should not be sacrificed—least of all to a son of Sir James Archer.

When she was shown into Lilian's morning room Lili was not there, but Miss Bruce held out her hand with a glad welcome which sent the faint flush which told of quickened heart-beats to Mrs. Egerton's cheeks. No one else ever made her feel herself a welcome guest. She bent down to kiss Lilian with affectionate gentleness quite unlike her usual manner, and looked at her with kind scrutiny. 'Yes, I am really very well,' Lilian answered the silent question smilingly. 'My little cousin has cheered me up, I think. I hope she is a good child?'

Evidently Lili had not returned to Rescar; Mrs. Egerton began to think she had only gone out for a stroll.

'I am glad she has, my dear girl,' she said. She never used any endearing term to Pearl, on whom nevertheless her whole affection seemed centred, but to Lilian she was always tender, almost caressing. 'Your kindness has brought its reward then. I was afraid she might be a perplexity.'

'So she is sometimes,' said Lilian gaily. 'I hope I am not injudicious, but it is so difficult not to spoil her, or else to expect too much. I do not feel as if I understood her, and sometimes I get rather despairing, but, as Chris says, these are early days, and there is time before us.'

'Ah! Chris says so? I am glad of it. It is like him.'

'Yes, dear Chris! I suppose you know that my good old Sturt wants to resign his post, and I have asked Chris to look after Rescar as well as Ormeston?'

'I did not know it. Probably Mr. Egerton does. It seems an excellent plan,' Mrs. Egerton answered, after a hardly

perceptible pause. Lilian understood very well that she meant it did not advance the hopes of Chris and Pearl.

'I wish I could give him something else that he cares a great deal more for,' she said.

'So do I, my dear. If it were in my hands he should have it.'

'I thought so. I wish I knew what was right. I cannot see my way. It seems to me that if Lili could be fitted to take my place one day, she ought to do so. It is what my father would have wished.'

'I suppose so. Yes, I am sure he would.'

'If she had a good husband, possibly——'

'I think you ought to know that my son George admires her very much. I do not mean that he is exactly what people call in love; as his father said this morning, there is no fear but that he will take care of himself'—Mrs. Egerton's tone was so bitter that it startled Lilian—'and he is not likely to propose until he knows what her prospects are, but still he pays her rather marked attentions, as perhaps you know; I should imagine the young lady was keen-sighted in such matters.'

'She is the oddest mixture—a calculating child, if you can understand, and her French training makes her look on marriage as a mere matter of business. I should not let her go empty handed to any one, but George must not expect—must not count on her being an heiress.'

'I never supposed you would think George the right man to succeed your dear father, Lilian; you need not hesitate to say so. I quite agree with you. As for Chris Thorley, Pearl understands that she had better make no confidences to me; I could not openly support her against her father, but there is one thing I wish you to say to her—she talks freely to you, I know! No'—raising her hand as Lilian seemed about to speak, 'I do not want to know what she says; I prefer not to do so, but say this in the strongest words you can—if by sacrificing herself she ever thinks she could add to my comfort or remove difficulties for me, I should find it hard to forgive such a mistake. Let her think of Chris, not me; I mean it. If by giving him up she fancies she would save me anything, she is utterly wrong. Mind, I do not say she would, but girls sometimes have such unreasonable ideas as to sacrificing themselves and their lives—I would rather follow her funeral than see her the wife of James Archer. Thank heaven, in another life there is no marrying nor giving in marriage! Make her understand how I feel about this.'

'I will,' said Lilian quietly, 'but I do not think anything would make her give up Chris.'

'Nor do I, but I am glad to hear you say so. I could not forgive a daughter of mine being weak. And I should like her to marry Chris Thorley. He comes of a good stock.'

'And he is very fond of you.'

'Of me? Ah, yes!—I am Pearl's mother.'

'Not only for that, Mrs. Egerton, as I am sure you know.'

'Indeed I do not, my dear. Very few people are fond of me!'

'I thought at one time Mr. Egerton encouraged Chris.'

'He did so. And as nothing essential is changed, I consider that Chris has a right to continue his suit. Now let us talk of something else.'

'Yes, I have all sorts of things to tell you; I have wanted you very much.'

'You are the only person who ever cares to tell me anything, Lilian,' said Mrs. Egerton, kissing the sweet face turned to her with a loving confidence very precious to one who inwardly pined for love and sympathy, but who, wrapped in unconquerable reserve, could make no sign.

'Because you care to hear, and always give me good advice, and mamma was so fond of you.'

'I miss her very much. We were lifelong acquaintances, and she always had a welcome for me—like you, my dear.'

It spoke volumes for the poverty of Mrs. Egerton's life that she should thus regret a feeble, repining woman like Mrs. Bruce. But she did, and it drew the bond between her and Lilian all the closer.

'Always, and she would see you when she admitted no one else.'

Lilian stopped because the door suddenly opened and Lili came hastily in.

'My cousin,' she began, 'Ah!'—breaking off with a little scream at the sight of Mrs. Egerton sitting beside Lilian.

'Lili, my dear child, what has happened? Why have you run away from Moulton Hall?' exclaimed Miss Bruce.

'I—I—had something to say to you, and they made me enraged,' said Lili, helplessly.

Miss Bruce looked from her to Mrs. Egerton, sitting silent, more amused than displeased, and then back to Lili.

'Sit down, Lili, and tell what has happened. Who vexed you?'

that James Archer, and is very angry that she does not listen to him, I see that. And her father wishes it. I think she ought, since Mr. Egerton desires; he is her father, and must know if the *parti* is suitable. M. Archer is detestable, but then what would you have! If M. Egerton thinks it desirable, Pearl ought to obey him. I shall tell her so.'

'I think you had better not,' said Lilian.

(To be continued.)

ASPIRATION.

METHINKS it is a joyous thing, when spring is young and gay,
And when with thankful hearts we watch the slowly lengthening day,
To think upon that dear, dear Land where seasons cease to change,
And in a calm eternity with blessèd souls to range.

For wherefore do our spirits sing with glad exultant voice,
When spring returns in loveliness, and living things rejoice,
When every night grows less in length, and every day more long,
But that we weary to begin our everlasting song?

Peace, for we have not long to wait, another moon has wan'd,
The endless cycles of the blest shall early be attain'd:
Patience, a few terrestrial years shall lead us to that home,
Where dreary rains and bitter snows to grieve us cannot come.

Up there, up there, ah, me! up there their spirits are so pure,
To look on this defilèd heart those eyes could not endure;
Up there, up there, ah, me! up there the mansions are so grand,
I doubt if there be room for me 'mid that celestial Band.

I doubt, but when I think of Thee, doubts melt like winter snow,
I long, but when I long for Thee the vernal blossoms blow,
The buds of faith and hope and love that I know can only bloom
In the summer time, thro' the long, long days, in the years beyond the tomb.

MISS KINLOCH.

GREEK FORERUNNERS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. PETER LILLY.

III.—THE SEPTUAGINT.

IF the fact were not so familiar to us, we should be surprised, in passing from the Old Testament to the New, to find that though the greater portion of the New Testament proceeded from Jewish authors, it is written, not in Hebrew, but in Greek. The change reflects the altered genius of the highest Israelitish faith, and marks the transition from a national to a universal religion. Christianity, with its broad outlook and its large human aspirations, needed for its expression a language which, through the restless energy of its people and the splendour of its literature, had impressed itself on the civilised world; and aiming as it did to control the thoughts of men, no less than to exact their obedience and kindle their devotion, it required a more perfect intellectual instrument than is afforded by the simple structure of the Hebrew tongue.

The change, however, was not so much the result of choice as of circumstances. Even in Palestine itself, Hebrew had ceased to be the vernacular language, and had been superseded by Aramean, a substitution which we must trace back to the influence of the Babylonian captivity. Outside of Palestine, the Jews who were settled in large numbers in the midst of Greek communities, naturally adopted the speech of Gentiles among whom they lived, and learned not only to express their own ideas in the language of the West, but to import its philosophical conceptions, and use them as moulds wherein to cast their inherited faith.

Of the Greek language it has been said, 'Its great strength lies in the verb. The entire conservative force of the language has applied itself to verbal forms; so that these express with

the utmost facility the greatest multiplicity of the notions of time, its point and duration, and the completeness of an action in itself. The whole language resembles the body of an artistically trained athlete, in which every muscle, every sinew, is developed into full play, where there is no trace of timidity or of inert matter, and all is power and life.' * There is something analogous to this in the very configuration of the country. The great geographer Ritter has said that Greece in its structure resembles the human hand, that marvellous instrument of intelligent action.

We have already seen in a former paper that, as a result of the conquests of Alexander and his successors, the Greek language, which had before been a group of dialects spoken in the cities and districts on the two sides of the Ægean and Ionian seas, became the language of at least half the civilised world, the language of government, commerce, and literature throughout the Eastern half of the Mediterranean basin. A change like this could not take place without a certain amount of change in the Greek language itself. The *Lingua Franca* of the Levant, the *Pigeon English* of the Chinese ports, and the dialects of English and French spoken by negroes in the West Indies, show how utterly a language may be disguised and disintegrated when it comes to be used for the purposes of daily life among nations still using their native tongue.†

The special form of the later or post-classical Greek which has by far the most interest for us is that in which the Septuagint or Greek version of the Old Testament was written; for it is the same as that in which we have the whole of the New Testament. This is known as the Hellenistic dialect. The Septuagint itself had an important influence in determining the character of this language, just as our own authorised version of the Bible, and the German Bible of Luther, have played a great part in moulding the language in each country.

It is in this unique Hellenistic language, then, Hebrew in spirit, Greek in body, that the books of the New Testament were written. And if there is any point in which the designs of Providence are obvious to man, it is that this language, with all its characteristics, and with all the historical events that gave rise to them, was specially designed for making the Gospel of Jesus Christ known to the world. Just as Attic Greek, the language of Socrates and of Plato, of Æschylus and of Sophocles,

* Curtius. † Simcox: 'Language of the New Testament.'

is superior to most, if not all, other languages as a vehicle for philosophy and for poetry, so, we are told by Hebrew scholars, the Hebrew language is superior to other languages as a vehicle for devotion. Just as one gains by reading Homer in the original, so one gains by reading the Psalms in the original, though the nature of the gain is different. And the very fact that the New Testament Greek has a strong Hebrew element renders it all the more suitable for its great purpose. It may not be so elegant or so expressive as the pure Attic Greek, but it is a many-sided language. It may be called, in the words of one of those who used it, 'Rude in speech, but not in knowledge.' Like Him whom it reveals, it 'hath no form nor comeliness, no beauty that we should desire it.' But this very plainness fits it for conveying a plain message to plain men. It was not God's pleasure to save the world by logic, neither was it His pleasure to save the world by eloquence or poetry.* The Gospel, starting from the meeting-point of East and West, was so expressed from the first as to be able to travel both eastward and westward. All round its earliest home it was intelligible as it stood. Its Semitic base made it easy to introduce it to the nations of the further East; its outward Greek structure made it equally easy to reproduce it in the kindred tongue of the great West. It reached the capital of the world in its original form; perhaps in Italy and Gaul, certainly in Africa, it was translated in a form closely resembling the original, for the Italian or Latinised population of the Empire. Then, in modern times, the fact that it belongs to a late stage of language has made it easy to reproduce it in languages which themselves are in a late stage; as Tyndal has said, there are some characteristics of Greek which it is far easier to express in English than in Latin.

Dr. Edwin Hatch, one of the few recent English scholars of European fame, whose early death the Church has so great reason to mourn, speaks strongly of the neglect of the study of Hellenistic Greek: 'There is no good lexicon of the language of the New Testament. There is no philological commentary. There is no adequate grammar. In our own University there is no professor of it, but only a small endowment for a terminal

* '"It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching," says the Apostle, "to save them that believe." It pleased God, we may say, in broken words and hesitating forms of speech, with no beauty or comeliness of style, to give a rule of life, not for one nation only, but for all mankind—to reveal a truth of which the Greek was unconscious, and for which the language of Plato would have been no fitting temple.'—DR. JOWETT.

lecture, and four small prizes. The reason of this comparative neglect of a study which should properly precede and underlie all other branches of theological study, seems to me to be mainly in the assumption which has been persistently made, that the language of the New Testament is identical with the language which was spoken in Athens in the days of Pericles or Plato, and which has left us the great monuments of Greek classical literature. In almost every lexicon, grammar, and commentary, the words and idioms of the New Testament are explained, not indeed exclusively, but chiefly, by a reference to the words and idioms of Attic historians and philosophers. The degree of a man's knowledge of the latter is commonly taken as the degree of his right to pronounce upon the former; and almost any average scholar who can construe Thucydides is supposed to be thereby qualified to criticise a translation of the Gospels.' * The difficulty of Biblical Greek arises from the fact that it was Greek as spoken not merely in a foreign country and under new circumstances, but also by a new race. The race who spoke it had a different inheritance of religious and moral ideas from the race to which it properly belonged. For every race has its own mass and combination of ideas; and when one race adopts the language of another, it cannot, from the very nature of the human mind, adopt with it the ideas of which that language is the expression. It takes the words, but it cannot take their connotation, and it has ideas of its own for which it only finds in foreign phrases a rough and partial covering.

Biblical Greek belongs not only to a later period of the history of the language than classical Greek, but also to a different country. The physical and social conditions were different. This is shown by the change in the general cast of the metaphors. The Attic metaphors of the law courts, the gymnasia, and the sea are almost altogether absent, except so far as they had indelibly impressed themselves on certain words, and probably, in those words, lost their special reference through frequency of familiar usage. Their place is taken by metaphors, which arose from the conditions of Syrian life and from the drift of Syrian ideas.

For example, whereas in Athens and Rome the bustling activity of the streets gave rise to the conception of life as a quick movement to and fro, *ἀναστρέφεσθαι*, *conversatio*, the constant intercourse on foot between village and village, and the difficulties of travel on the stony tracks over the hills, gave rise in Syria to a

* 'Essays in Biblical Greek,' p. 2.

group of metaphors in which life is conceived as a journey, and he difficulties of life as the common obstacles of a Syrian traveller. The conduct of life is the manner of walking, or the walking along a particular road. A change in conduct is the turning of the direction of travel. The hindrances to right conduct are the stones over which a traveller might stumble, or the traps or tanks into which he might fall in the darkness. The troubles of life are the burdens which the peasants carried on their backs. Again, the common employments of Syrian farmers gave rise to the frequent metaphors of sowing and reaping, of sifting the corn and gathering it into the barn; the threshing of wheat furnished a metaphor for a devastating conquest, and the scattering of the chaff by the wind for utter annihilation. The pastoral life provided metaphors both for civil and moral government; sheep astray upon the hills or fallen bruised down the rocky ravines, furnish an apt symbol of a people which had wandered away from God. The simple ministries of an Eastern household, the grinding of corn in the hand-mill, the leavening of bread, the earthen lamp on its lamp-stand which lit up the cottage room; the custom of giving of presents in return for presents; the money-lending which, then as now, filled a large place in the rural economy of Eastern lands; the payment of daily wages; the hoarding of money out of the reach alike of the robber and the tax-gatherer; the numerous local courts with their judges and witnesses—all furnish metaphors which were not only expanded into apologues or parables, but also impressed themselves upon the common use of words.

Biblical Greek is thus a language which stands by itself. What we have to find out in studying it, is what meaning certain Greek words conveyed to a Semitic mind. And so imperfectly has this been done, that, as Dr. Hatch tells us, 'in a not inconsiderable number of cases, the meaning of New Testament words has to be ascertained afresh.'

There is a singular legend connected with the first translation of the Old Testament Scriptures into Greek.

Its origin is the so-called 'Letter of Aristeas,' which professes to be written by a Greek occupying some position of distinction and influence at the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus (B.C. 283–247). This letter is addressed to his brother Philocrates, who had lately arrived in Egypt, and gives a detailed narrative of the events connected with the translation of the Jewish law into

Greek. Demetrius Phalereus, who had been appointed over the library of the king, was anxious to collect, if possible, all the books in the world, and suggested to Ptolemy the desirability of obtaining a translation of the Jewish law. The king entered heartily into the proposal, and determined to send ambassadors to Jerusalem to ask the high priest for a copy of the Scriptures, and for a commission of seventy-two experienced men, six from each tribe, to act as translators. Andreas, an officer of the body guard, and Aristeas himself, the supposed writer of the letter, are chosen as the royal messengers, and despatched with magnificent presents, of which an elaborate account is given. Eleazar the high priest at once agrees to a request made in so splendid a manner, and after explaining to the ambassadors the reason for some of the Jewish practices that seemed superstitious, he chose the company of translators, and dismissed them loaded with presents for the king. On reaching Alexandria they are received with the highest honour. The king gazed with admiration and reverence on the parchment rolls which contained the Jewish law written in letters of gold. Sumptuous lodging is prepared for the translators. Ptolemy himself entertained them at his table for seven successive days, and proposed to each some question intended to test the depth and readiness of his wisdom. When the Jews had passed with credit through this ordeal they set to work. A place was assigned to them on the island of Pharos, remote from the din of the city. Every morning they presented themselves at Court, and then worked till the ninth hour of the day. In seventy-two days their labours were completed. The king's librarian read the translation to the assembled Jews of Alexandria, and a curse was denounced against all who should tamper with it by adding, transposing, or removing. It was next read to the king, who was greatly astonished at the wisdom of Moses, and asked Demetrius how it was that none of the historians and poets had mentioned such great events. Demetrius answered that it was owing to the solemnity and the Divine origin of the law, and that some who had wished to incorporate portions of it in their own writings had been smitten by God and forced to desist from their undertaking. Finally the translators were rewarded with handsome gifts, and sent back to Palestine.

For many years this letter was regarded as authentic, but in the year 1685 it was conclusively proved by Archdeacon Hody, Professor of Greek at Oxford, to be a Jewish fabrication. The

letter is certainly older than Josephus, who expressly refers to it and gives an abridgment. Several good judges place it in the first century B.C., but one of the best of German critics, Grätz, who has gone very thoroughly into the matter, gives the date of it as about 15 or 20 A.D.

The popular belief as to the wonderful character of the transaction went far beyond what is expressed in this letter, and was to the effect that the seventy-two translators, all working independently of each other, were guided by inspiration to the choice of the same words, so that the seventy-two versions were identical. Irenæus relates that the king placed all the translators in separate cells, the ruins of which in later times constituted one of the regular sights of Alexandria, Justin Martyr being taken to see them. Epiphanius varies this account by saying that they were divided into pairs, in thirty-six cells, each pair being provided with two scribes. St. Augustine seems to believe the legend, and to regard the translators as inspired, but St. Jerome boldly throws over the whole story of the cells as a 'mendacium,' and remarks on the essential difference between prophets and translators.

The probable elements of truth in the story are that:

1. The version was made at Alexandria, begun at the request of Ptolemy Philadelphus about B.C. 275, and finished about B.C. 130.

2. The Pentateuch was translated first.

3. How many translators were employed in the work must remain uncertain, but it is quite clear from internal evidence that it was completed in different portions, and that the authors of it were very differently endowed. The work of about fifteen hands, Archdeacon Farrar thinks, may perhaps be traced in it.*

It is certain that the translators were not Jews of Palestine as the legend states, but of Alexandria, as shown by the frequent use of Egyptian terms and renderings of names, coins, and measures. Thus in Gen. xlviii. 7, we read 'I buried her in the way of the hippodrome' (for Ephrath), the name of the Alexandrian amphitheatre. In Job viii. 11, 'Can the rush grow up without mire?' the rush is changed into the papyrus of the Nile. The title bestowed on Joseph, *Zaphnath-paaneah*, is represented by its proper Egyptian equivalent, *Psomthom-phaneek*. The Hebrew measure of capacity 'ephah' is rendered

* 'Expositor,' 1st Series, i. 21.

'oiphoi,' a Coptic word still in use. Rephan (Amos v. 26), is the Egyptian name of Saturn.

The title of 'Septuagint,' LXX, was probably given to the translation because, when issued, it met with the approval and received the sanction of the Jewish Sanhedrin. But this sanction was afterwards withdrawn, in consequence, it is thought, of the reaction against everything Greek, which was brought about by the events of the Maccabean war. On this and other accounts the Jews early learned to dislike the Septuagint. The Talmud, which reduces the number of translators to five, regards it as a great calamity. The birthday of 'the Law in Greek,' is stigmatised as a day as fatal to Israel as that on which the Golden Calf was made. The day on which it was accomplished was believed to have been the beginning of a preternatural darkness of three days' duration over the whole world, and was commemorated as a day of humiliation and fasting.

The different portions of the translation vary greatly in fidelity to the original. The Pentateuch, as having been first undertaken, at a time when the Hebrew language was better understood, is the best part; next to it the Book of Proverbs and Ezekiel. The translation of other Prophets is often quite unintelligible; that of Job is poetical, but whole sentences are often omitted; that of Isaiah harsh, poor, and constantly erroneous; and that of Daniel so hopelessly bad that, since the days of Irenæus, it was altogether rejected by the Church, and the version of Theodotion substituted for it; the Septuagint version of the Book of Daniel being for a long time believed to be lost, till it was brought to light at Rome in 1773.

Professor Selwyn, in a very full article on the Septuagint in the Bible Dictionary, thus speaks of the general character of the translation: 'We may perhaps say of it, in the words of the well-known simile, that it was in many parts the wrong side of the Hebrew tapestry, exhibiting the general outlines of the pattern, but confused in the more delicate lines, and with many ends of threads visible; or, to use a more dignified illustration, the Septuagint is the image of the original seen through a glass not adjusted to the proper focus; the larger features are shown, but the sharpness of definition is lost.'

It is interesting to note the evidence which the translation affords as to the nature of the Hebrew text which lay before the translators. It was clearly an unpointed text, that is one consisting of consonants only, the vowels being understood, and

to be supplied by the reader. The text was also unpunctuated, and the words not divided from each other, so that the translators sometimes mistook where a word ended. They sometimes read as one word that which really makes two words in the Hebrew, or they divide a single word into two. Occasionally, also, the last letter of a word is transferred so as to make it the first letter of the next word.

The variation in the rendering of the same Hebrew words in different books is one of the many proofs of composite authorship. Thus, in the Pentateuch, the Passover is *τὸ πάσχα*, in 2 Chronicles it is *τὸ φάσεκ*. In the Pentateuch and Joshua, the Philistines are *Φυλιστιείμ*, in the other books *Ἀλλόφυλοι*. Urim and Thummin in Exodus are *ἡ δήλωσις καὶ ἡ ἀλήθεια* (manifestation and truth), in Ezra they become *τὰ φωτίζοντα καὶ τὰ τέλεια* (enlightening and perfect).

The prevailing usage of many Greek words in the Old Testament is important as determining their meaning in the New Testament.

ἀρετή, instead of its abstract meaning of 'virtue,' is invariably used for 'glory,' or 'praise.' So, probably, wherever it occurs in the New Testament, except in 2 St. Peter i. 5, where the sense is somewhat doubtful.

διαθήκη, almost invariably 'covenant,' and not once 'testament,' or 'will.' Hence it should always be rendered 'covenant' in the New Testament, although our translators frequently render it otherwise.

The word 'testamentum,' in the early Latin Version, and in the Vulgate, also meant 'covenant' in general, and not 'testament.'

δίκαιος, sometimes used for 'kindly,' and so perhaps in St. Matthew i. 19, 'Joseph, being a kindly man.'

μυστήριον usually denotes the secret purpose or counsel of God, revealed to those who trust in and love Him,

πίστις, not intellectual belief, but moral trust, a conviction which is based on a true conception of the nature of God. The senses and the reason may sometimes deceive man, but God never deceives; hence 'faith' is something which transcends even reason in certainty.

πονηρὸς generally denotes not so much passive badness, as active harmfulness or mischief. It has also a less frequent meaning which helps to explain some otherwise obscure passages in the Gospels, viz., the sense of 'niggardly,' 'grudging,' or 'envious.'

This may be the meaning of the word in St. Matthew vi. 23 (in contrast with ἁπλοῦς, 'liberal,' verse 22); in St. Matthew vii. 11, and xx. 15.

ὑπόστασις, though used only eighteen times in the Canonical books of the Septuagint, represents there fifteen different Hebrew words. In Ruth i. 12, Psalm xxxix. 7, and Ezekiel xix. 5, the meaning is 'ground of hope,' and this sense it has in Hebrews xi. 1. 'Faith is the ground of things hoped for,' i.e.—trust in God, or the conviction that God is good, and that He will perform His promises, is the ground for confident expectation that the things hoped for will come to pass.

One marked instance of Hebraism in the Greek of the Old and New Testaments is the use of the genitive of quality as an adjective: St. Luke xvi. 9, 'mammon of unrighteousness,' for unrighteous mammon; St. Luke xviii. 6, 'judge of unrighteousness.' Ephesians ii. 2, 3, 'children of disobedience,' 'children of wrath,' for disobedient and wrathful or sinful children,—the last expression one which is so constantly misunderstood, as if it meant 'the objects of the wrath of God.'

Besides the apocryphal books of the Old Testament, all of which are found in the Greek only, not in the Hebrew, there are many additions to the original text, arising probably from marginal glosses, or embodying current traditions. In Job ii. there is a long addition to the speech of Job's wife; in 1 Kings xii. a very full account of the earlier life of Jeroboam. Sometimes the additions are of a doctrinal nature, as at the end of the Book of Job, 'and Job died, old and full of days, and it is written that he shall rise again with those whom the Lord raiseth.' One of the additions to the Book of Proverbs (at xxii. 8) is quoted by St. Paul—'God loveth a cheerful giver.'

The Septuagint has a 151st Psalm, headed, 'This Psalm was written with David's own hand, and beyond the number, when he fought with Goliath.'

As a general rule, where the translation departs from the true meaning of the Hebrew, the change is no doubt unintentional, and the result of misapprehension, the best known instances of this being Genesis xlviii. 2, Psalm viii. 2, and Psalm xl. 6 (quoted in their Septuagint form in the New Testament). But there are also, in several passages, what must be intentional changes of the text, for the purpose of adapting the ancient Scriptures to modern or Hellenistic opinions, and of avoiding

anthropomorphic expressions. In Exodus xv. 3, for 'The Lord is a man of war,' we have 'The Lord is one who brings wars to nought;' and in Exodus xxiv. 11, instead of 'upon the nobles of Israel He laid not His hand; also they saw God, and did eat and drink,' the Septuagint gives 'of the selected of Israel not one was wanting; and they appeared in the place of God, and did eat and drink.'

Some variations of the Greek text from the original are of much value as indicating the existence of a more accurate Hebrew text than we at present possess. In Genesis iv. 8, for instance, the Septuagint reads, 'Cain said unto Abel his brother, Let us go into the field,' in all probability the true text, agreeing as it does with the Samaritan Bible. In 1 Samuel xiv. 8, we learn from the Septuagint, that it was not the ark which Saul commanded to be brought to him, but the ephod. The ark was at that time far away from Saul's army, at Kirjath-jearim, where it remained throughout the whole of his reign, and until removed by David. Again, the close connection between Hosea v. 15, and vi. 1, is shown in the Septuagint by the word λέγοντες, 'saying,' which unites the two verses, a word which has somehow dropped out of the Hebrew text, but which renders the sense of the whole passage clear, indicating that Hosea vi. 1–3 expresses the superficial transitory repentance of Israel, which is immediately afterwards rebuked by the prophet.*

Notwithstanding the many errors and imperfections of the Septuagint, the importance of the work undertaken by the translators can hardly be overestimated, when we consider that the providence of God seems to have assigned to them the part of becoming interpreters to the world of ideas to which the human race had not as yet attained; to express by new forms and phrases, hitherto unknown even in the richest and most copious language in the world, truths which philosophy had been unable to discover concerning God and man. When Christ said that He sent His Apostles to reap that whereon they had bestowed no labour, the chief significance of His words related to the preparation of the Jews and Samaritans for the Gospel by the Law and the Prophets; but in the preparation of the Gentiles, and a large portion of the Jews themselves, the Greek interpreters of the Law and the Prophets bore by no means an unimportant part.

* The additions made in the Septuagint are fully discussed in some articles in the 'Expositor,' 2nd Series, vol. viii., by Rev. W. J. Deane. See also 'Expositor,' 1st Series, vol. i.—two articles by Archdeacon Farrar.

For it is well-known by the experience of our missionaries in modern times, that the want of words in the language of a heathen nation to express the truths of revelation, or even the simplest and most familiar terms of morality, is one of the greatest difficulties which the Christian teacher has to overcome. In many cases he has to introduce a new soil before the seed can be sown with any hope of success. But it pleased God that the soil should be already prepared for receiving the seed of the Gospel, and the language in great measure provided for those who were to instruct the most intellectual nation in the world in Divine truth. The wide-spread use of the Greek version in Apostolic times is testified by the fact that whilst there are in all about 350 direct quotations from the Old Testament in the Gospels and Acts and Epistles, of these, at least 300 are taken from the Septuagint. Its previous wide dispersion had prepared the way for Christianity by tending to diffuse the expectation of a coming Saviour, a general persuasion which prevailed over the whole Eastern world, as stated by Suetonius and Tacitus, and illustrated by the journey of the Magi to worship Him who was born King of the Jews.

Thus it was that this famous version became the first 'Apostle of the Gentiles.' As regards Judaism, it kept millions in the faith of their fathers, so that they neither became Macedonians in Philippi nor Spaniards in Gades. As regards Christianity, it exercised a powerful influence over the language, and therefore inevitably over the thought of the Apostles and Evangelists.* It is the mould in which their thoughts are cast, and in this version Divine truth has taken the Greek language as its shrine, and adapted it to the things of God.

Its influence in the spread of the Gospel must have been great. Many of those Jews who were assembled at Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost from all parts of the known world, used the Greek language; the testimonies to Christ from the Law and the Prophets came to them in the words of the Septuagint. St. Stephen quoted from it in his address to the Jews. The Ethiopian eunuch was reading the Septuagint version of Isaiah in his chariot as he went down from Jerusalem. Those who were scattered abroad after the persecution went forth into many lands speaking of Christ in Greek, and pointing to the things written of Him in the Greek version of Moses and the Prophets. From Antioch and Alexandria in the East, to Rome

* Farrar: 'Bampton Lectures on the History of Interpretation,' p. 116.

and Massilia in the West, the voice of the Gospel sounded forth in Greek. Clemens of Rome, Ignatius at Antioch, Justin Martyr in Palestine, Irenaeus at Lyons, and many more, taught and wrote in the words of the Greek Scriptures. And a still wider range was given to their influence by the Latin versions made from the Septuagint for the use of the Latin churches, and by the Syriac, Æthiopian, Egyptian, Armenian, Arabic, and Sclavonic or Old-Russian versions, all derived from the same source.

For a long period the Septuagint was the Old Testament of the far larger part of the Christian Church, until Jerome prepared a new translation direct from the Hebrew, known as the Vulgate; which, however, did not meet with general acceptance throughout the Western Church until the seventh century.

The value of the Septuagint as a help to the understanding both of the Old and the New Testament is in our own day becoming more and more fully recognised. In England no one has done so good service in this respect as the lamented Dr. Edwin Hatch. Nor have German students been wanting. Professor McCurdy, of Toronto, in treating of 'Popular uses of the Margin in the Revised Old Testament,' says: 'The whole tendency of modern Bible study is to push the Septuagint to the front rank as a companion book to the Hebrew Bible. . . It will not have been in vain that such a scholar as Lagarde has spent the best hours of a busy life in gathering and sifting materials for a worthy text of a work which, after the neglect and depreciation of many centuries, is destined to rule in no small measure the realm of Old Testament study and research.'

THE GHOST OF MEQUATLING.

(PRIZE STORY.)

IF any one of my readers has ever filled the position of country curate in an Orange Free State parish, he will know that, in addition to his ordinary duties, his parishioners will lay a good many extra ones upon him. He is expected to be able to tell the way to anywhere, to mend a broken 'dissel-boem' or bind up a fractured leg, to find the 'drift,' or ford, of the river after a heavy rain, and occasionally even to 'mind the kinder,' should their frau mamma be unusually busy at the time of the parochial visit. In short, he may be called upon to do anything, from curing a case of diphtheria to laying a ghost.

It was a job of this last description which fell to my lot one day in December. I had been to visit a sick man in a part of the country I knew little of, though I knew I had only to keep to the track to be quite safe; and now I was riding back to town, in the very hottest part of the afternoon. Whew! it was hot! The *veldt* was brown and dry as a mud wall, and the road wound along it more like a river of dust than anything else I can think of. Poor old Fossil trotted perseveringly along, but I saw the sand was tiring, and so (ah, foolish I!) I turned on to the *veldt*.

I rode along, staring at the sky, and trying to remember how long it was since we had first prayed for rain in the parish church. Six weeks, surely, and it hadn't come yet. Well, something made me feel it would come to-day; the air was so close, and still, and sultry; I could hear every sound from the farm-house half a mile away, and the bleating of sheep and the hoarse cry of ostriches from the enclosures round it, while all the far-off mountains, though covered with a soft blue, luminous haze, seemed to have come magically near, as though I were looking at them through a telescope. Surely, too, that deep purple mass close to the south-western horizon was more like an angry thunder-

cloud than a far-away mountain. And here was old Fossil whinnying uneasily, as if he knew we were in danger of being caught in the rain. Well, if we did get it we needed it; that was pretty certain. A friend of mine once said she thought it a perfect sin to go out in the rain and keep it off the ground. That was rather good, wasn't it? See, the big thunder-cloud was swelling and drawing nearer, and growing blacker and angrier every moment; and now ragged streamers branched off from it and wandered across the steel-blue sky in a thousand fantastic shapes, as if the big cloud were putting out feelers to test the ground before advancing itself. And now flashes of jagged lightning began to dart across and across the dark advancing mass, and great heaving billows of white foamy cloud rose from behind it, and floated in the still air overhead, and soon the low, warning growl of distant thunder stole across the barren *veldt*, all hushed as it lay in thirsty expectation of the coming storm. If only I were a painter, what a picture I would make of it all! Why, here was the first great drop on my bridle hand, and there another in old Fossil's mane. It was high time we were under shelter.

'Mr. Cornelius Stockdale,' said I, with tremendous emphasis, as I looked round me, 'allow me to congratulate you on being the biggest fool in all this republic of fools!'

And well might I say so, for while I had been watching the storm and thinking 'potry,' as my man Umtanze hath it, old Fossil had gone wandering on out of sight of the road, and I had not the haziest idea where I was!

The storm was picturesque no longer; it was diabolical.

I sat still and thought it over, since there was nothing else to be done, and the big drops went on falling deliberately, one by one.

If I was caught in the storm, I should probably be struck dead by the lightning, and be discovered a week after, a 'moist, unpleasant body,' as Mr. Mantalini would have remarked under the circumstances. If I went on, I should perhaps in time get somewhere. If I stayed where I was, there was not the faintest shadow of a doubt that I should get nowhere. Therefore the most sensible thing to do under the circumstances would be to go on.

Just as I arrived at this conclusion, I heard the pattering of hasty feet, and turning, to my joy, beheld a Kaffir man with a little boy on his back, running past at a pretty good pace.

'Hi, my man!' said I, and he stopped. 'Do you know where I can get shelter?' I continued.

'Ya,' returned the man, in that most frightful of lingoes known as kitchen-Dutch, and grinning hospitably. 'Just over there, in my hut.'

I knew what a Kaffir hut was. Ugh! I had rather stay out in the rain.

'Isn't there a farm anywhere?' I asked.

'Oh, yes!' The man looked rather surprised. 'There was Mequatling, but it was further, much further—there, in that direction. I would see it as soon as I reached the top of the rise.'

I gave the man some Boer tobacco, thanked him, and went on. True enough, I soon came in sight of a house, a solitary white-washed speck in the midst of the barren waste, surrounded by the inevitable blue-gum trees. The rain was coming down faster now, and old Fossil was frightened, so we dashed across the *veldt* in fine style. I knew where I was now, and recognised the homestead of one Venter, who, though of the Dutch Reformed Church himself, had never refused a cup of milk or an ostrich-egg omelette to the weary wayfarer of the Anglican persuasion.

Before we had gone very far, however, a sudden flash of lightning dazzled me, so that for a moment I could not see, and at the same instant there was a clap of thunder that shook the very earth. I looked up. The big thunder-cloud was right overhead, and firing off thunder and forked lightning in all directions, like a gigantic man-o'-war engaged in desperate conflict. As I looked, a second blinding flash followed the first, and then, before that had fairly disappeared, a third. The thunder crashed and roared without a moment's intermission, and the rain poured down like a waterfall. The noise was tremendous.

I confess (between ourselves, dear reader) that I was fairly frightened, and I have seen a storm or two that would have startled many people. As for poor old Fossil, he dashed on like a mad thing, and in another moment the farm-house (which I had lost sight of in the rain) appeared suddenly in front of us, and I jumped off my horse and hauled him into the verandah, and tied him to one of the posts, where he soon recovered himself sufficiently to try and eat the geraniums which grew in pots before the door.

As for me, I hammered at the door for a little while, and then, finding it impossible to make myself heard, I opened it and

walked in. I never heard anything so deafening as the sound of the rain upon the iron roof.

And now comes my story.

I found myself in the 'front room' of a Dutch farm-house—such a room as you may see anywhere in South Africa, with its shabby walls and mud floor, its common ornaments and general air of dirty finery. I thought at first that I was alone, but presently I saw at the other end of the room a man standing. He was a very young man, a good many years my junior (I was twenty-five then), and he stood quite still, with his hands clasped tightly before him, and his head a little thrown back, for he apparently had not seen me enter, and he took no notice of the storm which raged outside. He was very pale, ghastly pale, and looked thin and wasted, as if he had been ill, or was in the habit of going without his dinner. His face was handsome and refined, the clasped hands were white and shapely, and his clothes, though very shabby, were not, it struck me, of quite the texture I should have expected in such a place. My first idea was that he had, like myself, taken refuge from the rain, but another moment dispelled this idea; for he happened to turn, caught sight of me, and then the blood rushed to the pale face, the lips quivered, and the hands, still clasped, were held out towards me with a quick gesture of entreaty. I started forward, but he turned from me and hastily crossed the room to a large dresser on the other side, behind which he disappeared. I followed and looked behind the dresser, which was a couple of feet from the wall, but there was no one there.

This sounds like the 'real thing' in ghosts, does it not?

I declare I felt quite 'creepy,' and when the family entered the room, and, after listening to my explanations, began to tell me all they knew about this 'ghost'—how it had been there for days, and how the 'Baas' was away with his two sons, and how they scarcely dared enter the room which was haunted by the mysterious being—I felt very sorry for them all indeed, and would have been angry with the ghost had it not been that I could not quite forget the uplifted hands and pleading face. Poor fellow! Who could he be—or have been—and what did it all mean? Then and there I resolved, if possible, to solve the mystery.

The family consisted of the farmer's wife—an ordinary fat, butter-making, good-natured hausfrau, who acted as spokeswoman and talked fast and incessantly (and loud, of course, for

the rain was coming down as hard as ever)—two girls, the exact counterpart of their mother in looks and bearing, and, of course, innumerable children. The two elder boys were, it appeared, away with their father. There was also an ancient coloured dame, wrinkled and ugly, who stood at the door and listened, for the conversation was conducted in kitchen-Dutch. She was the hewer of wood and drawer of water to the family.

'And oh, Mr. Stockdale,' concluded the lady at last, 'of course it's all right now you're here. Parsons are the right people to get rid of ghosts, and you will get rid of this one for us; ach! won't you, now?'

'If I can, Mrs. Venter,' replied I, gallantly, 'but of course, if I do set about it, I must have the room to myself, you know.' I had already decided on my plan of action, and the first thing to be done was to get rid of the dozen pairs of eyes which were fixed on me so curiously.

'Oh, of course, of course,' returned the worthy dame, though she looked a little disappointed. 'Come along, girls. Here, my children, off with you!' and she charged in among the little ones, who scattered in all directions, and then escaped at the door. One of the girls followed her mother willingly; the other, to my surprise, lingered with an objection.

'Why do you want to send the *spook* away?' she asked her mother. 'He does no harm.'

'Ach!' cried the old lady, opening her pale blue eyes very wide. 'What is the girl talking of? He is a ghost; is not that enough? Come at once; the gentleman wants to begin.'

What kind of black charm she expected me to use, I am unable to state.

'But,' said the girl, 'the gentleman——'

'Hettie,' said her mother severely, 'you be quiet and go along like a good girl. I can't think,' she added, coming closer to me and speaking in my ear, 'what has come to Hettie. She behaves—ach, like a *mal-kop*' (madman). 'She wanders about the house at night, and I don't know what all; and now she actually stands up for the *spook*! Ach! Will it take long, sir?' she added, reverting to the subject next her heart.

'I can't say,' I returned, with much gravity. 'But, however long it takes, you shall be rid of the ghost, as sure as your husband's wool was the best in the market last season.'

The old lady disappeared in high delight. Hettie lingered still, looking at me apprehensively, then suddenly gave her

shoulders a shrug, and, with a muttered 'Can't be helped!' followed her mother, banging the door behind her. The storm had ceased, and a soft, light rain was falling, sounding like music to my ears after the long weary drought. I looked through the window; the Fossil had tired of the geraniums, and was standing with drooping head, fast asleep.

So far all was well. My next proceeding was to walk round the room, lower all the blinds, and lock all the doors. For I did not want to be watched. Then I approached the spot where the mysterious visitor had disappeared. I examined the floor minutely, but there was no sign of a trapdoor; I turned my attention to the wall, but nothing of an unusual nature was visible there. There was but one more chance—the dresser itself.

I looked, and my heart gave a little jump. Most undoubtedly the back of this clumsy piece of furniture was meant to open. I could see the edge of the door, and the hinges. But how to open it? Ah! that was the question.

I pushed my pocket-knife into the crack on the side of the door where the hinges were not, and pushed gently. The blade snapped, but that was all the result so far. I looked round, and, spying a tool-box on the table, went to see if anything there would answer my purpose. There was a chisel; that might do.

The chisel succeeded better; after one or two good pushes, the door opened slowly. I let it open half a foot, and then peeped cautiously, for I had no fancy for feeling a knob-kerrie brought down on my head by a desperate man; quite the contrary.

The place was evidently used for lumber, for there was a dim vision of broken chairs and old brooms; and then, as the door opened wider, I saw a human hand, white and delicate, grasping the back of one of the chairs in a nervous grip.

'Come now, Mr. Ghost,' said I, 'you're in here, I know, so come out at once, like a good fellow, or I shall have to make you.'

There was no reply for a moment; only the hand trembled and tightened on the chair-back. Then at last came the answer.

'I give in,' said the ghost in a quavering voice. 'Stand clear of the door, and I will come out.'

I did so, and the next moment the young man dashed past

me, evidently with the intention of escaping, if possible, at the door. I did not want a disturbance, so I got in front of him before he reached it, and seized him by both wrists. He struggled a bit, but stood still when he found it was useless, for he was little more than a boy, and I should like anybody to try and beat me at a wrestling bout, that's all.

'Be quiet,' said I; 'you will only make a row, and it's of no use, for I have five times your strength, you see.'

His head dropped, and his face flushed crimson. 'No, it's of no use,' he repeated, in a miserable hopeless way. 'It will break her heart, and mine too, but I've done my best, and I must give in.' Then he looked up at me. 'You're a detective, I suppose, sir?' he said.

'A detective!' I laughed. 'Hardly! I am a clergyman, and my name is Stockdale.'

'A clergyman!' he repeated, looking puzzled and relieved at once. 'Then why—what—I don't understand.'

'I see you don't,' I said, releasing him; but the next moment I had to catch him, and put him into a chair, for he was so weak and faint, that he could not stand. I brought him some water and made him drink it, and then, standing in front of him, addressed him to this effect:—

'Now,' I said, 'I want you to understand that I am your friend, and that I want to help you—if you deserve it. I suppose you know your catechism?'

He laughed. 'I suppose I do.'

'Well,' said I, 'to begin at the beginning, what is your name?'

'Wilfred Wilton,' he replied, still smiling. 'You are very kind——'

'Hush!' said I, with much sternness. 'Don't talk more than you can help. I'll do that part of it. Next, why were you hiding in the cupboard?'

'Because,' he burst out—'because I am guilty of illicit diamond-buying, and there is a warrant out against me, and—and——' His excited tones subsided into something very like a sob, and he was silent.

'Whew!' I whistled. 'I.D.B.! And what on earth made you do that?'

'I didn't know,' he said eagerly. 'I am only just out from home, and I didn't know there was anything criminal in buying the diamonds that old Jew brought me—the villain! I wanted

them for curiosities; that was all. I showed them to a jeweller, to find out how much they were worth, and the next thing was that my friends were all telling me to get out of Kimberley while I could. They got me a horse, and I came over the border here; then I had to sell the horse because I had no money, and then I wandered about until nearly all the money was gone. I was ill too—I suppose it was the exposure, and all that——'

'Don't be in a hurry to tell me,' I interposed gently, for he was quite breathless with excitement and haste. 'There's lots of time.'

'There isn't much more,' he said. 'Only then I met Hettie one day, and she was very kind—God bless her for it!—and——'

'That'll do; I understand it all now,' I said, in rather an indignant voice, for indeed, if anything makes me angry, it is that rigorous and unjust law which condemns innocent men and lads to terms of fifteen years on the breakwater down there in Cape Town, while the real evil-doers, who have deceived and misled them, escape, and go off to entrap somebody else.

A little more questioning on my part, and I knew all about him—who he was and where he came from. He hailed from Sussex, where his father, whose eldest son he was, was a wealthy landed proprietor. But he had quarrelled with his father for some reason, and had forthwith come to the Cape to seek his fortune, eventually finding his way to that haunt of the lonely and destitute—Kimberley. Here he had been better off than I should have expected, and was just beginning to 'get on,' as he put it, when the blow fell, bringing a rude end to his hopes, and making him a destitute outcast once more, with an awful fate hanging over him.

The poor fellow poured out his story with an eagerness which showed how sorely he needed a friend, and what a relief it was to disburden his heart. When he had finished, I said, after a short pause:

'But how is it that you look so low? Surely Hettie doesn't keep you on short commons, does she?'

'Oh no!' He looked up quickly. 'Only, you see, I couldn't take these good people's things without paying for them, and my money ran short, and I had to be careful, and so——'

'So you make yourself look like a ghost, and frighten the good people out of their wits!' I said, with a laugh that didn't sound quite natural. I took a hasty turn up and down the room, in

great indignation at the discovery that my eyes were wet. And yet—this poor lad, with his boyish pluck and ideas of honesty! Surely nothing could be more touching.

I went back to him. 'Shake hands, Wilfred Wilton!' said I.

He took my hand in both his, and kissed it! I pulled it away in some embarrassment, and then held it out again.

'*Shake hands*, Wilfred Wilton!' I repeated with much decision; and this time he laid his poor, thin fingers in mine and obeyed me. I did not want him to think me one whit a better man than himself.

By this time the dusk had fallen. I left the room, locking the door after me and putting the key in my pocket. I found Mrs. Venter arranging the supper-table, but she was quite ready to suspend operations and listen to what I had to say.

'Mrs. Venter,' I said, 'the ghost is nearly gone, but not quite.'

'Ach?' said the good lady, interrogatively.

'Yes,' said I, 'and it won't take long to finish him off. But I've been working hard, and I'm rather hungry. Could you let me have some supper?'

'Ach!' Mrs. Venter was quite ashamed of herself. To think that the 'paarson' had been working hard half the afternoon on her behalf, and that she had forgotten to offer him a bit of food! 'Ach! Ach!'

So the good soul bustled about, and soon had quite a tempting meal ready for me. I am afraid I rather disappointed her by asking leave to carry it to the haunted apartment, for fear the ghost should play me a trick in my absence.

She made no objection, however, and soon poor Wilfred was devouring the good cheer with all the appetite of youth on the top of a week's semi-starvation, insisting the while on my sharing it with him. I could not sufficiently admire the way he had starved himself because he could not pay for his food, being myself a man who loves a good dinner, and plenty of it. When he was satisfied, I made him drink a tumbler of brandy-and-water, and the way he choked and grimaced over it was enough to convince anybody that he was nothing but an innocent boy.

It was quite dark now, for twilight in South Africa is a thing almost unknown. I opened the front door. The rain had ceased, and the stars were shining out of the exquisitely clear sky of which I was so heartily sick. I said to Wilfred, who was standing behind me—

'Do you see those mimosas over there? Go and wait behind them until I come. I don't want these people to see you.'

When I had watched him across the open space, I went back to the lady of the house. 'Mrs. Venter,' said I, 'the ghost has gone! Good-night.'

Then I sought out Hettie, and gave her a couple of sovereigns, whispering to her a warning never to tell any one of what she knew.

After this I untied the Fossil, who had been peacefully slumbering all the afternoon, jumped on his back, and rode to the mimosa clump. Here I got off.

'Jump up,' I said to Wilfred, who was standing there watching me out of his great brown eyes. 'We have some way to go.'

'But you mustn't let me take your horse,' he remonstrated. 'I can walk; indeed I can. I am quite strong again.'

'Nonsense! Do as you are told,' said I, trying to speak sternly. Perhaps I succeeded, for he obeyed me without another word.

In a few minutes we struck the road, and it was not many hours before we were at home. I took Wilfred to my lodgings, and next morning, after breakfast, I went to consult the rector about him.

Well, we got him out of the country somehow, and home to his people. His father forgave him on account of all he had been through, and the plucky spirit he had shown all along (for in the correspondence which followed I took care to let the old fellow know what we thought of his son). They put it right between them, and the warrant was recalled. Some years after, I got a letter from Wilfred, offering me the living at 'Wilton Chace,' the family seat which he had inherited a short time before, and enclosing a substantial present for Hettie Venter. 'And,' the letter continued, 'you will be delighted with my new little wife. Such a charming girl she is, with light brown hair, and merry blue eyes, and such dimples! And—isn't it a strange coincidence?—my darling's name is Hettie. I believe it helped me to fall in love with her!'

ESPERANZA.

OUR CAMP IN NORTH WALES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'AN EASTER GHOST.'

'I SAY, girls,' said Rex to Betty and me one morning in early spring, 'Roger and I are going to take a holiday at Whitsuntide this year, and have a camp up in North Wales, and we have set our minds on your coming with us.'

'It would be jolly, Rex,' answered Betty, 'but you know the authorities won't have it; they say we can't sleep in a tent, so I'm afraid it's not feasible.'

'Oh! I've thought of that,' said he, 'and it'll be all right. We mean to camp by the Afon, the best trout river in Wales; you know I've often been there, and Mrs. Evans of Glan Ucha is a great friend of mine. I am going to write to her to ask if she can give you a bedroom at the farm, and then you can live with us in the tent all day, and we'll have a rare time.'

This was different, and when Mrs. Evans' answer arrived, saying how glad she should be to see Mr. Leslie again, and that his sisters could certainly have a room in the farm, where she would do her best to make them comfortable, we began to think that the idea might turn out more than a mere chimera.

'Betty,' I said, just as she was dropping asleep that night, 'I feel sure we shall go to Wales next month.'

'Why?' she answered drowsily. 'I'm sure we shan't. Roger won't be able to get away, or Rex will want to do something entirely different when the time comes. What makes you think we shall go?'

'Well,' I answered, 'I never thought the plan would come to anything till this evening when I was washing my hands, and then I saw a huge Stepmother's Blessing—a very big one—just coming up on my little finger-nail, and you know on the little finger it means, "A journey to go," and such a large one must mean a long journey, so you'll see the Welsh camp will come off.'

Some two months later, and the prophetic import of the little white speck on my finger-nail was realised.

About 3 P.M. one Saturday afternoon we four and a pile of miscellaneous goods and chattels were deposited at the farm-gate of Glan Ucha. Hearty greetings from Mrs. Evans, 'the mistress,' here ensued, and soon tongues were loosed on either side.

'Indeet, Mr. Leslie, and it's yesterday we hoped we should see you, and I wass saying to the master, "I hope no misfortune has come to Mr. Leslie," like that time when you and Mr. Cunninghame wass travelling with your van, and in such a hurry to start that you must go off on a Sunday, and the master and me telling you all the time that you wass sure to come to harm if you would be moving on such a day, and you'd never been gone half an hour before your van's upset, and the shafts broke, and back you had to come here, and borrow our light cart to take up your things that were scattered in the road, and tie the van on behind! Dear, dear! I never thought to have lived through the laughin' we had at you for that set-out, and back so soon!'

Rex laughed heartily too at the remembrance. 'We'll never hear the end of that story, Mrs. Evans; but you know it was Mr. Cunninghame that wanted to go in such a mortal hurry. I was glad enough to come back and get another day's fishing.'

'Yes indeet, and it wasn't till Wednesday that you could get your shafts mended and start again, so you lost three days in trying to save one! It's true enough, the old saying, "The devil's beside you at Sunday work." But perhaps the ladies would like to come up and see their bedroom,' and with a stream of apologies for the smallness of our quarters and the inconvenience of the way the house was built, obliging us to go through her bedroom to reach the one destined for our occupation, she conducted us upstairs.

Our anticipation of 'a room at the farm' was of something very primitive—a brick floor, a patchwork quilt, and only the top of a chest of drawers for a dressing table—so that we were struck with amazement at the sight of the nicely furnished little room into which we were ushered. Small of course it was, but otherwise all that a lady's room need be: a pretty carpet on the floor, a marble-topped washing-stand, an oval-shaped dressing table with little drawers on each side down to the ground, and surmounted by a large looking-glass draped with pink and white muslin, while the window behind was hung with long lace curtains, through which one had a lovely view across the fields

and farm precincts to mountains and valleys fading gradually in the distance. On further investigation, we found ourselves provided with every necessary, even to sponges and tooth-brushes, of which latter articles we delicately suggested that we were glad not to be obliged to deprive them!

After a short survey we joined Rex below, and following him down the slope of the field surrounding the farm-yard, found ourselves on the bank of the Afon.

So this was our camping ground, the place that was to be our home for the next fortnight! Truly you might search far through the world before you found a more beautiful or ideal spot for an open-air life.

The field through which we had just come was of huge extent, forty or fifty acres, I should think—flat, just about the farm, and then suddenly falling with a steep pitch to a level stretch of sward some twenty feet wide, which brought us to the river's brink. This precipitous bank was a regular wilderness of undergrowth, thickly studded with May-bushes in full bloom, which looked as though the branches were laden with newly fallen snow, forming a deliciously sweet and picturesque background to our camp. The rushing Afon, at our feet, came tumbling from under the grey stone bridge across which the road passed, and poured impetuously over the rocks and pebbles in its bed, making here a tiny waterfall and there a deep still pool, clear brown in one place, blue as the sky above it in another, but always fresh, bright, and pure, as though it had burst into existence for the first time that day. We were here at the bottom of a wide valley, bounded in every direction by mountains, some near, some far, the highest point of which—*our* mountain we called it—rose straight over our heads behind the farm to a height of 2500 feet, where its clearly defined slope, broken only by a line of golden gorse, cut the air in one bold sweep from its pointed crest to the Afon far, far below.

'Well,' says Rex, 'didn't I tell you that the Afon valley beats every other place hollow? I don't believe that such another combination of the beauties of nature exists in the British Isles! But there'll be plenty of time for admiring in the next fortnight; *now* the chief thing is to get a roof over our heads—we must set to work.'

And set to work we did in serious earnest.

Now Rex is a king of campers, first by natural aptitude, for he is a born nomad, and secondly by experience, having travelled

during the last ten years through many parts of England, most of North Wales, and even across Scotland, reaching to the Hebrides and the Shetlands, and in all these frequented or unexplored regions pitching his tent at night and boiling his pot, like the veriest gipsy that ever saw the inside of a county gaol. The result of such practical experience is that, in fair weather or foul, in deluges of rain or hurricane of wind, in deep snow or hard frost, he has learnt to make his tents, designed and built entirely by himself, the most comfortable little dwellings that mortal can desire.

I am not going to describe our gipsy habitation; the structure is too complicated to be done justice to within the space at my disposal; suffice it to say that in a very short time the tents were pitched, a fire lighted, and our first camp meal well under weigh. While we were still discussing our final course of bread-and-jam, a cheery voice was heard exclaiming, 'Well, Mr. Leslie, and how are you?' and down the bank came Mr. Evans, the farmer, a yellow-haired, kindly-looking man of about thirty-five, the strongly-marked features of whose face reminded Betty and me of the Bretons among whom we had travelled last summer, and who belong of course to the same Celtic race as the Welsh.

The greeting between him and Rex was very hearty, and there were many inquiries after the other gentlemen who had come camping with him last time; but with regard to 'the ladies' he was exceedingly bashful, and stammered and hesitated a good deal in his replies to our questions. English was to him—as to most of the natives of this district—only an acquired tongue; he spoke it as if he were translating his thoughts all the time, and was often at a loss for the proper mode of expression. The Welsh English is very odd, it always sounds as if a hyphen were placed between each syllable and word, all accent is carefully avoided, and there is an invariable raising of the voice at the end of every sentence.

Mr. Evans' visit was a short one; he could not be prevailed on to sit down. 'No-he-would-not-dis-turb-us-he-only-want-to-know-that-we-were-com-for-ble. The-missus-she-would-do-all-she-could-for-the-ladies. For-him-he-do-his-best-for-us. He-hope-we-should-en-join-our-selves. He-had-told-the-men-to-bring-down-a-fag-got-for-us. Wass-there-any-thing-else?'

We thanked him, there was nothing more, so he climbed the bank and vanished.

The evening was spent in fishing and in wandering along the

river and making acquaintance with our new surroundings, in which some fresh charm seemed to meet us at every turn.

About ten o'clock we crept up the garden path to the farm, feeling rather like intruders, but found Mrs. Evans waiting for us in the great kitchen, with candles prepared to light us to bed. The 'master' did not dare face us again, but was pretending to be very much engaged in the yard with a lantern.

We pulled the things out of our boxes, and were soon in bed, after opening the window as wide as possible behind the lace curtains. As I laid my head on the pillow I remember wondering whether it would be hard or soft, but before I could determine the point—or so it seemed to me—Betty was saying, 'For goodness' sake, Lil, wake up! It's past eight, and such a glorious morning!'

You see that is the way one sleeps when one is camping out.

We felt ashamed of our tardiness as we passed through the kitchen about nine on our way down to the tent, for it was evident that the inhabitants of the farm had been astir for hours; milking, breakfast, every idea of work (it was Sunday morning), were done, and the kitchen entirely cleared up; in fact, their day appeared so far advanced that I should hardly have been surprised to learn that dinner was over.

Mrs. Evans was most anxious to know if we had slept well, and *not taken cold*, for they had been horrified to see that we had gone to sleep with the window open! 'It must have been a mistake! Indeet, the "master" had almost fetched a ladder to shut it, but thought he might disturb you!'

As we crossed the farm yard we met the 'master,' who wished us 'goot-morning,' and informed us that our 'cook-been-up-for-hour!' as indeed we rather gladly perceived from a curl of blue smoke rising above the top of the bank. At the bottom we found Rex in shirt-sleeves standing over the fire and stirring the porridge, which was bubbling hopefully, as though just ready, in the largest-sized saucepan.

Mutual inquiries having satisfied us that the night had been one of complete forgetfulness to all parties, and therefore everything to be desired, Betty set the breakfast things on the grass outside the tent, while I went off with the bucket to fetch water from the river.

How could we help dawdling over our breakfast that first morning? Though as yet only nine o'clock, it was so hot that we were thankful for the shade of the hawthorn bushes; the sun

shone brilliantly in a cloudless sky, against which the mountains stood out clear and beautiful; there was not a breath even to shiver the leaves of the aspens and alders along the river bank; a soft blue mist hung still in the valleys and over the distant woods; the birds sang all around us in the full joy of spring-time and love-making; here and there a cuckoo called softly from the larch-wood on the mountain side; the fields all down the valley were ablaze with buttercups; and the Afon was singing its loudest as it rippled and rushed along.

Somehow we did not go to church that morning, but when it is taken into consideration that the church was more than a mile away, and that we had ascertained overnight that the only morning service was in *Welsh*, it may possibly be considered excusable that we decided to wait for the English evensong at 3 P.M.

It had been broiling hot all day, but what a delightful walk we had back in the evening, and how cheerily the camp fire blazed beneath the kettle, and what justice we did to our supper that night! It was all so new and queer, but oh, how pleasant!

'Lil,' said Betty, as we were going to bed, 'we must get up and see the sun rise to-morrow. Rex saw it this morning, and said it was gorgeous all over the mountains, and the sky will be perfectly clear, any one can see.'

'But, Betty,' I objected, 'it will be about four o'clock, won't it? and we can't go through the Evans' room before they are up.'

'Oh, bother!' she exclaimed, 'I forgot that; but never mind, we should see it just as well from the window: you know it looks north-east. I shall be sure to wake, and I'll call you.'

And so she did at ten minutes to four. 'Quick, Lil! it'll be up in two or three minutes!'

I hated her, of course; one always does hate the person who calls one at unearthly hours, and for the moment the universe does not contain the thing that is worth the exertion of arousing oneself to see. However, with blinking eyes we crept to the window and pulled back the curtains, and indeed we were well rewarded for our pains.

Whenever I have dragged myself out of bed on a summer morning to see the sun rise, it always astounds me to think that hardly one in a thousand of the human beings who live on this earth should trouble to see it in its most exquisite mood. There is a glamour of unreality over even a commonplace landscape in the half-hour before the dawn; there is a quiet, a peacefulness, over everything which seems to declare that sin or suffering or

fiery passions have for ever passed from this sleeping world—all that is gone, and behold nature is pure and fresh again as in the days of Eden.

I have tried to tell you what our Welsh valley was like in ordinary daylight, but no words could possibly describe its fairyland beauty in the ten minutes before the sun rose, a little cold, perhaps, but oh, so blue and sweet, with such mysteries of haze in the winding glens among the mountains and over the larch-woods! Ah, here he comes at last, in the very spot of spots! Right between the two points of one of the highest hills the clear sky becomes lemon, golden, flaming, and then up he comes, the god of day, and flings his warm rays right across the wide valley and in at our little window. From point to point his golden messenger flies; with tint after tint he touches the mountains, blue, pink, purple, making each more lovely than the last, bringing them out again, as it were, from under the misty veil in which they have spent the night, and kissing them till they blush rosy with the gladness of welcome. And now he is creeping fast down the hill slopes, shooting his sunny darts across the dewy buttercup meadows, and hunting the long shadows away behind every tree and hedgerow, till 'Ah, Betty, the world is awake again! It's very beautiful, but it's only the everyday world now. Let's go back to bed!'

Eight o'clock was breakfast-time, and as Betty and I came down the bank somewhere about 7.30, we always found the fire burning and the porridge-pot just going on. It depended on the sort of morning it was whether, after their bath in the river, the boys had had an hour or so of fishing or only a few casts close at hand, for it must be owned that the weather, though delightful for our outdoor life, was not fisherman's weather, and the sport, though we always had trout enough to eat, did not come up to what we had expected from the great reputation of the Afon.

If warm enough, we spread our breakfast on the grass outside, but if, as sometimes happened, the morning was dull and chilly, we were glad to go into the tents where the grass enclosure of the 'baulk' * formed our table-cloth.

Breakfast consisted of porridge as a first course—real Highland porridge, made with salt, as the Scotch blood in our veins

* The 'baulk,' in gipsy parlance, signifies the common centre into which the tents look. This enclosure forms a shelter for the fire in wet or windy weather, but when fine it is more convenient to make it outside.

demanded—poured boiling from the fire into tin soup-plates, and accompanied by rich frothy milk just fresh from the cow. The moment the porridge-pot was taken off the fire, the kettle was hung in its place to prepare for tea-making, but as the porridge always vanished long before the kettle had begun to think of boiling, it was the proper thing to stroll along the river-bank for ten minutes, to pick up a fresh appetite, with which, on returning, to fall upon cold bacon, eggs, or fish, followed by bread-and-butter, potted meat, and marmalade.

I cannot tell you what our appetites were; you must go to North Wales yourself and live in a tent to gain the faintest idea of the craving one feels in that air for the hardest, stalest crust of bread as meal-times approach. I will lay any wager you like that, long and exhausting as the journey may be, you will allow that it's worth ten times the trouble to feel such a grand healthy appetite and absolute disregard of the quality of your food.

After breakfast came 'washing up,' and though you may consider that there is a ring of 'scullery' about this subject over which, for the sake of ears polite, it would be more seemly to draw a veil, I must assure you that it is a matter of much too great importance to be so treated. Now I will own that when Betty and I first contemplated spending a fortnight 'under blanket,'* the only objection that presented itself to our minds was this 'washing up,' of which we had often heard. Betty tried to get out of it by suggesting that perhaps Rex liked doing all that; but this view I considered a cowardly one, and so we made up our minds that we were going to take the rough with the smooth, and though a greasy frying-pan could not be called a thing of joy, it was a thing to be boldly encountered. However, when Rex had given us a lesson on 'scientific camp washing-up,' we found we might put all our heroic determinations in our pockets, for by his process there was no occasion to dirty one of our fingers, and everything instantly became so perfectly clean that any objection we had ever felt to eating and drinking from *tin* cups and plates vanished into thin air. His plan was simply this: *Never wash or clean anything except with boiling water.*

It sounds but a trifling distinction between *hot* and *boiling*, but, believe me, the whole matter lies in that nut-shell. Whether it is a frying-pan, thickly coated with the remains of butter or lard, or the pot in which a mutton stew has simmered

* The tents in which we lived were true gipsy tents, the outer covering of which is formed of red or brown blanket.

for a couple of hours, you merely fill it with water and hang it over the fire; as soon as it boils you scour it round a time or two with a piece of house-flannel on the end of a fork—for of course you cannot put your fingers into the boiling water—and when you empty your pot on the grass you will find it absolutely clean, and a swish of the running Afon, to which you carry it to end up with, gives it a shine like silver. It is just the same with cups, plates, knives, or spoons: put them into boiling water, stir them about with the flannel, and a very little wipe-over is all that is needed when you take them out. Thus, though 'washing up' came regularly three times a day, we soon thought no more of it than we did of spreading our cups and plates for supper.

After everything was put straight I would often wash out a tea-cloth down at the stream, where, under a bush, the boys kept their toilet requisites, sponges, brushes, etc. (and the soap, till the pigs ate it three days running, when we had to hide it in the tent), and then we would consider how the day should be spent.

There was usually another hour's fishing if the weather was favourable, when Betty and I would wander with them along the river, and watch the casting of the flies, and sympathise or render assistance with the handle of the landing net when, as constantly happens in such a narrow stream, they got 'hung up,' *i.e.*, when the line got caught in the overhanging bushes. But, as every fisherman knows, in the middle of the day there is no chance of sport, and so by eleven o'clock the rods were stuck in the ground by the camp, not to be resumed again until the hour before sunset.

About this time letters arrived; there was no regular postal delivery at the farm, but letters for Glan Ucha were left at the blacksmith's about half a mile off, from whence any chance person brought them on.

Then there was usually a period of tranquillity. We sat on the bank of the Afon and read, or worked, or dawdled over a sheet of paper and called it writing a letter, or attempted with a sketching block and paint-box to produce a semblance of the loveliness about us—need I say, most unsuccessfully?—but it was usually observed that the occupation was only a pretence, and we soon resigned ourselves to the mere pleasure of existence in such a place, with such scenery around us, and the sweet voice of the river filling our ears.

But there was too much to be done, and the days—ah! how soon we began to count them!—were too precious to be wasted in dreamy enjoyment, so before long, after fastening down the

tent door, we would start off on some long expedition, to climb some peak of specially inviting appearance, to discover the 'nesting' possibilities of certain wooded hills, or more often—for these were the loveliest places of all—to follow the course of one of the little mountain torrents that came tumbling and splashing down every deep glen. We nearly went wild over these; they were so fascinatingly beautiful, so luxurious in vegetation, in flowers, and above all in ferns: masses of delicate Lady-ferns, *Lastræa dilatata*, Hard fern, Asplenium, *Adiantum nigrum*, Mountain fern, and even—to our joy—whole banks covered with the brilliant green pointed fronds of the Oak fern. The steep sides of the glen rose precipitous over our heads, thickly wooded, as it seemed, to the very sky, while the little stream twisted and wound between them in its rocky bed, making endless cascades and falls, and revealing at every sudden turn of its course fresh beauties and treasures to allure us on still further. Here and there an old tree, torn up by the roots in some mountain gale, had been hurled down, dashing from side to side of the glen, till it rested stunned in the stream below, where in a year or two consolatory nature, with her inexhaustible expedients, had turned it into a lovely natural bridge—almost hidden from sight by the tall ferns, mosses, and waving grass springing from its rotting bark—by which you might cross, dry-footed, a foaming pool.

We walked many miles on these expeditions, scrambling and climbing and falling, but after the first two days I never remember feeling tired, the effect of our exertions showing itself only in our ravenous appetites and sound sleep at night.

Between five and six we got back, and very cosy and picturesque our camp home always looked as we approached it across the fields, with the lowering sun shining on the red cloth of the tent, and touching the snowy boughs of the hawthorn on the bank above it.

One of us took a tin, and went up to the farm for milk, and butter if it was wanted, and in no time the fire was blazing and the kettle singing, and there was a marvellous disappearance of huge pieces of bread-and-butter and strawberry jam. In the interval of 'pipes' which followed, the subject of supper was usually discussed, and the question was raised as to the condition of our stores and whether Betty and I should walk into Llanpethen by-and-by, when fishing time began, to make purchases. Supper was the serious meal of the day, and consisted commonly of fried trout followed by eggs and the usual finale of potted meat and

jam, with tea or cocoa; but every two or three days we went to the extravagance of a meat stew, for the composition of which Rex was justly famous. Once or twice Roger or the 'master' shot us a couple of rabbits, which were reckoned a great delicacy, but on other occasions the foundation of the stew was mutton. It sounds uninteresting, you say, but mutton served under a silver dish-cover and eaten off hot plates does not seem to be cut from the same animal as those tasty portions that were evenly divided as they came out of the steaming black pot on to tin plates held out by their hungry owners.

In this period between tea and sunset we often went up to the farm, and hung about the back kitchen and dairy places, where we sat on the edge of the table, and were initiated into the mysteries of bread-making and the heating of the great bread-oven, or—it being butter-day, which occurred three times a week—we would find Mrs. Evans putting the first lining into a great tub, which when filled would hold from eighty to one hundred and twenty pounds of butter, to be sold in autumn at the Oswestry market. There are endless interests about a farm when you come to live in it, and know about all the animals, young and old, but of course in this case the chief thing was that the *people* were so nice, and were so immensely taken up with our proceedings, that before a week had passed we were all the dearest friends.

At last the supreme moment of the day arrived—the evening fishing hour—it began about seven and lasted until the widest stretch of the imagination could no longer admit that a fly was to be discerned on the water. I do not think that anything short of being dragged from the river bank by wild horses would have kept Roger and Rex from their evening 'fish.' Whatever plans were made, whatever expedition suggested, nothing must interfere with this sunset hour, and all consultations as to the morrow's doings ended with 'Well, suppose we do that, and then we shall be back by six or seven to fish.'

And so every evening, clad in 'waders'—which, if you were not born in a fishing family, I must explain to be water-tight garments, comprising trousers and socks in one, in which the fisherman walks in the stream and throws his fly with more convenience and less chance of being 'hung up,' than from the bank—with their caps closely studded with flies, and armed with rods and landing-nets, the two set off, and as they tramp along the Afon I can hear Rex saying, 'I shall try a red spinner; what

have you?' 'An alder,' says Roger, and they pass out of ear-shot.

Oh! those lovely evenings! I can shut my eyes and see them now—the wonderful glory over everything, the stillness of the sunshine lying on the mountains, the golden gorse bushes, the white hawthorn hedges, and the clear, clear sky where the sun was beginning to think of setting. Betty and I would sit upon the side of 'our mountain,' above the oak coppice, and watch him sinking slowly till he neared the peak of old Cader Fronwen over in the west, and then, if—as frequently happened—our stores were falling short, we would tear ourselves away and run down to the camp, where, picking up the fishing-basket and our list of commissions, we would start off for the village. Here we excited a good deal of interest when we came to be known as the 'ladies from the camp;' but the people were very pleasant and civil to us, and took great pains to make out our unintelligible English talk, and to provide us—at about one third more than the ordinary price—with the necessaries we required.

It would be about nine o'clock when we got back. We would light the fire and put the kettle on and await the return of the fishers. Supper of course was never out of doors, the grass was too wet with dew, and it was pitch dark by the time the meal was ready, so we laid it inside the tents, and very cosy we were when the door was let down, and the candles lit. Generally before we had finished, the farmer and his wife would arrive, and when they had been persuaded to come in, and the pipes were lighted, there the six of us would sit, and talk of all things in heaven and earth, till sometimes it grew so late that, when our guests were gone, Roger and Rex would not let us stay to wash up, and so good-nights were exchanged, and we would climb the hawthorn bank, and after lingering a little in the dewy moonlit field, would cross the farm-yard and the garden, and walk unceremoniously into the kitchen. And here it was invariably 'Ladies-take-the-chairs-by-the-fire,' and so down we would sit, and the talk would begin again in the quaint old-fashioned room, with the firelight flashing all about it.

And so to bed, and alas! with the knowledge that another of our precious days was gone.

Oh, what a pleasant time it was! There was always something fresh to be done—always a new valley to explore, always a new mountain to climb. One day we would clamber about the rocky wooded slope behind the farm, hunting for ferns in a

hundred enticing nooks; on another we would start away early for a big expedition to some lonely tarn or waterfall right up among the distant Berwyns; or, again, the 'master' would lend ponies, mounted on which, we would explore the tiny lanes and moorland tracks that ran in every direction round Glan Ucha.

Now and then, too, visitors would come down shyly to the tents, and after much persuasion we would bring them in, show them the sights of our encampment, and give them tea at unreasonable hours. What did it matter if the parson came to call on us, and found me deep in the mysteries of a gooseberry pudding, or Roger asleep in the sun with a handful of flour sprinkled over his face by the ever-attentive Rex? In civilised haunts we might have both scandalised and been scandalised in turn, but here, among the mountains and the woods and the streams, who cared?

There was but one thing that troubled us—one thing besides the bull who barred the short cut across the fields to the village—and that was the approaching day of departure. If only Father Time *for once* would have stopped the running sand in his glass, and bid the sun shine for eight-and-forty hours on end, then, and then only, might we have found time for a bare half of the things we planned to do. Soon we began to count the few remaining days of our fortnight, soon, alas! the hours, and when at length the last morning came, and our pretty encampment was destroyed, and there was nothing left but to say good-bye to our many friends, to bid adieu to the mountain torrent in the glen, to the oak woods and the ferns, and the merry, rippling Afon, why then we were miserable creatures indeed!

How solemnly we vowed to pay them another visit when the long June days came back again; how sorrowfully we turned again and yet again to take one more glance at our dear valley as the farm-cart topped the hill; ay, and what a regretful look clouded the 'master's' usually cheery face as he shook hands with each of us in turn outside the station! 'You–not–for–get–come–back–next–year. The–mis–sus–she–be–won–er–ful–sorry–to–night–when–she–not–see–you–come–up–to–bed.'

But the time comes when even a Cambrian train must start, and before the last message was spoken, before the last good-bye was said, we were off with a shriek and a puff to the regions of civilised life again.

ANNIE LOWNDES.

SOME DAYS AT THE DOCKS.

[The following conversation was held in a London drawing-room between a young matron, Lady Dora, and her girl-friend, Freda, which one of them afterwards noted down and sent for insertion in these pages.]

LADY DORA. Come, Freda, now we have a cosy hour to ourselves, I want to hear something of all you saw and did at Kilburn the fortnight you were there.

FREDA. You know, after all, I did not stay with the Sisters at the Kilburn Orphanage in Randolph Gardens, as I had intended, but at St. Katherine's Working-man's Restaurant.

LADY DORA. Yes, you wrote to me from there, 42A Dock Street. I hunted it out in the London map, and found it was close to St. Katherine's, and the London Docks, and about equi-distant from Mark Lane and Aldgate Stations.

FREDA. It is a five-storeyed corner-house, which I believe was an old office once. The ground floor consists of the Restaurant and two small rooms at the back, where the Sisters and visitors have their meals. Above is the chapel, and a large hall for meetings; the chapel only holds ten or twelve, but the sliding doors can be pushed back so as to show it all to those in the hall, as on occasions after any women's work-meetings or the men's Thursday evening concert.

LADY DORA. How many Sisters are there, and do they always have visitors with them? And why did you go there?

FREDA. There are always five Sisters and five permanent visitors. Others come to do district work, or sell soup, or help in anything going on, one day perhaps each week, or oftener. I wish, Dora, *you* would offer to go one day every week; in 'Our Work' lately they say they want extra help that way so much, and you would get so interested in a district if you took one; the people are so very much 'all sorts and conditions,' but they are alike in one thing, that they trust and welcome any one coming from 'the Sisters.' Only one thing, if you do go, you must be

regular. Some people are rather careless about that, and send a note or telegram to the Sister-in-charge at the last moment, saying they can't go that day; it would not matter quite so much if they would write, say a couple of days beforehand, but to suddenly find any promised helper cannot turn up, when all at the Docks are quite fully engaged, must be very trying, I think, to the Sister.

LADY DORA. I suppose it must be one of the poorest districts round there?

FREDA. The houses and streets don't look so narrow and wretched as I had imagined, but some of the people, I believe, are in the lowest depths of wickedness and degradation. Coming home one evening from St. Peter's, London Docks, along Ratcliffe Highway, it was horrible to see the people about the public-houses. And to think that some of those dreadful women reeling about, and shouting out in such awful language, very likely had poor little children shut up at home! It made one shiver to think that any of them should be mothers! It's a dreadful place. I did not much care to go alone to Tenter Street, where is the Night Refuge, where some one had to go each evening to take down the names of the men wanting admittance; it seemed rather a lonely street, and very badly lighted, and no shops, which always seem a protection. But when one got to the Refuge one could think only of the men. Poor fellows, some looked so hopeless! There is a book kept, and they have to give their names and that of any reference who would speak for them, the date of when last in work, and the previous night's lodging. Often for the last the record was 'in the streets,' or 'tramping it.' If the reference is found to be satisfactory, and a man bears a tolerable character, he is allowed a night's lodging for a week or fortnight, or perhaps longer. That includes supper and breakfast. The man who looks after things at the Refuge is an ex-policeman, and seems a good judge of character. Each man came up to the table where we were writing, and we noted down his replies, and as each left, the ex-policeman would remark on him in a low tone, 'No good,' or 'He'll do,' and I believe the criticisms were generally found to be correct. One very nice-looking man was there one evening; he had been a clever workman with some very good engineers in Philadelphia, from whom he had excellent testimonials; he went home to Copenhagen to see his dying mother, and after her death had come on to London, believing, poor man, that he would quickly

find work; he had been three months vainly seeking it, and had not a friend in all England!

LADY DORA. Poor fellow! how sad! What a good thing he came to the Refuge! I suppose the Sisters helped him?

FREDA. I believe they gave him some temporary help, and that he will work his way back to Philadelphia. But there are hundreds and hundreds of sad cases, and the Sisters long to help all. I think the Night Refuge is one of the grandest of their works. The sympathy and comfort that is met there must be a pick-me-up to many a man who feels getting hopeless from want and friendlessness. The Sisters go and talk to them in the evenings, and on Sunday afternoons have a sort of service with them. On Christmas Day the Sisters give presents of a warm scarf to each man. This last year * there were 150; I sent three scarves; they like to have them broad and substantial—regularly good wraps.

LADY DORA. You mentioned just now the men's concert. Do they have regular ones?

FREDA. Yes; every Thursday evening in the big room above the Restaurant. About 150 to 200 men come, and as they enter, each is given a quarter of an ounce packet of tobacco and a hunch of bread. When they are seated, each has a cup of coffee. The concert lasted an hour. Sometimes there is a good variety of singers; sometimes only one or two of the visitors, and any of the audience, who would stand out and give us a song, composed all the vocal power. We retired at the end of the hour, the doors of the Chapel were slid back, and the Sisters held a service with the men. We heard the singing, in which all seemed to join heartily, from our sitting-room two storeys higher, where we were engaged in various employments; one was sewing patches on the 'loan' blankets, for as one safeguard against pawning, each blanket has a small square hole cut in the centre, which is patched with unbleached calico, on which is written a number and the Mission House address; another, who had been to the Night Refuge, was filling in the printed forms to be sent to the various references the men had given, mostly to their late employers in all parts of the country, occasionally to a clergyman or a Roman Catholic priest; of course, some were false addresses, and were returned as 'not found.' The majority from late employers generally stated that the latter, owing to bad times, had to decrease their staff, etc.

* 1889.

My work at odd times, and in the evenings generally, was cutting out. The work-rooms seemed like some devouring monster, always crying out, 'more, more.' There are few things received with more satisfaction than a roll of stuff to cut out. A parcel came in one day with writing outside: 'This is sent from a shop-assistant to be made into chemises to be given away.' The calico cut into thirty chemises, and then one of the Sisters made a list of the thirty future owners. I went to a work-meeting two afternoons, meeting a lady at St. John's Mission Rooms who was to take it with me. There were about sixty women in a long, low room with a platform at one end. They worked from two to five, and were paid three-pence an hour, i.e. eightpence, as one penny is kept back—a sort of compulsory savings bank. My companion and I took turns, one reading aloud 'Nicholas Nickleby,' the other walking about the room, supplying needles and cotton, or giving directions about the work. Some were very bad workers, not even equal to doing an unbleached calico chemise or simple flannel petticoat; we had to give those some patchwork, large pieces of cretonne, in hopes that they would be cobbled together sufficiently firmly to make some quilts. Some women were making nice little frocks and boy's suits; but the majority were not knowing enough, and had to do the simpler style of work. I don't think they much cared about 'Nicholas,' but it is difficult to find a book to suit them all, and they were much interested over Smike's escape. We sang 'Sun of my Soul' at the end, and read prayers, after the grand ceremony of paying. I took round a tray with sixty little heaps of copper and silver, and gave one to each woman as her name was called out.

LADY DORA. I suppose there were frequent services?

FREDA. There was a celebration on Sunday, and three mornings besides, at a quarter to seven. The celebrant was one of the St. Peter's clergy. The rest of the day the offices were conducted by the Sisters; we went whenever not engaged on any necessary work. One girl told me that, not having been used to 'offices,' she found it difficult to remember their order, so I copied her out that old verse,—I think you know it?

'At *Matins* bound; at *Prime* reviled; condemned to death at *Terce;*
Nailed to the Cross at *Sext;* at *None* the blessed side they pierce;
They take Him down at *Vesper*-tide; in grave at *Compline* lay;
Who henceforth bids His Church observe her sevenfold hours alway.'

LADY DORA. Did you have a regular routine throughout the day?

FREDA. We breakfasted at a quarter to eight, and at half-past, two of us would take the bar, and relieve the Sisters who had been there since the restaurant opened at half-past seven. Generally a little after eight the Sister in charge would come into our little refection room and have a chat. Often the post would have come, and she would bring in our letters and her own; sometimes there would be several relating to the Night Refuge, the answers to those we had written enquiring into the men's characters. Some might contain money, or announcements of packages on their way to St. Katherine's. Sometimes there were few letters and more talk. The Sister generally wanted to know if anything particular had occurred the evening before in taking the names at the Night Refuge. They always go later in the evenings to talk to the men. Well, at 8.30 two of us take the bar till 9.30, when a third visitor takes it alone, as then there are comparatively few men who come in. When I say alone, there is always one of the little servant girls there to help in washing up. That 9.30 to 10.30 was not at all a popular hour among us, as then everything had to be cleaned and polished up: all the water caraffes made to look bright, and what was worse, the heavy, tall glass shades which covered the cakes, etc.; two were cracked already, and I used to be afraid they might come to pieces in my hands! The time when the men came in was much nicer; they drop in all through the day, but of course breakfast, dinner, and tea-times are the fullest ones. One wants a good memory and quick hands! Imagine six men perhaps all asking you for various things at one and the same moment! Two would want eggs, so one would have to light the gas under the little saucepan, and bear in mind the correct minute to take them out whilst supplying the other four with bloaters, rashers, or ham. 'A penn'orth, two ha'porths and a slice,' is often demanded; e.g. a penny cup of coffee, two halfpenny pieces of bread and butter, and a slice of bacon or ham. The bar is fitted with great urns for tea, coffee, and chocolate, and with four sunk tins at one end, which at dinner-time are filled with beef and pea-soups, Irish stew, and porridge. The porridge is ready at breakfast time too. In the middle of the bar is a sink for washing up, and at the back is a table for cutting bread and butter, ham, etc. The kitchens are below, and we spoke down the tube if we wanted fresh rashers and bloaters, and they would quickly appear in the lift. The only cooking done at the bar was eggs. The kitchen below made the restaurant seem much too

warm, I always thought, but no doubt it felt delicious to the men coming in from the cold, frosty air outside. They generally looked as though they appreciated everything very much, and the room looked so cheerful with plants and pictures, and with newspapers on the tables, as most of the men seem to prefer reading whilst they make their meals. Selling soup at the Docks was always from 12.0 to 12.30. There are six trucks, the Crescent, St. Katherine's, London, Millwall, the Don, and the Donna. Two sellers went with each. One of the Sisters always went to the 'Crescent,' and I *think* to one of the others, but am not sure. I generally went to St. Katherine's with a different visitor each day. We would start about ten minutes to 12, go through the big dock gates, where is 'no admittance except on business,' and pick our way past the huge drays and waggons,—in the frosty weather it is dreadful to see the poor over-laden horses, some of them such splendid animals, slipping about, trying vainly to keep their feet! It is curious to see the different cargoes that come to the docks: one day perhaps it would be all casks of wine or brandy, and the next all those might have disappeared, and only big bales of wool be seen. Well, the man would wheel down the truck and unlock the stall, which is something like a bathing machine without wheels, with the upper half of one side taken out. We had two large tins of soup, and several long puddings of plum-duff, and sometimes jam pudding, to dispose of. Monday was generally a slack day, as many men had remnants of Sunday dinner, and so saved their half-pence.

LADY DORA. Were the men ever rude or discontented?

FREDA. Wonderfully little so, considering what a crowd there was, and all impatient to be helped first. The few times I heard any 'bad words,' the others generally hushed the speaker down. One man once told me I should never keep my husband at home if I cut him so short of pudding, to which another rejoined, 'Oh, get out! *you* would think the whole lot not enough! Give me the next ha'porth, please, lady, I'm not one of those grumbling dogs!' At 12.30 we closed, the men having mostly returned to their work. The truckman brushed up the stall and replaced the soup and pudding tins, now nearly or quite empty, on his truck, and we, with our holland bag of very dirty coppers, returned to the restaurant.

LADY DORA. I think I will go to the Docks if I can be any use. I suppose I ought to write to the Sister in charge, and ask what day every week I should be most needed.

FREDA. Oh, yes, do; as for being useful, you are sure to be that, as there is so much scope for different talents, so they will set you to work at anything you can do best. I wish you could go on Thursdays, as perhaps your husband could come in the evening for the smoking concert; your two voices would be thankfully welcomed.

LADY DORA. I must talk it over with him, then.

FREDA. Of course it is only occasionally they have room at the Docks, as they are limited to five boarders. It is different to the Kilburn Orphanage, where they hardly ever refuse any would-be worker, except when some Retreat is coming on, and the rooms may be wanted. Well, I must say good-bye, dear Dora. You will remember to send an occasional daily, and some of the illustrated papers to the Docks, won't you?

LADY DORA. Yes; and I have the address of the 'Friend in Need Night Shelter,' too, as you say the men want them so much. Tenter Street, London Docks, E. Good-bye. When I write I will tell you how my weekly visit to St. Katherine's prospers.

C. FORTESCUE YONGE.

THE STORY OF THE WHITE VIOLETS.

WHAT? No fairies nowadays, do you say, children? Dear me, what shocking ignorance! Who in the world do you think looks after the ferns and flowers in God's big garden? Who teaches the thrushes the new tunes, and attends to the winter wardrobe of the robin-redbreasts? Who watches over the hedge-sparrow's eggs, and takes care of the nestlings when Mrs. Dickey hops off to get her afternoon tea? Mr. Dickey brings her dinner to her, you know, but he doesn't approve of afternoon tea for ladies, so she always has to get that for herself. Why, the world would go all wrong were it not for the fairies! In fact, I do believe that even the sun would forget to get up!

And talking of getting up reminds me of the story of the White Violets. Would you like to hear it? The elves told it to me themselves one drowsy summer afternoon, so it must be true. And, if you are really going to believe it, I will tell it to you. But if you think it is all nonsense, why then you can go back to your English grammar and your sums, and believe *them*, because they can all be proved, and the story of the White Violets can't.

Once upon a time there were no white violets in the world. They were all blue; some pale blue, almost like a little bit of the sky when it is touched with purple by the sunset; some a faint sweet lavender; and some deep and rich, like the inside of a storm-cloud. And they peeped out from their green leaves, and smelt as sweet as possible. And they lived underneath the hedges, and warmed themselves in the sun, and drank the clear cold dew, and were as happy and good as they could be.

The elves took care of them just as they took care of all the flowers. They put them to bed every night, and woke them up and dressed them every morning. And they filled their little cups with honey, smelling so sweet and fresh that the great brown bees came buzzing over the hedge to find it, and carried it away to make stiff and sweet and golden for

the little children who danced to school down the green lane. And the violets did not care, not a bit! For, strangely enough, the more honey they gave away the sweeter and bigger and bluer they grew, until the very robins and blackbirds composed sonnets about them. In fact, there was a rumour that one very spruce young robin had actually proposed to the biggest and bluest among them, but the elves had thought the match unsuitable, so they had broken off the engagement.

Well, it was a great pity that the violets were not always good, for then they would always have been happy. But, as it was, they were sadly naughty one day, and had to pay very, very dearly for it. It was all the fault of Mrs. Caterpillar's party. At least, so they said afterwards, but the elves shook their heads and didn't seem to think so. The elves said that if the violets had been obedient, no harm would have come of the party at all.

The truth was, Mrs. Caterpillar had issued cards of invitation to all the neighbouring grubs and beetles. She was having an 'at home' in the beech tree that grew just over the violets' heads. And she had made the dew negus just a little too strong for the young cockchafers, and one or two of them fell right into the middle of the violets. The elves came at once, and picked them up and carried them home to their mothers; but the violets, although they had been put to bed long ago, were wide awake with the excitement, and refused to go to sleep again. In vain did the elves come and sing them lullabies, and shade their eyes from the moonlight with curtains of grass and leaves. The violets interrupted the lullabies with giggles, and pushed aside the curtains to peep at the gay scene above their heads. For was not a fat caterpillar waltzing solemnly with a brown earwig, and a white maggot, rather overcome by the negus, making love to a dainty young green fly? Altogether, it was too exciting, and the violets refused to go to sleep at all. And at last the elves were obliged to leave them, for they heard the stream quarrelling with a big grey stone that had sat down right in the middle of it, and they were sadly needed to make peace.

So the naughty little violets peeped and giggled until the party was over, and the caterpillars and the maggots and the earwigs had waddled home arm in arm, discussing the supper and the dresses. And by that time the violets were so tired and sleepy that they could hardly wish one another good-night, but

tucked their heads under their green blankets, and went off into a sound slumber.

Well, at sunrise the elves came to wake them. The roses were up and dressed long ago, and the daisies were blinking their golden eyes at the sun. But the violets were *very* sleepy. They opened one eye each, and murmured, 'All right,' and then went to sleep again. For, you see, they had been awake so very late the night before. And in vain the elves shook them, and called to them, and told them that very soon all the dew would have gone away into the clouds, and there would be nothing left in which to give them their baths. They only said that they 'didn't want baths, they were quite clean,' and went to sleep again. One of the elves even went to the stream, and brought back a leaf full of cold water, and dashed it over their faces. But they only peeped at him from under the blankets, and nodded their heads, and were back in dreamland before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'

Now all this was very perplexing to the dear little brownies. They were not used to sleepy flowers. As a rule, the sweet hedge blossoms opened their dewy eyes the moment that they were told to do so, and stretched out their petals to the morning breeze. The elves, therefore, were very much puzzled indeed, and had to hold a council about it, sitting down under the mushrooms.

Some thought that the violets must need a little medicine, and suggested a wild rose draught or a ragged robin pill. One or two were afraid that the nightshade had come into flower much too early in the year, and had made its home over the violets' heads. And when this was suggested there was quite a stampede to the hedgerow to see if such a terrible thing could really have happened. But no, there was nothing growing in the hedge except the pearly white May, and no deadly nightshade was drooping its purple flowers over the path. But the violets were sleeping still.

And then the elves, standing sorrowfully by them, came to a very sad conclusion. They began to believe that it was only naughtiness and laziness on the part of the violets, after all. No flowers had any business to sleep after the sun rose, any more than they had any business to lie awake after he had gone to bed. And the elves reluctantly confessed that the violets were 'naughty.'

Then, when they had confessed that to one another, they were

in a worse dilemma than ever. What was to be done? They had never had anything to do with naughty flowers before. They had nursed sick flowers, and they had lovingly tended the poor little withered ones thrown carelessly down on to the path, and they had laid the dead ones tenderly away in the earth without sorrow, for would they not bloom again? But *naughty* flowers were things that they had never had anything to do with. And they talked about it very anxiously and solemnly indeed.

'What is to be done?' said one, perching himself astride a grass-stalk. 'This is very shocking.'

'There must be a cure for it somewhere,' said another, puckering up all his face into thought.

'You, Briarlet,' cried a third, 'you, who go near men's houses, cannot you suggest something? What would they do in such a case?'

Briarlet wrinkled his forehead and pondered. Presently a light came into his eyes, and he looked up.

'I remember,' he said, 'a case a few mornings since. I was peeping in at the window of a little child's room. I had just been driving the green flies away from the roses, and it was hot, and I was resting for a time. While I sat there, watching the face of the child, the nurse came in to take it out of bed, but—' and Briarlet's sweet little voice grew mournful.

'Yes, but?' cried all the brownies in chorus.

'But,' said Briarlet, quite distressed, 'it refused. It—it screamed. It—even—even—*kicked!*'

Briarlet quite blushed as he told the story, and looked so miserable that the elves could not press him to go on, but sat in a silent ring around him. Presently, however, one bolder than the rest took courage.

'Yes,' he whispered, 'and how did they cure it?' For the elves could not get rid of the idea that being naughty was something like being ill.

Briarlet's face brightened.

'They *did* cure it,' he said softly, 'but only by making the child stay in bed—all day.'

'And that is the very thing!' again cried all the elves in chorus. 'That is how we must cure the violets. They, too, shall stay in bed all day!'

The little brownies were quite pleased and happy again. Here was a cure—a way out of all their perplexities. Suddenly, however, their faces fell.

'How,' they asked solemnly, each of his neighbour—'how are we to prevent the violets from getting up?'

Here was a new difficulty, and again they turned to Briarlet to help them. Once more he wrinkled his brows and thought.

'I know!' he exclaimed at last. 'They took away the child's clothes!'

'Of course! What an excellent plan!' came the delighted chorus of voices. And then all the elves shook hands with each other, and congratulated one another solemnly on Briarlet's wonderful acuteness.

Then they went, in a body, back to the violets, for all the world like a troop of town councillors. And the violets were sleeping still. And in a stately and dignified fashion, as if they were performing some important ceremony, did those little brownies carry away the violets' purple frocks, and deposit them in a wardrobe in Fairyland.

Well, by-and-by, when the sun was high up in the blue dome above them, the violets woke up. They had 'slept themselves out,' as the old nurses say, and they were quite tired of bed and dreamland, and wanted to get up and flirt with the thrushes. So they began clamouring for the elves to come and dress them, and make them tidy for the day.

But the elves all stood in a row and shook their heads, and looked very important indeed. And one of them, who was spokesman, made the violets a little speech.

'We are afraid,' he said, solemnly, 'that you have been naughty, and so we are obliged to punish you. We have resolved that you shall stay in bed all day. So we have taken away your clothes.'

'But,' objected the violets, 'we shall catch cold.'

The brownie shook his head, and one little violet began to cry.

'I want to get up,' she sobbed, 'and I—I—don't like sitting in my night-gown!'

'We are very sorry,' said the brownie, and indeed he did look troubled and tearful. 'But we think that it is for your good.'

And then, because they were very tender-hearted, and could not bear to see any one in trouble, the brownies all went sorrowfully away, telling one another that it was for the violets' good, and persuading one another not to go right off to Fairyland and fetch the little purple frocks away from the Queen's wardrobe.

And so all the violets sat in their little white night-gowns under the hedge. They felt, oh, so ashamed of themselves! The robins gazed at them in such amazement, and the bullfinches positively blushed pink up to the ears. Even the May blossoms took a rosy tinge, and one little briar-bud, peeping out upon his beautiful new world, went quite red with the shock to his feelings. But the violets themselves were beyond blushing, and only drooped their heads lower and lower, and wished that the earth would open and swallow them up.

And so they drooped and wept all day, and when evening came, and the brownies hastened to them, the tender-hearted little elves could do nothing but kiss the sweet white, nodding heads, and promise them that they should have their frocks again in the morning. And the violets went to sleep, comforted and forgiven.

But when morning came, and the brownies hurried off in the early dawn to Fairyland, some terrible news awaited them. You know the violets' purple frocks had been put into the Queen's wardrobe. Well, the court tailor had found them there, and, thinking that they were some wonderful new fairy stuff, he had carefully picked them to pieces and made a lovely robe for his royal mistress. And she was so pleased with it that she had sent out invitations at once for a grand dinner-party, and all the household was busy preparing for it.

Now was not that a terrible thing to happen? You may imagine what a state of consternation the brownies were in. They tried to get audience of the Queen, but she was interviewing the court cook, and could not see them for ever such a time. And when at last they were admitted to her presence they could hardly tell their tale, she looked so radiant and beautiful in her purple gown.

However, they told her the story, and she seemed very sad and disappointed.

'My poor gown!' she said, pitifully. 'And I have told all my friends about it! Still, if the violets are *very* unhappy——' She paused and looked thoughtfully at the elves. 'Could you not get them some others?' she asked.

They shook their heads. 'We can't make them,' they said. 'Only the angels can do that.'

The Queen looked very thoughtful and uncertain what to do. Then suddenly she cried, 'Take me to the violets themselves. I am sure they will give me the gowns.'

So the brownies took her, themselves drawing her wee golden coach, far away from Fairyland, down to the green lane where the violets waited under the hedge. And when she saw them she sprang out of the coach and exclaimed in wonder:

'Was that their punishment?' she cried. 'That, to become more beautiful than their fellows! Why, look at them!'

And the brownies looked, and saw that what she had said was true. The violets in their sweet white gowns were fair with a new humility, and drooped their tender heads like children who had sinned and been forgiven.

'We see,' said the brownies, softly. 'You shall have their gowns.'

And the violets, peeping up, and seeing the Queen in her wonderful purple, bowed their heads and whispered, 'You shall have our gowns.'

'Hush!' whispered the Queen to the brownies. 'Do not tell them how beautiful they are.' And then, turning to the violets, she said—'Children, answer me, which shall it be? Will you have back your purple, or will you always wear your white, in memory of your fault and its forgiveness?'

And the violets whispered, 'We will wear our white,' and bowed their heads even lower than before.

'It is well,' said the Queen, softly. 'For out of your own fall have you lifted your own purity.'

And then she went away again to Fairyland, but the violets sat in their little white night-gowns for ever.

BLANCHE ORAM.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLXXXVI.

1717–1725.

JACOBITE SCHEMES.

THESE years alike in England and France are dreary and barren of interest. Robert Walpole was Prime Minister, although he and the King had no language but Latin in common. His great objects, in which he succeeded, were to restore the national credit after the South Sea disaster, to keep the peace, and to depress the Jacobites and Tories; and therewith the Church, appointing Bishops more for their Whig politics than their virtues, and encouraging latitudinarianism. He had the field more and more to himself, for the Earl of Sunderland died suddenly on the 19th of April, 1722, and in June his father-in-law, the great Duke of Marlborough, followed. For six years paralysis had affected his powers. Once he looked up at the portrait of himself, in all his glory of manly beauty and ability, and sadly said: 'That was a man!' He had a state funeral at Westminster Abbey in Henry VII.'s chapel, but the sarcophagus was removed to the chapel at Blenheim to a huge semi-classical monument, in the strange taste of the day.

Duchess Sarah survived him for twenty-two years. She was immensely rich, and had various offers of marriage, but she answered that, were she only thirty instead of sixty, she would not give the Emperor of the world a share in the heart which had been devoted to her great Duke. Indeed, there had been deep faithful love between the pair, in spite of the lady's temper, which did not improve with age, and brought her into foolish quarrels, exposing her to the derision of Alexander Pope.

It was a time of stagnation during the Parliament of 1724. The Jacobites were much excited, however. James Edward Stewart had married Clementina Sobieski, the granddaughter of the only great King of Poland, and on the 31st of

December, 1720, was born her eldest son, Charles Edward Casimir, in the presence of seven Cardinals as witnesses. The elation of his party no doubt conduced to make Walpole the more harsh to, and distrustful of, the orthodox clergy. He even quashed collections in churches for fear money should be sent to 'the Pretender.'

Indeed, the most distinguished of the Bishops, Francis Atterbury of Rochester, was avowedly a strong Jacobite, and corresponded with the exiles. He had, it may be remembered, when Prolocutor of Convocation in Queen Anne's time, led those who censured Benjamin Hoadley's sermon; but in 1714 he had been Queen Anne's last appointment to a see, whereas Hoadley was one of the first chosen by the new dynasty and given the see of Bangor. In 1717 Hoadley, excited by some papers of Hickes, the Non-juror, preached a sermon and published a treatise, denying the existence of any visible Church, and throwing over all principles of Church government and orthodoxy. In the Convocation of 1717 it was unanimously censured, and thereupon the Ministry, not troubling themselves about the merits of the question, and only knowing Hoadley as Whig and Convocation as Tory, prorogued it; and from that time forth, though duly summoned at every fresh Parliament, it was instantly again dismissed. Happily, however, the summons was kept up as a constitutional custom until, after nearly a century and a half, it was restored. Archbishop Sheldon little knew the harm he did when he resigned the right of the clergy to tax themselves. Not for the pecuniary difference, but because, as in the case of the Commons, the power of the purse secured the having time for consultation, and the being able to enforce demands and protests, whereas the voice of the clergy had become utterly disregarded.

William Whiston, Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, had in Queen Anne's time put forth some heretical doctrines which had been examined and censured in Convocation, and the paper sent up to the Queen, but in the confusion of her broken health and many perplexities it was lost and never signed.

Ever since there had been a sharp issue of pamphlets, producing more heretical and mischievous writings on the side of Whiston and his friends, so that being unable to reach them through Convocation, the Earl of Nottingham brought in a bill for the suppression of profane and blasphemous publications, enacting that whoever should put forth publicly in speech or

writing, denial of the being of God, or anything against the Divinity of our Blessed Lord, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, the inspiration of Scripture or the truth of the Christian religion, should be imprisoned for an indefinite time or till he recanted; and that nonconformist ministers should not be licensed without subscribing their assent to the primary articles of the faith.

The measure was supported by Bishop Atterbury, but it was too violent to pass. The Bishop of Peterborough said it would establish a Protestant Inquisition, and Lord Onslow declared that much as he loved the doctrines of the Church, he could not consent to their being upheld by persecution. The bill was thrown out by sixty to thirty-one votes.

The same year, the Quakers, who had been released from the necessity of oaths in the Courts of Justice, sent up a petition against the insertion of 'in the presence of Almighty God' in the affirmation required of them, as being equivalent to an oath. The Archbishop of York and Bishop Atterbury opposed this concession, but in vain, and it was granted.

Those prelates had been by far the wisest who had decided that politics were no part of their mission, and that they ought to submit to the powers that be, as long as they enjoined nothing actually sinful. Atterbury did the cause of the Church great harm by his manœuvres on behalf of the Stewarts. There was great provocation, for besides the sight of the coarse, irreligious foreign king, with a scandalous court, and of the latitudinarian measures of Parliament, a bill had been passed decreeing that any Scottish Episcopal clergyman who did not take the oaths to Government, or pray for King George, should be imprisoned for six months, and his chapel shut up, and any place of worship where nine persons besides the household should meet for worship was declared a chapel or meeting house. It was not as yet rigorously enforced, but any time it might be, and was a whip always ready. No doubt it helped to justify Atterbury in his own mind for forming one of the Junta or Council of five, who managed Jacobite affairs in England. The others were the Earls of Arran and Orrery, and Lords North and Gower, and they held communication with Lord Oxford.

Their plan was to get five thousand foreign troops under the Duke of Ormond to land in England; but as all the continental sovereigns were at peace with George I., this could only be done by private enlistment of disbanded officers or soldiers. On this Ormond himself was at work in Spain and General Dillon in

France. They were to come up the Thames, surprise the Tower and the Bank, and proclaim James III., and it was expected that the great unpopularity of George I. would make the citizens willing to accept him. The Lord Mayor bore the surname of Stewart, and the shouts of 'A Stewart! a Stewart!' on Lord Mayor's day, had been thought to bear a double meaning. Some of the plotters thought the best time would be during a general election, others when the King was absent in Hanover, and in preparation James had quitted Rome for a villa near Porto Longone, and Ormond was waiting near Bilbao, but they had been foolish enough to ask the Regent of France for five thousand troops, and he gave warning of the design to the English minister. When on the alert, Walpole discovered enough of the conspiracy to make him bring the troops to London, form a camp in Hyde Park and arrest some of the agents.

Those who conducted the correspondence were Plunkett, a Jesuit, Neynoe, an Irish priest, Carte and Kelly, both non-juring clergyman, and Layer, a young barrister. Plunkett was taken; Layer tried to escape, but was seized; Neynoe let himself down from his window on a wall, and tried to swim across the Thames, but was drowned. Kelly's sword and papers were seized, and laid down in a window while the officers searched further. Springing on them, Kelly drew his sword, and threatened to kill the first person who came near him; then holding the sword in his right hand, he burnt the papers in a candle that stood by with his left, and did not surrender till they all were destroyed. Carte escaped to France, where he wrote an admirable History of England, the only one which rivalled that of the French Huguenot Rapin until Hume's was written and became the standard.

On hearing of these arrests, Lord North fled, but was captured in the Isle of Wight; Lord Orrery and the Duke of Norfolk were also sent to the Tower, but there was not evidence against them and they were released. Many letters had been intercepted, and in these the persons engaged in the conspiracy were mentioned under a variety of names, some very absurd. One was Harlequin. Now a little spotted dog named Harlequin had been given by Lord Mar to Mrs. Atterbury, and having broken its leg had been left with one Mrs. Barnes to be cured. Some of the plotters used its name for its masters, and poor Mrs. Barnes, being asked to whom Harlequin belonged, innocently answered: 'To the Bishop of Rochester.'

There were other proofs, and Atterbury was arrested and brought before the Council, when he showed much coolness and readiness, and at length was sent to the Tower in his own coach as quietly as possible. He was a good and thoroughly orthodox bishop, but whatever were his feelings towards the House of Stewart, he ought not to have bound himself to George I. if he were secretly taking part against him. There was strong indignation at the imprisonment of a bishop. Such a thing had not happened since the seven had been sent to the Tower, and the Tories were greatly shocked. The Bishop of Rochester was prayed for in the churches in London as a sick person, since he had an attack of gout, and a print appeared, showing him in prison looking at a portrait of Archbishop Laud. This public sympathy caused him to be the more harshly and suspiciously treated. The letters he wrote were opened to be used as evidence, everything sent to him was searched, even pigeon-pies; he was only allowed to see his daughter, Mrs. Morice, in the presence of a gaoler, and when he had to consult with her husband about his defence it could only be done from a window in the second storey, while Mr. Morice stood in an open space below.

The Bishop remained in prison until Parliament should meet, nor was his case mended by a manifesto issued from Lucca by James Stewart in September, 1722, claiming the crown, calling on the English to join him, and promising George I., on his retiring to Hanover, to confer on him the title of king thereof, with recognition from all the Powers of Europe.

Perhaps George himself might not have been sorry for the change, but he and his Parliament could only regard this polite offer as insolent, and it not only caused an address of loyalty to George I., but enabled Walpole to carry a motion for raising £100,000 by a tax on Roman Catholics and non-jurors, thus, as Lord Stanhope observes, making Jacobites of all who were not so already. Only the Penderell family were excepted, in memory of Charles II. in the oak. This enactment produced a frightful amount of perjury, for the choice lay with every owner of property between swearing allegiance to George or enduring the weight of taxation and other petty persecutions, and many yielded to the temptation even while they doubly hated the House of Hanover.

The plot was reported on by a Committee. Layer had been already tried and condemned at the King's Bench, Plunkett and Kelly were to be imprisoned, and then a bill was brought into the Lower House for the deprivation and banishment of the Bishop of

Rochester, and that he should not be pardoned by the King without the consent of the Parliament.

Atterbury let the bill pass the Commons and reserved his defence, as a peer, for the House of Lords. He brought as a witness a secretary, to show how easily handwriting might be forged, and likewise the poet, Alexander Pope, to describe his engrossment in his family and his studies. Pope was much attached to him, but broke down and stumbled as a witness.

Another, named Skeyne, said that he had asked Mr. Neynoe whether there were any plot, and received for answer that he (Neynoe) knew of two, one of Mr. Walpole against some great men, and one of his own to get £20,000 out of Mr. Walpole. Neynoe being dead could not be interrogated, but Walpole was called, and the lookers-on considered that the examination by the Bishop himself was a wonderful duel of the tongue between two of the cleverest men of the day, each striving his utmost to confute the other.

Atterbury then made a most able defence, declaring his attachment to the English Church, and endeavouring to show that nothing proved against him was treasonable. The other bishops were mostly against him, but Lord Bathurst turned round on them and declared that he could not explain such animosity unless they were like the Red Indians, who supposed themselves to inherit not only the spoils but the abilities of a slain enemy. Lord Cowper maintained that Parliament had no right to judge or degrade a bishop, but when the division took place on the bill of penalties only forty-three voted against it, eighty-three for it.

The Bishop was allowed to see his friends before leaving England. His last present to Pope (a Roman Catholic) was a Bible. 'Perhaps,' said the poet, much affected, 'it is not only in this world that I may have cause to remember the Bishop of Rochester.'

Atterbury was taken on board a man-of-war, and landed at Calais, where the first person he met was Lord Bolingbroke, who had made his peace with Government, and been pardoned. 'So I am exchanged!' said the Bishop.

Bolingbroke was weary of exile and of the impracticable affairs of the Jacobites, but though his person was safe in England, he had not obtained the restoration of his property, and was coldly treated by Walpole. By-and-by he returned to Paris, where he married the Marquise de Villette, the niece of Madame de Maintenon.

Bishop Atterbury went first to Brussels and thence to Paris, where he continued to work for James, though so secretly that his friends in England could protest to the contrary. He was invited to visit the Stewart Court at Rome, but felt it wiser to refrain; so that after being the Chevalier's favorite, he found himself discarded and went off, but was arrested by the Swiss Republic at Geneva, to oblige the English, as they supposed. The correspondence to which this led ended in his pardon, and receiving a pension out of his estates.

James's reigning favourite was Colonel John Hay, whom he made Earl of Inverness, with James Murray, called Earl Dunbar, and governor of the young Prince Charles Edward. They ruled him entirely, much to the disgust of his wife Clementina Sobieski, who was shocked that her son should have a Protestant governor, or her husband a Protestant adviser, and demanded 'if a man had not true faith towards God, how could he be faithful towards man?'

Alberoni was her chief adviser, and she declared that she would not remain with her husband unless he parted with Inverness, and she actually withdrew to the Convent of St. Cecilia, whence she and James exchanged angry letters. There was nothing to do but to wrangle, but the quarrel was finally made up.

Another project of invasion, in 1728, failed, and James, who had gone to Lorraine to be ready for the attempt, was requested by the Duke to leave it, upon which he retired to the little Papal state of Avignon, but was ordered back to Rome again. Bishop Atterbury at the same time took up his abode at Montpelier.

His only child, Mrs. Morice, was dying of decline, and longed to be with him: but there was much delay, as special royal permission, under heavy fees, was required before any English subject could visit an exiled Jacobite.

At last she sailed, too ill to go by land. She arrived at Bordeaux, and travelled in a barge up the Garonne, in a sinking state, longing to see her father, who had come to Toulouse to receive her. They met and were together for twenty hours, while she strove to comfort her father and husband. 'It was my business to have taught her to die,' wrote Atterbury, 'instead of it, she taught me!'

He lived four years longer, always showing himself a staunch Anglican. His body was sent home for burial in Westminster Abbey, but previously his coffin was searched for Jacobite papers!

His political proceedings, by discrediting the English Church, did harm that was not overcome for at least a century. The better spirit which had come in after the Restoration had become confused with politics by the doctrines of passive obedience and that of hereditary right. The expulsion and deprivation of so many good men had caused much slackness, and orthodoxy was discouraged while latitudinarianism was favoured. There was much unbelief and a great deal of immorality among the upper classes: and in the country very rough coarse manners prevailed among the gentry, though with numerous exceptions, and the country clergy were often of a very low stamp, hardly above the farmers with whom they caroused. There were highly cultivated and learned priests, but they generally enjoyed the higher benefices or the town livings; and there were also deeply devout households, both lay and clerical, as for instance that at Epworth, where Mrs. Wesley was bringing up her large family to strict piety and obedience.

In Ireland the strong opposition to Rome kept the Church on the most Protestant lines, and the non-Romanists were either a few descendants from the old English lords of the Pale, mostly either descendants from the Cromwellian soldiery, or else from the Scottish settlers in Ulster, and little inclined to the Church or its laws.

Indeed, ever since the great war on behalf of James II. the Roman Catholics had been under a yoke which would have been terrible if it had been really enforced. Like the French law against the Huguenots, it had been enacted that, if the child of a Papist avowed himself a Protestant, he was to be removed from his parent's custody, but be still supported by him. Moreover, if a Papist's farm produced more than a third in excess of the rent, his gains should pass over to the first Protestant who should be lucky enough to discover this. A Papist heir might not succeed a Protestant. Romanist schoolmasters were forbidden to teach, and rewards were offered to any informer who would trace one out, or any Romanist priest not licensed by the authorities. These laws were made not by the English Parliament, but by their own Irish Parliament.

The favourite toast among the Protestants was: 'The glorious and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who delivered us from Popery, slavery, brass money, and wooden shoes'—with a tail of execrations against those who refused the pledge. Dr. Peter Browne, Bishop of Cork, preached against

this piece of profanity, and was therefore denounced as hostile to the Revolution.

The Irish Protestant gentry were quite as violent and hard to keep in order as the Romanists, against whom they enacted such savage laws that the English Ministry had to advise the Sovereign not to pass them; but in point of fact they never enforced them against their neighbours unless some personal quarrel put their blood up. They led a jovial, rollicking life of sport and revelry, with their houses overrun with followers and dependents of all descriptions, and their quarrels were generally settled by duels. Only a few keen and cunning men led the affairs in their Parliament, and kept these terrible laws ready to be put in force.

The Protestant clergy had not enough to do, and were too apt to neglect what they had. Their churches were in a lamentable condition, and there was hardly any teaching. There were, however, two remarkable men among them—Dean Swift, already mentioned, at St. Patrick's, Dublin, where he continued to lead his strange life and write his bitter papers.

In 1724, when Lord Carteret had been appointed Lord-Lieutenant, an ironmaster named Wood obtained from the English Government a patent for coining halfpence and farthings for Irish circulation to the value of £108,000. The plan was a useful one, for there was a deficiency of copper money coin in Ireland; but the Irish Council had not been consulted, and no one would believe that there had been every precaution taken to secure the pence being of proper value. Dean Swift wrote a series of letters under the disguise of a Drapier, full of wonderful ability and invective. If one coin had been shown and proved true metal, he declared that one sheep was not a sample of a flock, nor one brick of a house, and there was much more to the same effect. The Irish thought ruin was coming on them, and there was such a storm that the patent was withdrawn, and Swift became the most popular man in Ireland. The Drapier's head figured on the signs of public-houses, on handkerchiefs, and medals! Yet he must have had too much real sense to have raised the tempest except out of hatred to the Whigs, for he did not love 'the savage old Irish,' and never let them call him their countryman.

There was a nobler Irish Dean who made a better use of his talent—George Berkeley, a native of Kilkenny, educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He had been chaplain to Lord Peterborough, and had travelled a good deal, using his opportunities

of observation to the utmost and thinking deeply. He was revolted by the materialism of the French philosophy, and worked out a remarkable system by which he dwelt on the fleeting unreal nature of substantial worldly objects compared with the reality of thought and spirit.

Many admired, though few followed, him, and the Duke of Grafton made him Dean of Derry, where he devised in full earnest a scheme for a college in Bermuda, whence to work for the conversion of the Red Indians. He went out himself to Rhode Island to commence the work, but in the dead condition of religious feeling found no helpers, and came home baffled.

TO THE BISHOP OF GRAHAMSTOWN,

ON RETURNING TO HIS DIOCESE.

PASS, faithful shepherd, to thy distant fold!
Our prayers attend thee on thy lonely way.
Fear not, the shadows soon shall flee, a ray
Steal from the bosom of a dawn all gold.
Fear not, be strong; be now, as ever, bold
To follow, seek, and tend the sheep that stray,
All must be gathered in against the day
When sheep and shepherd shall their Lord behold.
Soon shall the Master Shepherd reappear
To make the one Fold on His Holy Hill;—
Green there the pastures, and the waters clear
For weary wanderers who have wrought His will.
Thee, call'd by name, shall then His glad voice thrill,
Thee, called from far, to be for ever near.

JOHN JERVIS BERESFORD.

THAT STICK.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XX.

RATZES.

THINGS began to fall into their regular course at Ratzes, Lady Northmoor was in a day or two able to come into Mrs. Bury's sitting-room, for a few hours every day; but there she lay on a folding chaise-longue that had been arranged for her, languid but bright, reading, working, looking at Mrs. Bury's drawings, and keeping the diary of the adventures of the others.

Her husband would fain never have left her, but he had to take his baths. These were in the lower story of the larger châlet. They were taken in rows of pine-wood boxes in the vault. He muttered that it felt very like going alive into his coffin, when, like others he laid himself down in the rust-coloured liquid, 'each in his narrow cell' in iron 'laid,' with his head on a shelf, and a lid closing up to his chin, and he was uncheered by conversation, as all the other patients were Austrians of the lower middle class, and their Tyrolean dialect would have been hard to understand even by German scholars. However, the treatment certainly did him good, and entirely drove away his neuralgia, he walked, rode and climbed a good deal with Constance, and a lad attached to the establishment, whose German Constance could just understand. And while he stayed with his wife, Mrs. Bury took Constance out, showed her many delights, helped her crude notions of drawing, and being a good botanist herself, taught the whole party fresh pleasures in the wonderful flora of the Dolomites.

Now and then an English traveller appeared, and Lord Northmoor was persuaded to join in expeditions for his niece's sake, that took them away for a night or two. Thus they saw Caprile Cadore, St. Ulrich, that town of toys, full of dolls of every size, spotted wooden horses, carts and the like. They beheld the tall

points of Monte Serrata and the wonderful 'Horse Teeth,' with many more such marvels; and many were the curiosities they brought back, and the stories they had to tell, with regrets that Aunt Mary had not been there to enjoy and add to their enjoyment.

So the days went on, and the end of Constance's holidays was in view, the limit that had been intended for the Kur at Ratzes; but Aunt Mary had not been out of doors since their arrival, and seemed fit for nothing save lying by the window.

Constance had begun to wonder what would be done, when she was told that a good-natured pair of English travellers, like herself bound to school terms, would escort her safely to London and see her into the train for Colbeam, just in time for the high school term.

'This will be the best way,' said her aunt, kissing her. 'You have been a dear good girl, Connie, and a great pleasure and comfort to us both.'

'Oh! auntie, I have not done anything, Mrs. Bury has done it all.'

'Mrs. Bury is most kind, unspeakably kind, but, my dear, dear girl, your companionship has been so much to your dear uncle that I have been most thankful to you. Always recollect dearest Conny, you can be more comfort to your uncle than anybody else, whatever may come. You *will* always be a good girl and keep up your tone, and make him your great consideration—after higher things; promise me.'

'Oh! yes, indeed, auntie dear,' said the girl, somewhat frightened and bewildered, as the last kisses and good-byes were exchanged. Since the travellers were to start very early the next morning on their mules for Botzen, whither Mrs. Bury meant to accompany them in order to make some purchases, Lord Northmoor went with the party to the limits of his walking powers, and on the slope of the Alp, amid the fir-woods, took his leave, Mrs. Bury telling him cheerfully that she should return the next day, while he said that he could not thank her enough. He bade farewell to his niece, telling her that he hoped she would by-and-by be spending her holidays at Northmoor if all went well.

Constance had begun to grow alarmed, and watched for an opportunity of imploring Mrs. Bury to tell her whether Aunt Mary were really very ill.

Mrs. Bury laughed, and confided to her a secret, which made her at once glad, alarmed and important.

'Oh! and is no one to know?' said little Constance with rosy cheeks.

'Not till leave is given,' said Mrs. Bury, 'you see there is still so much risk of things going wrong that they both wish nothing to be said at present. I thought they had spoken to you.'

'Oh no! But—but'—and Constance could not go on, as her eyes filled with tears.

'Is there special cause for anxiety, you mean, my dear? Hardly for *her*, though it was unlucky that she was as unknowing as you, and I don't see how she is to be taken over these roads into a more civilised place! But I shall stay on and see them through with it, and I dare say we shall do very well. I am used enough to looking after my own daughters, and nobody particularly wants me at home.'

'That's what Aunt Mary meant by saying you were *so* very good!'

'Well! it would be sheer inhumanity to leave them to themselves, and the mercies of Ratzes, and there seems to be no one else that could come.'

'I'm glad I know!' said Constance, with a long breath. 'Only what shall I do if anyone asks me about her?'

'Say she had a nasty fall, which makes it undesirable to move her just yet. It is the simple truth, and what you would have naturally said but for this little communication of mine.'

'I suppose,' said Constance, in a tone Mrs. Bury did not understand, 'it will be all known before my Christmas holidays?'

'Oh! yes, my dear, long before that. I'll write to you when I have anything to tell.'

For which Constance thanked her heartily, and thenceforth felt a great deal older for the confidence, which delighted as well as made her anxious, for she was too fond of her uncle and aunt, as well as too young and simple, for it to have occurred to her how the matter might affect her brother.

After seeing much more on her road than she had done before, and won golden opinions from her escort for intelligence and obligingness, she was safely deposited in the train for Colbeam, without having gone home.

She had made up her mind to pass Sunday at her boarding house and was greatly surprised when Lady Adela called on Saturday to take her to Northmoor for the Sunday.

'Now tell me about your uncle and aunt,' the good lady began, when Constance was seated beside her. 'Yes, I have heard from

Mrs. Bury, but I want to know whether the place is tolerably comfortable.'

'Mrs. Bury has made it much better,' said Constance, 'and it is so beautiful that no one would care for comfort who was quite well.'

'And is your uncle well? Has he got over his headaches?' she asked solicitously.

In fact the absence of Lord and Lady Northmoor had done more than their presence to make Lady Adela feel their value. She was astonished to find how much she missed the power of referring to him and leaning on his support in all questions, small or great, that cropped up; and she had begun to feel that the stick might be a staff; besides which, having imbibed more than an inkling of the cause of detention, she was anxious to gather what she could of the circumstances.

She was agreeably surprised in Constance, to whom the journey had been a time of development from the mere school girl, and who could talk pleasantly, showing plenty of intelligence and observation in a modest, lady-like way. Moreover she had a game in the garden which little Amice enjoyed extremely, and she and her little Sunday class were delighted to see one another again. It resulted in her Sundays being spent at Northmoor as regularly as before, and in Amice, a companionless child, thinking Saturday brought the white afternoon of the week.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HEIR APPARENT.

'MY DEAR ADDIE,

'You have no doubt ceased from your exertions in the way of finding nurses, since the telegram has told you that the son and heir has considerately saved trouble and expense by making his appearance on Michaelmas morning. It was before there was time to fetch anybody but the ancient village Bettina. Everything is most prosperous, and I am almost as proud as the parents—and to see them gloat over the morsel is a caution. They look at him as if such a being had never been known on the earth before; and he really is a very fine healthy creature, most ridiculously like the portrait of the original old Michael Morton at Northmoor in the full-bottomed wig. He seems to be almost equally marvellous to the Ratzes population, being the

first infant seen there unswaddled —or washed. Bettina's horror at the idea of washing him is worth seeing. Her brown old face was almost convulsed and she, and our Frau Wirthin concurred in assuring me that it would be fatal to *der kleine baron* if he were washed, except with white wine and milk at a fortnight old; nor would they accept my assurance that my three daughters, and seven grandchildren had survived the process. I have to do it myself, and dress him as I can, for his wardrobe as made here, is not complete, and whatever you can send us will be highly acceptable. It is lucky that Northmoor is a born nurse, for the women's fear of breaking the child is really justifiable, as they never handled anything not made up into a mummy; moreover they wish to let all the world up into Mary's room to behold the curiosity. I met the priest upon his way, and turned him back! So we have pretty well all the nursing on our hands, and happily it is of the most satisfactory kind, with the one drawback that we have to call in the services of a 'balia;' but on the other hand we have all been so much interested in a poor little widow, Hedwig Grantzen, whose husband was lost last spring in a snow-storm, that it is pleasant to have some employment for her. Such a creature as came over on chance and speculation—a great coarse handsome girl, in exaggerated costume, all new, with long ribbons down her back; but I rode over to Botzen, and interviewed her parish priest about her, and that was enough to settle her. Everyone is asleep except myself, and Mary's face is one smile as she sleeps.

'This is going to be posted by the last of the tourists, luckily a clergyman, whom we begged to baptize the boy, as there is a possibility that snows may close us in before we can get away.

'So he is named Michael Kenton, partly after my own dear brother as well as the old founder, partly in honour of the day and of Sir Edward Kenton, who, they say, has been their very kind friend. It really is a feast to see people so wonderingly happy and thankful. The little creature has all the zest of novelty to them and they coo and marvel over it in perfect felicity. When you will be introduced to the hero, I cannot guess, for though he has been an earlier arrival than his mother's inexperience expected, I much doubt her being able to get out of this place while the way to Botzen is passable according to the prognostics of the sages. What splendid studies of ice peaks I shall have!

'Your affectionate cousin,

'L. BURY.'

A telegram had preceded the letter. One, soon followed by Mrs. Bury's promised note, had filled Constance's honest little heart with rapture, another had set all the bells in Northmoor Church ringing and Best rejoicing that 'that there Harbut's nose was put out of joint,' a feeling wherein Lady Adela could not but participate, though, of course, she showed no sign of it to Constance. A sharply-worded letter to the girl soon came from her mother, demanding what she had known beforehand. Mrs. Morton had plainly been quite unprepared for what was a severe blow to her, and it was quite possible to understand how, in his shyness, Lord Northmoor had put off writing of the hope and expectation from day to day till all had been fulfilled sooner than had been expected.

It was the first thing that brought home to Constance that the event was scarcely as delightful to her family as to herself. She wrote what she knew, and heard no more, for none of her home family were apt to favour her with much correspondence. Miss Morton, however, had written to her sister-in-law.

'Poor Herbert! I am sorry for him, though you won't be. He takes it very well, he really is a very good sort at bottom, and it is the very best thing for him, as I have been trying to persuade him.'

Bulletins came with tolerable frequency from Ratzes, with all good accounts of mother and child and a particular description of little Michael's beauties; but it was only too soon announced that snow was falling, and this was soon followed by another letter, saying that consultation with the best authorities within reach had decided that unless the weather were extraordinarily mild, the journey, after November set in, was not to be ventured by Lady Northmoor or so young a child. There would be perils for any one, even the postmen and the guides, and if it were mild in one valley it might only render it more dangerous over the next Alp. Still Mrs. Bury, a practised and enterprising mountaineer might have attempted it, but though Mary was rapidly recovering and the language was no longer utterly impracticable, the good lady could not bear to desert her charges, or to think what might happen to them, if left alone, in case of illness or accident, so she devoted herself to them and to her studies of ice and snow, and wrote word to her family that they were to think of her as hybernating till Easter, if not Whitsuntide.

CHAPTER XXII.

OUT OF JOINT.

CONSTANCE had, of course, to spend her Christmas holidays at home, where she had not been for nine months.

Her brother met her at the London terminus to go down with her, and there, to her great joy, she also saw Rose Rollstone on the platform. Herbert, whose dignity had first prompted him to seek a smoking carriage apart from his sister, thereupon decided to lay it aside and enter with them, looking rather scornful at the girls' mutual endearments.

'Come, Conny, Miss Rollstone has had enough of that,' he said, 'and here are a lot going to get in. Oh my, the cads! I shall have to get into the smoking carriage after all.'

'No, don't. Sit opposite and we shall do very well.'

Then came the exchange of news, and—'You've heard, of course, Rosie?'

'I should think I had,' then an anxious glance at Herbert, who answered—

'Oh yes, mother and Ida have been tearing their hair ever since, but it is all rot! The governor's very welcome to the poor little beggar!'

'Oh, that's right! That's very noble of you, Herbert,' said both the girls in a breath.

'Well, you see, old Frank is good to live these thirty or forty years yet, and what was the good of having to wait. Better have done with it at once, I say, and he has written me a stunning jolly letter.'

'Oh, I was sure he would!' cried Constance.

'I'm to go on just the same, and he won't cut off my allowance, pursued Herbert.

'It is just as my papa says,' put in Rose, 'he is always the gentleman. And you'll be in the army still?'

'When I've got through my exams., but they are no joke, Miss Rose, I can tell you. It is Conny there that likes to sap. What have you been doing this time, little one?'

'I don't know yet, but Miss Astley thinks I have done well and shall get into the upper form,' said Constance, shyly. 'I got on with my German while I was abroad, trying to teach Uncle Frank.'

At which Herbert laughed heartily, and demanded what sort of scholar he made.

'Not very good,' owned Constance, 'he did forget so from day to day, and he asked so many questions, and was always wanting to have things explained. But it made me know them better, and Mrs. Bury had such nice books, and she helped me! If you want to take up French and German, Bertie——'

He shrugged his shoulders.

'Don't spoil the passing hour, child. I should think you would be glad enough to get away from it all!'

'I do want to get on,' said Constance. 'I must, you know, more than ever now.'

'Oh! you mean that mad fancy of going and being a teacher?'

'It is not a bit mad, Herbert. Rose does not think it is, and I want you to stand by me if mamma and Ida make objections.'

'Girls are always in such a hurry,' grumbled Herbert. 'You need not make a stir about it yet. You won't be able to begin for ever so long.'

Rose agreed with him that it would be much wiser not to broach the subject till Constance was old enough to begin the preparation, though, with the impatience of youth to express its designs and give them form, she did not like the delay.

'I tell you what, Con,' finally said Herbert, 'if you set mother and Ida worrying before their time, I shall say it is all rot, and not say a word to help you.'

Which disposed of the subject for the time, and left them to discuss happily Constance's travels and Herbert's new tutor and companions till their arrival at Westhaven, where Constance's welcome was quite a secondary thing to Herbert's, as she well knew it would be, nor did she feel it as a grievance, though she was somewhat amazed at seeing him fervently embraced, and absolutely cried over, with 'Oh, my poor injured boy!'

Herbert did not like it at all, and disengaging himself rapidly, growled out his favourite expletive of 'Rot! Have done with that!'

He was greatly admired for his utter impatience of commiseration, but there was no doubt that the disappointment was far greater to his mother and Ida than to himself. He cared little for what did not make any actual difference to his present life, whereas to them the glory and honour of his heirship and the future hopes were everything—and Constance's manifest delight in

the joy of her uncle and aunt, and her girlish interest in the baby, were to their eyes unfeeling folly, if not absolute unkindness, to her brother.

'Dear little baby, indeed!' said Ida scornfully. 'Nasty little wretch, I say. One good thing is, up in that cold place all this time he's sure not to live.'

Herbert whistled. 'That's coming it rather strong.' And Constance, with tears starting to her eyes, said, 'For shame, Ida, how can you be so wicked! Think of Uncle Frank and Aunt Mary!'

'I believe you care for them more than for your own flesh and blood!' exclaimed her mother.

'Well, and haven't they done a sight deal more for her?' said Herbert.

'You turning on me too, you ungrateful boy!' cried Mrs. Morton.

Herbert laughed.

'If it comes to gratitude,' he said, and looked significantly at the decorations.

'And what is it but the due to his brother's widow?' said Mrs. Morton. 'Just a pittance, and you may depend that will be cut down on some pretext now!'

'I should think so, if they heard Ida's tongue!' said Herbert.

'And Constance there is spiteful enough to go and tell them —favourite as she is!' said Ida.

'I should think not!' said Constance indignantly. 'As if I would do such a mean thing!'

'Come, come, Ida,' said her mother, 'your sister knows better than that. It's not the way when she is only just come home, so grown too and improved, "quite the lady."'

Mrs. Morton had a mother's heart for Constance, though only in the third degree, and was really gratified to see her progress. She had turned up her pretty brown hair, and the last year had made her much less of a child in appearance; her features were of delicate mould, she had dark eyes, and a sweet mouth, with a rose-blush complexion, and was pleasing to look on, though, in her mother's eyes, no rival to the thin, rather sharply-defined features, bright eyes, and pink and white complexion that made Ida the belle of a certain set at Westhaven. The party were more amicable over the dinner-table—for dinner it was called, as an assertion of gentility.

'Are you allowed to dine late?' asked Ida patronisingly of her sister, 'when you are not at school?'

'Lady Adela dines early,' said Constance.

'Oh, for your sake, I suppose.'

'Always, I believe,' said Constance.

'Yes, always,' said Herbert. 'Fine people needn't ask what's genteel, you see, Ida.'

That was almost the only breeze, and after dinner Herbert rushed out for a smell of sea, interspersed with pipe, and to look up the inevitable old Jack.

Constance was then subjected to a cross-examination on all the circumstances of the detention at Ratzes, and all she had heard or ought to have heard about the arrival of the unwelcome little Michael, while her mother and sister drew their own inferences.

'Really,' said Ida, at last, 'it is just like a thing in a book.'

Constance was surprised.

'Because it was such a happy surprise for them,' she added hastily.

'No, nonsense, child, but it is just what they always do when they want a supposititious heir.'

'Ida, how can you say such things?'

'But it is, Conny! There was the wicked Sir Ronald Macronald! He took his wife away to Belgrade, right in the Ukraine mountains, and it——'

'Belgrade is in Hungary, and the Cossacks live in the Ukraine in Russia,' suggested Constance.

'Oh! never mind your school-girl geography, it was Bel something, an out-of-the-way place in the mountains anyway, and there he pretended she had a child, just out of malice to the right heiress, that lovely Lilian, and he got killed by a stag, and then she confessed on her death-bed. I declare it is just like——'

'My dear, don't talk in that way, your sister is quite shocked; Your uncle never would——'

'Bless me, ma, I was only in fun. I could tell you ever so many stories like that. There's *Broughtons*, on the table there. I knew from the first it was an impostor, and the old nurse dressed like a nun was his mother.'

'I believe you always know the end before you are half through the first volume,' said her mother admiringly; 'but of course it is all right, only it is a terrible disappointment and misfortune for us, and not to be looked for after all these years.'

The last three Christmastides had been spent at Northmoor, where it had been needful to conform to the habits of the household, which impressed Ida and her mother as grand and conferring distinction, but decidedly dull and religious.

So as they were at Westhaven, perforce, they would make up for it, Christmas Eve was spent in a tumult of preparation for the diversions of the next day,. Mrs. Morton had two maids now, but to her they were still 'gals,' not to be trusted with the more delicate cookeries, and Ida was fully engaged in the adornment of the room and herself, while Constance ran about and helped both, and got more thanks from her mother than her sister.

Ida was to end the day with a dance at a friend's house, but she was not desirous of taking Constance with her, having been accustomed to treat her as a mere child, and Constance, though not devoid of a wish for amusement, knew that her uncle and aunt would have taken her to Church, where she would have enjoyed the festal service.

Her mother would not let her go out in the dark alone, and was too tired to go with her, so she had to stay at home, while Herbert disported himself elsewhere, and Constance underwent another cross-examination over the photographs she had brought home, but Mrs. Morton was never unkind when alone with her, and she had all the natural delight of youth in relating her adventures. Mrs. Morton, however, showed offence at not having been sent for instead of Mrs. Bury.—'So much less of a relation,' and Constance found herself dwelling on the ruggedness of the pass, and the difficulties of making oneself understood, but Mrs. Morton still persisted that she could not understand why they should have got into such a place at all, when there were plenty of fashionable places in the newspaper where they could have had society and attendance and everything.'

'Ah! but that was just what Uncle Frank didn't want.'

'Well, if they choose to be so eccentric, and close and shy, they can't wonder that people talk.'

'Mamma! you can't mean that horrid nonsense that Ida talked last! It was only a joke!'

'Oh my dear, I don't say that I suspect anything—oh no,—only, if they had not been so close and queer, one would have been able to contradict it. I like people to be straightforward, that's all I have to say. And it is terribly hard on your poor brother to be so disappointed, after having his expectations so

raised!' and Mrs. Morton melted into tears, leaving Constance with nothing to say, for in the first place, she did not think Herbert, as yet at least, was very sensible of his loss, and in the next, she did not quite venture to ask her mother whether she thought little Michael should have been sacrificed to Herbert's expectations. So she took the wiser course of producing a photograph of Vienna.

(*To be continued.*)

ART IN WHITECHAPEL.

'But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life.'—*Matthew Arnold.*

AT this time, when the London Picture Exhibitions are in full swing, and are open to all who can pay their shilling admission, I should like to say a few words about a certain Fine Art Exhibition, that was open for three weeks in the early spring.

It was neither in Bond Street, Piccadilly, nor Regent Street, but at the East-end of London; and admission was free to all who cared to come.

To those who know anything of the work that the Rev. Samuel Barnett and his colleagues are doing in the parish of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, this Exhibition is no new thing; it has been held now, annually, since 1880. But to one who had never been there before, and who entered it one windy, dusty afternoon in April of this current year, it was like a new revelation of the 'sweetness and light,' that are being patiently carried into the dark corners of England, hand-in-hand with the larger blessings of Life and Love.

The way to the Exhibition led through a narrow passage beside the Church.

Of the Church itself something must be said '*en passant.*' Be it remembered that, in all respects, the writer of this paper speaks simply from an outsider's point of view.

St. Jude's Church stands in Commercial Street, Whitechapel Surely, nothing need be said about the ceaseless traffic and turmoil of that thronged thoroughfare—the name speaks for itself; Commerce—and the want of it—meets you at every step in that street.

Phew! how the dust whirled and eddied like a miniature sand-storm that afternoon! the wind seemed to catch at every available chip and straw nestling snugly in corners, and tossing them out into a larger area, tested the temper of the passers-by.

In this dusty, turbulent street, close on the pavement, stands the Church.

Upon the wall near the West door is a fresco from Mr. Watts' picture of 'Time—Death—and Judgment.' A printed and framed explanation of the subject hangs close at hand. This fresco was presented to the Vicar in commemoration of his Fine Art Exhibition.

Below, and against the same wall, is an artistically designed drinking-fountain, bearing the inscription: 'With God is the Water of Life.'

And now, having noticed these silent but speaking appeals to those 'who ply their daily tasks with busy feet,' pass on —down the passage to the schools, where the Exhibition is held.

It comprises six rooms; and it may be imagined that the pictures are of no ordinary quality, when the names of the following artists can be mentioned among those represented:— Sir Frederick Leighton, Burne Jones, Sir J. Millais, Leader, Dante Rossetti, G. F. Watts, Briton Rivière, Vicat Cole, Peter Graham. The rooms were crowded with all sorts and conditions of men; it was a considerate crowd, that did not obtrude itself, with the air of a connoisseur, between the gaze of the less self-assertive and the picture gazed at—a patient, quiet, deeply interested crowd.

Perhaps 'The Briar Rose' was the central point of attraction; and it was good to see artist's work of such a rare order, that had been exhibited in a Bond Street Sanctuary last season, out on loan in Whitechapel.

A small schoolboy in front of those four pictures was telling the old fairy story to a group of young companions, who, after listening in silence, at last exclaimed:

'But it's not *real?*'—to which the enthusiastic narrator replied with some warmth:

'And if it's not all quite real, it's a beautiful story!'

That boy deserved to be sent up to the top of his class, for having in so few words defined the main object of the Exhibition, *i.e.*, to bring beautiful stories within reach of some who have never even dreamed them.

Stories of fair English landscape, rivers running through rich midland pastures; stories of stormy seas breaking against Scottish crags, half veiled in mist—so unlike London fog!—or of calm and dreamy seas, washing up against the sandstone cliffs of South Devon, where the sea-gulls brood and float like silver sunbeams.

Stories, too, of the old heathen myths, are not too far-fetched, or over the heads of the audience as some critics might imagine; and after the 'Briar Rose,' the throng was greatest before Sir Frederick Leighton's immortal 'Hercules wrestling with Death for the body of Alcestis.'

A little, white-faced elderly woman, who went round the rooms under my escort, by her minute examination of details and her keen interest, showed me beauties in that picture which I had never before discovered.

'Do look at the *fear* in her eyes, miss, and isn't her face *lovely!*' she said, singling out one face in particular from the group behind the dead queen's couch. That little woman would not let me pass over a single picture. In looking at Hodgson's 'Don Quixote and the Galley Slaves,' she said:

'I forget "Don Quixote." I read it years ago.' She knew more about Cervantes than some others know.

Pictures that were scarcely remarkable, save for the 'touch of Nature,' had great power of attraction, however insignificant in point of size and colouring. 'Alone' was a very small picture, where a poor woman in a sparely furnished Italian interior is seated, her head bowed on her hands, in the sunshine that streams in at the open casement. She is mourning for her husband, whose lifeless body lies on the little bed in the corner; beside the bed sits a dog, looking expectantly for the customary caress—never to be felt again. Before that picture stood a woman, drinking in every detail, and looking as if she had gone through it all herself. Is not this the very object of all true Art: to hold the mirror up to Nature, and by an influence which softens, then purifies, and finally elevates, gradually to refine the grosser elements within us by appealing to the more spiritual?

High praise is due to the compiler of the catalogue, which abounds in lucid and cultivated explanations of the pictures.

Something far beyond praise is due to him who is spending himself in one daily life-long endeavour, by all means that are true and pure and lovely, to bring 'more life, and fuller' to those who so sorely need it; until, at last, to quote his own words—

'Men will live spiritual as well as honest lives—they will rest on Some One greater than themselves, and have Peace.'

ALICE WEBER.

STUDIES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.
1770–1832.

VI.

THE leaders of the Romantic School had many imitators and followers. Among the best-known names of this later Romantic School are Hoffman, a writer of wild fantastic romances, such as 'Fantastic Pieces in Callot's Manner,' 'Night Pieces,' etc.; Achim von Arnim, who assisted his brother-in-law, Clemens Brentano, in editing the 'Wunderhorn' (a collection of old popular tales), and wrote many romances and some dramas, in which he used subjects drawn from old tales and traditions, while 'giving them a substantial, characteristic life of their own; he wrote calmly, clearly, and wholesomely, though with a strong bias for the wonderful;' Clemens Brentano, who wrote somewhat fantastic novels and dramas; Joseph von Eichendorf, who was called 'the last Knight of the school,' and whose best work is to be found in his poems; and Friedrich Baron de la Motte Fouqué (1777–1843), writer of the well-known romances 'Undine,' 'Sintram,' 'Zauberring,' 'Aslauga's Knight,' etc., delightful fables, beautifully told, with a hidden meaning underlying every part.

Fouqué's ancestors were expelled from France when the Edict of Nantes was revoked. They first settled at the Hague, and from there Fouqué's grandfather came to Prussia, served in the Prussian army, and became a friend of Frederick the Great, while he was still under his father's tyranny. Fouqué grew into favour with both Frederick and his father, gained the rank of general, and acquired considerable property by his services in the Seven Years' War. His grandson Friedrich, our author, also served in the army for a short time, and joined in the disastrous campaign of the Rhine. He afterwards retired into private life and devoted himself to its pleasures, and to literature. August von Schlegel induced him to study Spanish poetry, which no doubt influenced his style of writing very considerably.

He published at first under the pseudonym of 'Pellegrin.' 'Der Held des Nordens,' a dramatic work grounded on the story of the 'Nibelungen Lied,' was the first work which bore his name, and it was much liked. After this he wrote steadily and attained great popularity.

In 1813 he rejoined the army to help on the liberation of his country. He gained the rank of major, and after the peace retired again to his country home and to his books. After this he wrote 'Corona,' a poem celebrating the events in which he had taken part. He died in 1843.

The 'Swabian School' is represented by several patriotic and romantic writers, the chief of whom is Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787–1862). He was born on the 26th of April at Tübingen in Würtemberg, and began his education in the grammar school there. At eighteen he went to the University, and there took up the study of jurisprudence. After taking his doctor's degree he went to Paris, professedly to study the 'Code Napoléon,' but he devoted himself much more assiduously to the study of Old French and Middle High German poetry in the Imperial library. On his return he published the results of his researches in an essay.

He served for some time in the Ministry of Justice in Stuttgart, and then settled as a practising lawyer there. In the War of Liberation, and the events of the years 1813–15, Uhland took a deep interest. He was a thorough patriot and lover of constitutional liberty. Most of his patriotic poems were called forth by the struggle of Würtemberg for its constitutional rights. These songs were printed on leaflets and widely distributed, and he steadfastly refused to accept office under the king who was violating those rights.

After the new Constitution was at last agreed upon in 1819, Uhland became a member of the new Parliament, and was for many years most active in advancing all liberal measures. In 1838 he retired, and gave himself up to his literary pursuits, with only short interruptions for political affairs, until his death, which took place November 13th, 1862.

Uhland followed the Romantic School in their study of, and love for, the lore of the Middle Ages, but his creed was progressive, not retrogressive, and he was never led into the fantastic extravagance which characterised some of the members of the school. He published a valuable collection of German 'Volkslieder,' and eight volumes of 'Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung und Sage' were published after his death.

His original poems are very simple, some of them mere musical songs in praise of the pleasures of life, but many of them showing deep patriotic and religious feeling. I subjoin one translation which is interesting from its reference to Luther—

THE ELM AT HIRSAW.

At Hirsaw, in the ruins,
There waves a stately elm,
Its fresh green branches stretching
Up into heaven's realm.

Its roots are deeply mining
  Under a cloister old;
For roof it spreads its branches
  To the heavens blue and cold.

Because the walls were narrow,
  And hindered air and sight,
It grew up high and higher,
  Until it reached the light.

And now the walls stand round it,
  As though they're made for nought
But to shelter that bold elm-tree,
  Which after light has sought.

In Wittenberg's old cloister
  Just such a growth appeared,
Its giant branches striving
  Until the roof it cleared.

E'en to the deepest cavern
  There comes a sun-ray bright,
And the world's soul will struggle
  Up into air and light.

Uhland's dramas are not considered his best work, but they are clearly and finely written, with the straightforward simplicity which characterises all his writings.

'Ernst Herzog von Schwaben' (1817) is, I think, his best. The personal and dramatic interest is strong throughout, and there are many very fine scenes. It deals with the political events of the time of Konrad II. The action takes place in the year 1030. In Act I. the Emperor is represented as having just attained the wish of his heart in the election of his young son, Henry, as German king. His wife, Gisela, seizes this opportunity to beg forgiveness for her son by a former marriage, Ernst, who had quarrelled with her husband about the succession to the duchy of Burgundy, had twice rebelled against him, but had been conquered and imprisoned. Konrad accedes to her request, but makes her promise that if he rebels again she will not intercede for him, nor revenge him, whatever happens.

Ernst appears, thin and haggard after the 'long cold night' of his imprisonment, with his younger brother Hermann, and there is a friendly scene of reconciliation.

Konrad proceeds to reinstate Ernst in the duchy of Swabia, but adds one condition to which he cannot agree; that is, that he shall not allow his old comrade Werner to enter his dominions, and if he should venture into them, that he shall seize and imprison him on behalf of the State.

Ernst entirely refuses to sacrifice the man who has stood by him when all others deserted him.

'The dungeon's air, which I have breathed so long,
Has weakened all the sinews of my strength.
No doubt I have grown humble, but not yet
Have I been brought so low. I am not quite
So broken and so worthless, that I can
Betray the only man who kept his truth
To me.'

Upon this the Emperor bestows Swabia upon the younger brother, and banishes Ernst, who is also outlawed and excommunicated. In the second act he is disowned and cast off by his former allies, but Werner finds him, and he is somewhat comforted and encouraged.

In Act III. they gather a small army around them, which is increased (Act IV.) by the troops which had followed the younger brother, Hermann, into Italy. Hermann had died on the way, and had told the troops to return to his brother. An army is sent against them by the Emperor, and in a fierce battle (Act V.) Werner and Ernst are both killed, fighting bravely.

ERNST. The world has cast us out,
But heaven takes us in, my Werner!

Konrad and Gisela arrive. The Church's ban is taken off the friends that they may have Christian burial. Gisela comforts herself thus—

'These are the things, this sceptre and this ring—
These are the things of such great value, that
For their sake such a noble heart should bleed!
Oh Kaiser! how the after-years will hear
With wonder of the increase of thy power,
And of the might of thy commanding arm;
But it will touch, still later, many a heart
When, sung or said, this history is told,
This story of Duke Ernest and his friend,
And of their faithfulness, which death but sealed.
My Ernst shall live for ever in the mouth
Of German folk, and in each feeling heart,
And he lives there where only pure life is.
Above is spread for him a heavenly tent,
Where, in his true friend's arms, he will awake
To his new youth, who here too soon grew old.

'Ludwig der Baier' (1818) was written by Uhland for the prizes offered by the Court Theatre at Munich for a drama taken from Bavarian history. It was unsuccessful, but those plays which were judged superior have passed away, while 'Ludwig' has found a permanent place in German literature.

The subject chosen by Uhland was the struggle between Ludwig of Bavaria and Friedrich the Beautiful of Austria in the fourteenth century. They quarrelled first over the wardship of the young dukes of Lower Bavaria, and Ludwig was the victor. They were then reconciled; Ludwig promised to support Friedrich in his pretensions to the

Imperial crown, but was afterwards persuaded to become a candidate himself, and the war broke out afresh. Ludwig was again victorious, and Friedrich was taken, and imprisoned for three years. At the end of that time Ludwig offered him his liberty on condition that he would give up his pretensions and be at peace with him. Friedrich was released with no other surety than his word of honour, and he, finding that his brother and the Pope were determined to continue the war, returned and gave himself up again. Ludwig, instead of making him a prisoner again, made him a sharer of his throne, and they lived together as brothers till Friedrich's death in 1330. The Pope took an active part in this strife, and went so far as to excommunicate Ludwig. This is the story which Uhland has chosen to tell, and he keeps very closely to historical facts; indeed, the first part of the play has an air of effort, of too great conscientiousness, and too close an attention to historical details, and the personal interest is rather wanting. The last act is the best, and the best scene is that in which Friedrich returns, saying that he has done the least he could do—kept his word. The play opens just after Ludwig's first victory over Friedrich in the matter of the wardship. The burghers who have been true to Ludwig come to receive his thanks, and the nobles who have fought against him and been taken are released on a renewal of their oath of fealty to him as guardian of the young dukes.

The Bürggraf von Nürnberg comes and announces to Ludwig that he has been chosen by a number of the princes as the best man to wear the Imperial crown, which he had already promised Friedrich his support in obtaining. He hesitates on this account, and because he does not wish to enter on new wars, but he is over-persuaded and gives way.

In Act II. the scene changes to Friedrich's camp. A wandering scholar (the 'demon' of a later scene) congratulates Friedrich, who has also been nominated to the Imperial dignity by his supporters. His wife, Isabella, reproaches him with his ambition, but he says it is all for her sake. Then his brother Leopold comes and tells him that Ludwig wishes for friendly speech with him, but urges him not to withdraw his claim to the crown, saying that his own one object has always been the aggrandisement of their house.

In the interview between Ludwig and Friedrich, Ludwig tries to persuade him to withdraw his claim, as he has been nominated by five votes, while Friedrich has only two, but it is in vain. The Pope's legate tries to interfere, but Friedrich denies his right.

> FRIEDRICH. There is no judge set over us but He
> Who, from the clouds above, the battle guides.
> God's judgment only can decide us here,
> And he is king who is the conqueror.
> So, Ludwig, when we two shall meet again,
> 'Twill be in battle, with unsheathèd sword.

Act III. They are preparing for battle in Ludwig's camp and in Friedrich's. Friedrich's marshal in vain endeavours to persuade him that it would be wiser to wait until Leopold's forces can join him. The battle takes place, Ludwig is again victorious, and Friedrich is taken prisoner.

In the fourth act Isabella, Friedrich's unfortunate wife, who has wept away her eyesight, comes in the dress of a pilgrim to upbraid Leopold because her husband is still a prisoner; Leopold replies that he has tried all means but one, that he will now call the powers of darkness to his aid.

In the second scene Ludwig and the Bürggraf are consulting about the Pope's ban, and the troubles into which the war has brought them. It is suggested that Friedrich's death would give peace to the land. The third scene is in Friedrich's prison. In the midst of a terrible storm the demon employed by Leopold comes to offer Friedrich the means of escape.

> FRIEDRICH. Whether by magic thou,
> Or but by boldness, hast the battlements
> O'erclimbed, depart thou, tempter; me thou canst
> Tempt not. I was made prisoner in fair fight,
> And will not slip away as though I were
> A thief. The watchmen come!

The evil spirit flies. Ludwig arrives at the prison. He has come, not to announce his death, as Friedrich thinks, but to offer him his freedom on condition that he will renounce the crown, put a stop to his brother's attacks, and try to induce the Pope to withdraw his ban. Ludwig asks for no pledge but his promise that if he cannot fulfil these conditions he will return to his prison. Friedrich agrees, and promises.

In Act V. Friedrich meets his blind wife.

> FRIEDRICH. Oh Isabella! do not wish too much
> To see the light, for it would frighten thee
> To see how shamefully they had deceived
> A poor blind woman, giving her a man
> Who cannot hold his head up, but in shame
> Must bow it, in the place of him who was
> A haughty hero and a crownèd king.
> ISABELLA. Bow then thy head upon my breast. Does love
> Ask after crowns?

Leopold urged Friedrich to make war again. The Pope's legate tells him that a promise made to an excommunicated man is not binding, and also that, if he returns, he too will fall under the ban. But Friedrich steadfastly withstands legate, brother, and wife in two most pathetic scenes, hurries away, and returns to Ludwig.

> LUDWIG. I must admire thee.
> FRIEDRICH. As I pushed aside

The brother who had given up all for me,
And tore myself away from my blind wife,
In that first anguish, it appeared to me
As though I had done something superhuman;
But, now I see it rightly, I have done
The smallest thing that any man can do—
I only kept my word. . . .
LUDWIG. Art thou a captive? No, a conqueror
At Mühldorf I was victor by the might
Of weapons; but thou, by the might of truth,
Art victor here. . . .
The kingdom, with its honours and its rights,
We'll share together as a single man,
And as one man will stand against the foe.
We shall be called 'the brothers,' and as such
Shall hold together. In the royal seal
Our names shall be united, and ourselves
As firm united, indivisible
Till death us part, and e'en in death one grave
Shall hold us both. . . .
. . . . And in this close embrace
For ever shall this fratricidal war,
Which separated us, and the German folk,
Be ended.

The great literary service which Uhland rendered to the German nation was the light he shed upon old German literature, which he touched with the spirit of a true poet. This, his patriotism, and his real goodness, so endeared him to the Germans that he was one of the most popular men of his time. He is in every way a contrast to the man with whom I must close these studies. With Uhland's self-control and deeply religious feeling, in fact with the 'Swabian virtue' which he derides, Heinrich Heine (1799–1856) would have been a very different, a much greater, man; a greater man than Uhland he might have been, for his genius was greater, but his life was greatly misspent, and his genius had no free development. Circumstances were against him, certainly. The child of Jewish parents, giving up his religion because it was a bar to his advancement, and only outwardly adopting the Christian religion, naturally is in a very poor plight. He has given up the principles which might have influenced him, from early association, if from nothing else, and has put nothing but a hollow form in their place. Therefore all restraining influences from within are lost. Heine's position was in every way against him. He was intended for a commercial life, which he hated, and his rebellion against his outward circumstances added to the bitterness of his spirit.

In 1822 his early poems appeared, very musical, but mostly either very sad or very satirical or both. The following song is a good example of his playful satire, still not quite without bitterness, but there is tenderness too here—

'My child, when we were children,
Two children small and gay,
We crept out into the henhouse,
And hid ourselves away.

And there we crowed like cockerels,
And when the folk came by,
It was so like, they fancied
'Twas the genuine cockerel's cry.

The boxes that were in our courtyard
We lined throughout with care;
They made quite genteel houses,
We lived together there.

The old cats of the neighbours
Came frequently to call;
We made them bows, and curtseys,
And compliments, and all.

We asked them after their symptoms
With an anxiously friendly mien;
We have done the same thing since then
To many old cats, I ween.

We often sat down conversing
So wisely, like older folk;
Of how things were so much better
In our young time we spoke,

Of how truth, and faith, and affection,
Had vanished out of the earth;
How dear had grown the coffee!
Of money, what a dearth!

Those childish games are over,
And all goes by, in sooth,
The gold, and the world, and the old times,
And love, and faith, and truth.'

In Heine's 'Buch der Lieder' are translations from Lord Byron, whose writings he greatly admired, the 'Lorelei,' taken from a ballad by Brentano, and among his sonnets two beautiful ones to his mother. In the poem 'Die Nord-see,' the song 'The sea hath its pearls,' translated by Longfellow, occurs. His 'Reisebilder' appeared between 1826 and 1831.

The 'Harz-Reise' is a mixture of bitter satire, fine descriptions, sentimental reflections, and very pretty poems with occasional coarseness.

After 1830 he lived mostly in Paris, and became such a partisan of the French, and wrote such bitter satire about his countrymen, that they, as he says, rose, and pelted him with rotten apples.

'It was a great rising, and I would never have thought that Germany could bring forward so many rotten apples as came flying at my head then. Our Fatherland is truly a blessed land; certainly no citrons and

no golden oranges grow there, and the laurel has only a crippled life on German soil, but rotten apples thrive in happy abundance, and all our great poets could sing a song about them.' He goes on to say that they lie when they accuse him of satirising the great ideas for which he himself has struggled and suffered; that it is only the bear's skin in which they are now appearing that he laughs at.

'Atta Troll' (1841–42) is a satirical poem, in which he does not even entirely spare the French—

'For in Juliette's bosom
(She is French) is no compassion,
And her life is wholly outward,
But outside she is bewitching.

And she sighed, and said, "The starlight
Is more beautiful in Paris
When there, in the winter evenings,
'Tis reflected in the gutters."'

He is constantly hitting at the poets of the Swabian School—

'Other poets may have spirit,
Others fancy, and still others
May have passion, but 'tis virtue
That we Swabian poets cherish.'

Here and there is a pretty bit of description—

'Tis the sunrise; golden arrows
Shoot out at the snow-white mist wreaths,
And they redden, as though wounded,
Melt away in glistening sunlight.

Now at last the conflict's over,
And the day, the gallant victor,
Treads in shining, perfect glory
On the neck of the high mountains.

All the kindred of the songsters
Twitter from their nests so sheltered,
And the scent of flowers is rising,
Like a concert of sweet odours.'

'Deutschland' (1844) is an even more bitter satirical poem—very clever, very amusing, but here and there very irreverent and very coarse.

The Swabian poets are still the mark for his wit—

'At Aachen, within the cathedral old,
Does the famous Karl lie buried;
He must not be confounded with Karl
Mayer, who lives in Swabia.

I would not be an emperor dead
And buried here at Aachen;
As a minor poet I'd much rather live
At Stukkert beside the Neckar.'

As a lyric poet Heine is placed not far below Goethe. It is noticeable that, like Goethe's, most of his poems are expressions of his personal feelings and experiences.

For a long time before his death Heine suffered terribly, and became an almost helpless invalid. He died in 1856. With him I must end these 'Studies,' which I hope may have been of some slight assistance to students of a literature whose riches will amply repay even the smallest efforts after a systematic study.

Read Fouqué's 'Undine' and 'Sintram;' *Uhland's* 'Herzog von Schwaben' and 'Ludwig der Baier;' *Heine's* 'Harz-Reise.'

M. W.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—VI.

Questions.

37. Give some account of the later Romantic School.
38. Give the story of 'Undine' or 'Sintram' in your own words.
39. Give a sketch of the life and writings of Uhland.
40. Tell the story of 'Ernst Herzog' or 'Ludwig.'
41. What are Heine's principal writings?
42. Give a short sketch of the 'Harz-Reise.'

Answers to be sent not later than July 4th to Miss Watson, Brightwell, Tetsworth, Oxon.

GERMAN LITERATURE COMPETITION.

April List.

Class I.

Nigra, Weissnichts, Dame Durden	99	Undine	96	Karlsruhe	93
		Inge, Zell-am-See, Grizel	95	Camensis	92
Eidechse, B. G. C.	98			M. A. G., Sam, Kitto	90
L. F. B., M. L. C., Bede, Capercailzie	97	Spes, L. E. S.	94	M. E. W.	86
		E. M. B., Scawfell, Grossmutter	93	Richmond	85
				Speranza	80

Class II.

None.

Class III.

White Cat. . . . 45

No papers received from 'Gretchen,' 'Klumpp,' 'Brownie,' 'Fleurange,' and 'Creagh-an-Fitteach.'

Church History Society.

THE MENDICANT ORDERS.

Questions for June.

21. Contrast the characteristics and works of the Dominican and Franciscan Orders, both in the original intention of the Founders, and in their ultimate development.

22. Write a life either of St. Francis of Assisi, or St. Dominic.

23. Name (with date only) the chief Franciscan, Dominican, and Carmelite Saints, adding their art-emblems, with a dozen lines on one Saint of each Order.

24. Give some account of the coming of the Friars to England.

N.B.—Dr. Jessop's Essay, 'The Coming of the Friars,' is most spirited and original. The few inaccuracies would easily be corrected.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by July 1st.

March Class List.

Class I.

Etheldreda, Water Wagtail . . 36	Andromache . . . 34	Erica, Cratægus, Mary Beatrice . . 30
Papaver 35	Ierne, Honeysuckle, De Maura . . . 32	
Hermione 34		

Class II.

Verena 29	Laura 25	Trudel 21
Meniza 28	Gooseberry . . . 24	Agatha, Jumbo 20
Fidelia 27	Edythe, Maidenhair . . . 22	
Veritas 25		

Class III.

Charissa, *Robin Redbreast, Shamrock . 19	*Decima 17	Damaris 10
	North Wind . . . 15	Onward 9
	Stokes 11	Nancy 5

* Three answers only.

REMARKS.

9. The Orders, including Spanish Orders, are most fully given by *Andromache* and *Etheldreda*. In no Order were the Knights Priests also; these were always separate. All were monks. *Hermione:* Hospitaliers, red mantle and white cross; Templars, opposite. *Water Wagtail:* There were no female Templars. *Decima:* The Hospital dedicated to St. John the Almoner, Patron of Alexandria, who had built a church and helped the poor of Jerusalem centuries before. Thus the right style of Order was 'Hospital of St. John *at* Jerusalem.' Afterwards they adopted the more famous Baptist

as their Patron. *Nancy:* Mamelukes are a body of Egyptian cavalry, and not a Christian Order.

10. Causes of Orders best given by *Water Wagtail* and *Fidelia.*

11. History of Knights of St. John excellent by *Etheldreda, Hermione,* and *Water Wagtail.*

12. The suppression of the Order of the Temple being by far our most difficult and important subject this month, Bog-Oak gives most space to it. *Honeysuckle, Erica,* and *Etheldreda* give the best answers. A modern writer on the subject points out the following considerations. The European situation when the Templars were seized was this: the Popes tried to press the duty of a new Crusade, partly by way of consolidating their power; the Kings declined this duty, and tried to consolidate theirs at home. This had led, as an extreme case, to the quarrel between Philippe le Bel and Boniface VIII., and the latter's death. 'Nogaret upon this sent in to his master this memorandum: "Boniface has left most religious personages ready to injure us for such a horrible act as attaching the Vicar of Christ. Something must be done for which a precedent can be found in the law-books, which will prove the King's special orthodoxy. If we engage upon this we shall perhaps see our way *to a very important and strange plan* that will affect the condition of France and several other kingdoms." The first of these projects was the condemnation of Boniface's corpse for heresy, and "the strange plan" was the destruction of the Temple.'

It is thus possible Philippe honestly believed that they were heretics, and that it was for the good of France that they should be suppressed. They had immense power at the French Court, the education of the royal children, and the receipt of the Treasury balances being in their hands. These great French officials of the Order were at feud with the dominant Burgundian Language, from which came the Grand Master; and before its seizure the Order does not seem to have held together, one portion may have grumbled at the other, and spread rumours of heresy.

Then again, Clement fought hard for the Order, which indeed was a very necessary one to the Papacy. He resisted Philippe as long as possible, yet he rather suddenly dropped their cause, and his motive has never been very apparent. Yet he must have had some weighty reason.

Of all the points those involving heresy are the most important. We may dismiss the other irregularities, by saying they were doubtless true of certain heretics, and had arisen in other Orders, and were quite probably true of individuals among the Templars, though, oddly enough, no individual confessed them of himself. But (again to quote the same authority) 'the heresy is still in dispute. The strongest argument for their orthodoxy is the natural improbability of the converse. The strongest for their heresy, the preconcerted excuses they gave in the Procès; those before each Bishop had a separate palliation for their own group—*and* the fact that thirty of the fifty-eight who were burnt at Paris in 1310 came from one locality (Voulaine, near Burgundy), with a desperate leader, Laurence de Beaune, at their head. Since modern criticism began, there are three first-class authorities against the Order, for two for it.'

The form of Heresy the Order was taxed with was 'denying Christ,' and substituting Order discipline, for that of the Church. Did they, as an Order, do this in spite of their formal statute against it? The Absolution by the Grand Master seems certain; but any *chapter* confession could be absolved by a lay Abbot or Abbess, though not with the words *absolvo te,* and this they denied using. The unconsecrated wafer may have been a figment due to their priests using the bald Cistercian Mass. The denying Christ is very wonderful, for almost all who confessed at all, confessed that; and though confession under torture is supposed to be, and often is, worthless, still it *may* be true, or partially so. Could it be that young knights were secretly put to this supreme test, not to obtain a denial, but to make sure it would be resisted. Done in secret, none could know how many stood the test. Yet, under

torture, the mere fact of the test would be enough for a confession. Bog-Oak fears this suggestion is not worth much.

Having thus mentioned some possibilities that the Templars' enemies believed in the charges (to which we may add that Philippe could not have foreseen that De Molay would walk into the snare with *half* the movable treasure of the Order in his hands; and so his original avarice must have consisted in an unfulfilled hope of the French lands) Bog-Oak may now say that she firmly believes in the innocence of the Order, only to her mind it takes a little more proving than we have. Those who wish to pursue the subject should read H. C. Lea's account in Vol. III. of his 'History of the Inquisition' (Ward & Marston). It is expensive, and should be got through a library. The following are corrections of some of the errors in the Papers (some of these are not found in the text books). 1. 15,000 too high an estimate; 5000, including servants, more probable. 2. Templars *not* inactive after Acre. They took Tortosa, and expelled Saracens from Sicily and Eubœa. 3. No personal bargain between Clement and Philippe before his election. Itineraries of both contradict the anecdote. 4. Pope, not King, invited De Molay from Cyprus. 5. Molay at Poictiers, August, 1307, offered Clement to stand a trial for heresy. 6. Templars were executed not only in France, but also in Cyprus, Provence, and the Netherlands. 7. The English were not acquitted, most were convicted of the lay-absolution charge. 8. Only W. Charneius, the Preceptor of Normandy, was burnt with De Molay; the other two recanted their recantation.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

FIRST STORY COMPETITION.

One hundred and thirty-one stories have been passed in review, and separately criticised. We think that a few general remarks may interest the hundred and thirty who have not taken the prize.

There is much variety of subject. In almost all cases there is an idea or a situation which in experienced hands could be worked into an effective story. Many are spoiled by want of proportion, too much description in comparison to the incident, long talks about nothing, long retrospects that make the movement drag. This is a fault of inexperience, and can be overcome. Some are utterly wanting in individuality; the characters are mere names. This is probably hopeless. Some have defects of style, and some have no style at all. Some are, we blush to mention, disfigured by bad spelling. The majority are extremely melancholy. We have sat by the deathbeds of so many innocent children, and have seen marble crosses erected over so many broken-hearted widows and deserted lovers, that we have hardly spirits to continue the magazine. It is, of course, bad art to force events in a story to obtain a happy ending; but, on the other hand, it often requires much less skill to kill every one, than to work out the problem of the plot satisfactorily.

Many contributors say 'they think they should like to write stories.' We believe that all people who can *write* stories have spontaneously and unconsciously *thought* them almost before they could *speak* them.

A sort of class list of the best of the stories has been prepared, and from this we have selected the prize, as we consider that it has the most grace and originality of style, and shows on the whole the most promise of literary power.

The handwriting of the whole set is excellent, and its clearness has greatly lightened the labour of the Editors.

The moral tone and aim of the stories has been, with very few exceptions, all that can be wished. We have welcomed with pleasure contributions from Australia, Africa, and America.

PRIZE STORY.

'THE GHOST OF MEQUATLING.'

Esperanza.

Miss Amy Sutherland, Queen's Town, Cape Colony, South Africa.

First Class.

'Our Ring.'	Good style, bright, lively.
'A Failure: a Story Told from Three Points of View.'	Very interesting, and up to the mark of good magazine stories.

Second Class.

Highly commended.

'Joint Authorship.'
'A Mere Love Tale.'
'Rob the Failure.'
'An Old Man's Story.'
'The Wedding Gown.'
'A Little Sceptic.'
'The Stranger's Crag.'
'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'
'My Grandmother's Diamond.'

Third Class.

Commended.

'Judith.'
'Jack.'
'Echoes of the Heroes.'
'The Mistletoe Bough.'
'Only an Old Maid's Story.'
'The Bechstein Madonna.'
'Miss Robin.'
'Three Refugees.'
'In Fair Florence.'
'Ralph Hardcastle's Christmas Stocking.'
'The Ballades and the Boys.'
'A Talent of Silver.'
'Abdon Dick.'
'Wanted, a Chaperon.'
'The Girls' Guardian.'

FIRST SHELF.

BLUE CHINA.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is Robert Browning the greatest *Poet* of this generation?

There is, as might be expected, more difference of opinion on this question than on the last on Robert Browning. The debaters who all agreed as to the *Teacher* differ as to the *Poet*. *Veritas*, *Thorhaven*, *Fema*, and *Marcia* all send very good papers on the favourable side. Chelsea China selects *Thorhaven's* for insertion, because she keeps most to the point. *Veritas'* arguments, though admirably expressed and full of interest, are rather conclusive of his general greatness, than of his superiority as a 'sweet singer.' *Pellegrina*, *F. F.*, and *Greta* send also very appreciative papers on the other side. *Pellegrina's* is given. *Jessamine* contributes an amusing discussion. A

nice paper by *Eucalyptus*, adding another vote to the choice of Browning as the great teacher, has reached Chelsea China.

In answer to *Marcia*. Any one may join in the debates, and Chelsea China will allow her American correspondents to write on both sides of the paper. She would have printed *Marcia's* very pretty paper, but that it does not quite establish the *poetical* claim, as it deals really with the thought rather than the form.

The question of Robert Browning's claims to be considered as a 'Poet,' demands first of all the answering of another question, 'What do we mean by a Poet?' 'What do we look for in true poetry?' Is the true poet one who in Keats' words simply tells 'the most heart-easing things,' or who, as M. Arnold says, is sent to 'teach us to forget our pains awhile?' Is poetry only to soothe and captivate us by its beauty and help us to while away an idle hour?

Not in its highest sense, by any means! Certainly in poetry we *do* look for beauty and melody, but we also look for the *message* in it, which is no less important. It is because Robert Browning held this *inner meaning* to be of the highest importance, and refused ever to sacrifice sense for sound, that his claims to be a poet have been called in question, and he has been called only a '*metaphysical thinker*.' But this is unjust. He said of himself, 'I never intended my poetry to be a substitute for a cigar.' It often does require deep and sustained attention, more perhaps than poetry has a right to expect, but granting that much of his later work (such as 'Prince Hohenstiel' 'Schwangau,' 'Fifine,' 'Sludge the Medium,' 'Red Cotton Nightcap Country,' etc.,) is not poetry, inasmuch as it lacks melody and beauty, still there remains enough to prove that Browning *did* possess to an extraordinary extent the poetic gift *when he chose to make use of it*. He is a perfect master of blank verse and of all the metrical forms employed in the English language. In this respect of variety of metre he stands second to none—unless perhaps to Swinburne. Of course we must bear in mind that his lyrics are not to be compared with such simple melodies as Moore's or some of Tennyson's—their nature is entirely different. Browning is in all his poems *dramatic*, so that in many cases the *dramatic realism* is the cause of the harshness and obscurity complained of. It is in perfect keeping with the character (see, for instance, 'The Spanish Cloister,' 'Sibrandus,' 'Through the Metidja,' etc.). But granting that Browning does allow intellectual subtlety and casuistry to predominate over pure melody, at times there is no doubt that he has given us instances of the *most perfect poetry*, combining passionate feeling with the most musical form. Where can we turn to find the rival for 'Saul' in its beauty of subject and expression? words and ideas alike combining to give us that masterpiece of 'billowy cadences.'

Or, again, see 'One Word More,' 'Too Late,' or parts of 'The Ring and the Book,' for impassioned feeling, as particularly Caponsacchi's speech, the passage—'No, sirs, I will not have the lady dead.' See how the lines expand and contract, rise and fall with the emotion—'Let me see for myself if it be so.' Then see the pathetic music of 'Pompilia,' note particularly the passage 'Ever the face upturned to mine,' and further on, 'O lover of my life, O soldier saint!

In the shorter love poems there are *no two alike in form*, which says much for Browning's metrical power. See how in 'Among the Ruins' he can almost reproduce the tinkling of the sheep-bells, and in 'The Last Ride' how well the sound and swing of riding is imitated in the rhythm!

In what poet can we find more beautiful and vivid *scenic descriptions*? See particularly 'By the Fireside,' 'Two in the Campagna,' the rainbow in 'Easter Day,' the description of the Last Judgment or some of the scenes in the 'Parleyings.' For romantic imagination see 'Childe Roland,' unparalleled in its weird picturesqueness.

We have here certainly all that we can look for in a great poet, and if Browning had written no more than these poems and others like them (which space forbids quoting), his claim to be a sweet singer would never have been called in question. It is rather hard that it should be, merely on account of the vastness of his genius. If he does not equal Tennyson in brilliant colouring and pure flowing melody *as a general rule*, yet he *has* written enough and of sufficient quality to enable him to be called the greatest poet of this generation, and we cannot but admire the breadth of mind, the vastness and keenness of the intellect that is revealed in these later *prose poems*, which at their worst are always *vigorous*, *bracing* and *fascinating*.

'CHILDE ROLAND,

No (by an admirer of his).

Many of us who count Robert Browning among the greatest original thinkers and teachers of our day, hold also the opinion that he is not in the first rank of the poets, but is surpassed indeed by many, as poet, who are not his equal in philosophic thought or analysis of character. Not to rest this view on mere grounds of taste, let us ask what makes the poet. The philosopher seeks above all things for truth, and if he explain himself clearly it should suffice. But the special calling of the poet is to manifest the beautiful by noble thought, nobly expressed; it is well that he should instruct us, but not essential; the intellect is not his special domain, but it is essential that he should not, in his form and material, neglect or reject the restraints and laws of beauty. As the painter delivers his message of beauty through form and colour, and the musician through tone, so the poet must deliver his message through language. Beauty has never been better defined than by St. Augustine—*Splendor ordinis*. And the great poets exemplify this. Dante's deep thoughts are clad in magnificent language; even when they range to an abyss of horror, they are always under the restraint which belongs to order. Milton's splendour of style reveals clearly the grand thoughts he wishes to convey. Tennyson makes English seem musical, flexible, and powerful as Greek, when he is in truth lighting up philosophical problems. But we find Browning's poems, though rich in thought, frequently out of all relation to beauty, both in choice of subject and treatment. He seems very often not to mould his material, but to be overmatched by it—at times prolix and laboriously wordy through page after page, with hardly a flash of poetic fire; then, again, brief, obscure, and confused, not from depth of thought, but from awkward construction of phrase, and the omission of words that grammar requires, thus reducing some sentences to a jumble of nouns, adjectives, and verbs. Such uncouth sayings form puzzles for the Browning Societies, who spend much time in solving maybe unnecessary riddles. For it is worth while finding out his meaning, and one may be allowed to wish that he had often made it plainer. As Spenser has been called the poet of poets, so Browning might be said to be the poet of the unpoetical, who mind less the coarseness, ugliness, and ruggedness which often deform his verses and make them repellent, even repulsive, to those who most enjoy the great poets, who are moved by them to an exquisite delight. Happily he has written a little for such persons also.

There are selections from Browning containing the carefully written fine poems with true artistic power culled from many volumes; even of these there are few perhaps perfect in form, though containing much that is beautiful. Those poems were mostly written during the life-time of his wife. Browning's extraordinary knowledge of human nature would lead to the belief that he might have excelled as a dramatist; but somehow his plays, though abounding in fine passages, do not keep the stage, partly perhaps because the characters in their clever talk rather resemble each other, not to say Browning himself, partly from a certain lack of humour that might have saved his verses from many extravagances.

Browning felt beauty deeply himself, but one would think rather in Nature, Art, and Music, than in Poetry. Thrice in the poem 'Fifine at the Fair,'

written in a jingle of one hundred and sixty-eight pages the rougher for the rhyme, he says he longs to express himself in music rather than in words.

> 'Thought hankers after speech, while no speech may evince
> Feeling like music—mine, o'er burdened with each gift
> From every visitant, at last resolved to shift
> Its burden to the back of some musician dead
> And gone, who feeling once what I feel now, instead
> Of words, sought sounds, and saved for ever, in the same,
> Truth that escapes prose, nay, puts poetry to shame.'

Poetry, however, goes on to suggest that there is no new form or form in art.

> 'No one but, mumbled the due time
> I' the mouth of the eater, needs be cooked in rhyme,
> Dished up anew in paint, sauce smothered fresh in sound,
> To suit the wisdom-tooth, just cut, of the age that's found
> With gums obtuse to gust and smack which relished so
> The meat o' the meal folks made some fifty years ago.'

This savoury metaphor is worked out at great length, making one wish he *had* 'left his burden on the musician's back,' and that often, in the course of many similar volumes in which we recognise not the greatest poet of a generation which has given us among others Tennyson, but rather a great philosopher who has written some fine poems. PELLEGRINA.

THE TWO IDEALS.

Is not *courage* the gift of the gods to the present generation? Surely the disappearance of fear of authority, of opinion, of self, etc., is, for good or for evil, the great change between the two periods under discussion?—X.

SUBJECT FOR JUNE.

'Conscientious people are more apt than others to regard the world in its relation to themselves.' Is this statement true?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, marked *outside*, 'Debatable Ground,' before July 1st.

SECOND SHELF.

EGG-SHELL CHINA,
OR
THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.

FOURTH COMPLICATION.

Young governess offers herself for situation in answer to an advertisement, stating her qualifications, and making such stipulations as to her own privileges as she thinks necessary.

The letters present a set of remarkably well-qualified young governesses, mostly of extremely accommodating dispositions. 'How happy could I be with any!' a mother of children might exclaim.

Chelsea China has considered more the way of putting the requests than the character of the privileges desired, or the qualifications of the governess. On these points she might remark that she thinks most of them might have asked larger salaries, and that going to Church on Sunday would in most cases be regarded as the governess's duty, and need not be claimed as a privilege. She would probably have to take her pupils there.

Eva Vickers a second time stands first, chiefly from the pleasant and courteous way in which she makes her requests. *Geraldine Glasgow* is *too*

accommodating; she was very rash to offer to do needlework unasked. *Scotch Mist* has more demands and enters very properly into them, but her letter is not well expressed. 'I am Church of England,' is not an educated form of expression. *Elizabeth Home, alias Jean Bruce*, and *Dorothy Forster* write nicely. *Mary Carmichael* is the second best. Her style is somehow a trifle abrupt. Chelsea China thinks that had she been the lady, she should have asked for an interview, and seen what she looked like!

Chelsea China NEVER undertook to criticise all the rejected letters! All the first six are supposed to be from *girls*. The set in the next volume will include some from their elders, who have often to tread on even more brittle egg-shells. The suggestions of *Frim* and *Bog-Oak* will be taken up.

FIFTH COMPLICATION.

A girl is offended with her friend; she writes to express her grievance and to try to come to an understanding.

Only twenty-five letters received this time!

9, Kensington Street, London, S.W.

Miss Eva Vickers presents her compliments to Mrs. Cadogan, and having seen her advertisement for a 'young governess' in the 'Times' of to-day would like to apply for the appointment. She thinks she could conscientiously fulfil the requirements stated by Mrs. Cadogan. Miss Vickers is twenty-one years of age, she was educated at the Church of England High School, Graham Street, Eaton Square, and while there passed both the the Junior and Senior Oxford Local Examinations. For the last three years she has been employed in the school as a Junior Mistress, and the Head Mistress has expressed herself as well satisfied with the progress made by the form entrusted to Miss Vickers. She is also capable of giving the elementary lessons in singing and pianoforte playing mentioned in the advertisement.

Will Mrs. Cadogan forgive Miss Vickers for asking whether she would be able to attend an Early Celebration on Sunday mornings, and whether, *as a rule*, she would be allowed her evenings to herself. These are two points about which Miss Vickers is very anxious. She would also be grateful if Mrs. Cadogan would tell her what arrangements she is in the habit of making about holidays. Miss Vickers would like, if possible, to spend Christmas in her own home, and if she could be spared for six weeks in the summer she would take advantage of the time to go abroad and improve herself in German.

Miss Vickers hopes it may suit Mrs. Cadogan to let her have an early answer.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

1. Pompilia in 'The Ring and the Book,' iv., 455.

'The tall young girl
With hair black as yon patch, and eyes as big
As yon pomander.'

2. 'At Kilve there was no weathercock.'

WORDSWORTH'S *Anecdote for Fathers.*

3. 'Jackanapes' would not leave his horse to Tony Johnson because he could only ride 'on principle.'

MRS. EWING'S *Jackanapes.*

4. Ellen Douglas.

'E'en the light harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread.'

SCOTT'S *Lady of the Lake.*

5. Le duc d'Albe répondit à Catharine de Medici que 'dix mille

grenouilles ne valaient pas la tête d'un saumon.' Henri de Navarre, a child under twelve, afterwards repeated this *mot* to his mother.

Sismondi.

6. '"I knowed she'd forget the cowcumber," said Betsy Prig, when Sarah Gamp asked her to tea.'

——— DICKENS' *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Beatrice, 2; *Lerland*, 1; *Nemo*, 4; *C. M. Phillipps*, 1; *Proud Maisie*, 4; *The Muffin Man*, 4; *L. N. O.*, 2; *Three-Rock*, 2; *Ferret*, 2; *Cedar*, 4; *K. Anstey*, 4; *Honeylands*, 1; *C. A. B.*, 2; *White Cat*, 3; *Marquetta*, 2; *Helga*, 2; *M. R. Awdrey*, 4; *Rule of Three*, 5; *Innisfail*, 4; *Magdalen Millard*, 4; *H. T.* and *A. D.*, 2; *Theodora*, 3; *The Triad*, 1.

Chelsea China cannot make out *Rule of Three's* difficulty, but if she will state *on her next paper*, not separately, how many answers she considers due to her, she shall be credited with them.

QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

1. Who had a name that no one can speak and no one can spell?
2. Who learnt love in the dwellings of the poor?
3. Who stretched and bent, nor knew the gulf between?
4. Who was disgusted by paddock pies?
5. What great man's childhood was haunted by a ghost?
6. What couple had tastes that were the complement of each other, and thus preserved perfect harmony.

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

Will you let me take up the cudgels on behalf of *Spero*, of whose admirable paper I have heard nothing but appreciative criticism, and which I only wish could be printed separately, and sent to every clergyman in the United Kingdom! Is not *Peter Piper* mixing up two different questions—viz., social amusements and devout worship? By all means let the Church do all in its power to provide legitimate amusements outside the Church walls for its young people. All that *Spero* rightly attacks is the attempt to bring these amusements into Church, and, for the sake of getting people to attend, pander to the self-indulgence of the age. If a child refuses all plain food, and will only eat jam and cake, the doctor will not try to cure the unhealthy craving by prescribing increasingly richer fare. He tries to remove the source of the evil. But our clergy go on the contrary tack, and, by piling on the spiritual jam, only increase the mischief, and our Churches are being turned into concert rooms because people won't come to Church otherwise. Prayers, Lessons, Sermons are all irksome and tedious, so the pill has to be well gilded by shortening these, and introducing any amount of ornate music. One Sunday afternoon lately, coming out of Church, I heard a young man remark to his companion, 'What an awfully jolly tune they take the Confession to here! I often come.' Well, some people would say it was better he should be there than lounging at his club. I may be in the minority, but I don't agree with them. There would be no self-deception in the latter case. Yes! I know I shall be met with a chorus of stereotyped phrases—that we ought to offer our best music to God; that we go there to worship, rather than to seek for individual blessings, etc., etc. But which is the real worshipper, the young man who 'takes' the Confession to a 'jolly tune,' or the one who 'makes' his confession with real conviction of sin, regardless of what note he is on? For every pious soul who truly worships, there are ninety-nine who go to have their senses gratified. What do the

large crowds at Easter mean? Is it love for their Risen Lord that brings them, or is it the music and decorations, etc.? If it is the former, why were they not to be found all through the quiet services of Holy Week watching by the Cross? What *can* Easter mean to them? Oh for a Savonarola or a Wesley to come among us, and preach a crusade against this dangerous form of self-pleasing! SCOTCH FIR.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—

In the most interesting article in this month's number, entitled 'Ballads and the Border Country,' the writer gives the sad little ballad, 'Where hae ye been a' the day,' omitting the third verse. Will it be presuming too much to ask if I may give that third verse as it was given to me many years ago, as it seems to supply a link in the story?:—

'"What did ye do wi' the bones o' the fishie,
My little wee croodlin' doo?"
"I gave them to my little wee doggie—
Mak' my bed, grannie, noo."'

And the last verse in the version I have, ends:—

'He streekit out his wee wee limbs and died,
Grannie, as I do noo.'

If my version is a modern addition, will the author of the paper please correct me, and forgive my mentioning it. HELEN M. BYERS.

It is well in place to notice in the 'Monthly Packet' the Jubilee, kept on May 1st, of the great Church of England Training College of St. Mark's, Chelsea. The Bishop of Salisbury preached on the occasion. The record of the College shows in how ungrudging a spirit the Church, fifty years ago, offered the best of educations to boys of the working classes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. Kate Peters is informed that the verse beginning:—

'O foolish one and blind!'

is from a poem written by H. A. Forde in the 'Banner of Faith' for March 1887.

The last verse of Hymn 538 but one is also omitted, and is as follows:

'With each other join they here
In affliction, doubt and fear;
That hereafter they may be
Joined, O Lord, in bliss with Thee.'

FRIN.

And several others.

'Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evensong!'

Taken from the 'Pastime of Pleasure,' written by Stephen Hawes, who died about 1506 A.D.

Yours faithfully,
A CONSTANT READER.

Mrs. Grasett will be much obliged if the Editor of the 'Monthly Packet' can tell her of any 'Musical Half Hour Practising Society?'

Where can I find the rest of the poem in which these lines occur, and who wrote them?

'Surely when joy so trembles to a tear
The dead are strangely near.'

EUNDO.